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EARLY REMINISCENCES

1834–1864

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

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THE BODLEY HEAD

S. BARING-GOULD
ÆT. 30

EARLY REMINISCENCES

1834–1864

BY S. BARING-GOULD

55704

"What we learn in childhood takes a wonderful hold on the memory. With respect to myself, I am not certain that I could recall the whole of yesterday's discourse, but I should be very much astonished if anything that I had heard a long time ago were to escape my remembrance."

Plato, *Timæus*, VII.

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TO

LADY RADFORD

In loving memory of her father, Daniel Radford, Esq., J.P., of Mount Tavy. The author during his long life has known many good men, but none whose counsel and example have proved to him more inspiring.

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PREFACE

IT is with diffidence and hesitation that I allow my Early Reminiscences to appear in public. Being in my eighty-ninth year, and having spent much of my life in youth abroad, I venture to think that some account of the social changes that have taken place there, as well as in England, may eventually prove of interest. As M. Suard said : " L'esprit est comme une plante, dont on ne saurait arrêter la végétation sans la faire périr." Consequently, though throughout winter months, from November to March, confined to my room, the mind continues active as the bodily strength fails.

The second reason why I venture to publish these Reminiscences of early days is that it is a record of the formation of my religious and other opinions till my Ordination, when they became fixed, and from which I have never swerved. Such a story of a soul may be of interest to some.

If I have been garrulous, it is the fault of old age. Maupertuis is reported to have said : " L'esprit humain est un fruit qui est vert jusqu'à la vieillesse ; le moment de la mort est sa maturité."

I trust it may be so, and that senility of mind may not concur with senility of body.

There is a lesson I think, in all humility, I may say that my life may teach, at all events to some. And that is, to start out in Life with a purpose. I had in fact three.

When I was a boy of seventeen I formed my purposes, and from their accomplishment I have never deviated.

My first was the moral and spiritual improvement of Lew Parish. In my early days there was much manganese mining in it; there were three " floors " where the ore was trodden in water by young women, and this often led to consumption and death. The parish then numbered over four hundred individuals, crushed into the cottages. That one house now occupied by my gardener and his wife, alone, for they have no children, was tenanted at that time by three families, and each was prolific in children. The morality was very bad indeed, and of spirituality there was next to none. How this dead and evil condition of affairs was to be altered I did not see, I did not even see how it could be altered.

My second purpose was the restoration of the parish church.

The church had been remarkably rich in carved oak; there was a magnificent rood-screen, and it was benched throughout with oak, the bench-ends richly carved.

The original church had been founded probably by S. Petrock, about the year 560. The present structure is on the foundations of one consecrated on August 2nd, 1261, when it was re-dedicated to S. Peter. It was again rebuilt about 1520, and the screen and benches were erected in 1523–4, when Anthony Monk and his wife Elizabeth lived in the manor-house. He died in 1545. Mr. Condy, the Plymouth water-colour painter, drew the interior of the church before it was renovated in 1832. This renovation was effected by my grandfather, who swept away the screen and all the benches, and filled the church from end to end with deal pews painted mustard-yellow, and the manorial and rectorial pews lined with blue baize. Happily I was able to recover some nine or ten of the bench-ends and sufficient fragments of the screen to enable me eventually to restore the seating of the church and the reconstruction and re-erection of the screen. The re-erection of the screen was begun in 1899 and completed in 1915.

The third purpose I had in my mind, as a boy of seventeen, was the restoration and reconstruction of the manor-house. The manor had belonged to the Trenchards, but in the reign of Henry III it passed by marriage to the family of Monk of Potheridge, and Lew became an appanage of the second son. There was then probably a gate-house, for on the bench-end giving a bust of Anthony Monk, beneath him is represented such an entrance, with pillars.[1] The gate-house was pulled down later, and the pillars employed for the entrance to the stable-yard, till my father threw them down and buried them to form the foundation of a set of pig-styes.

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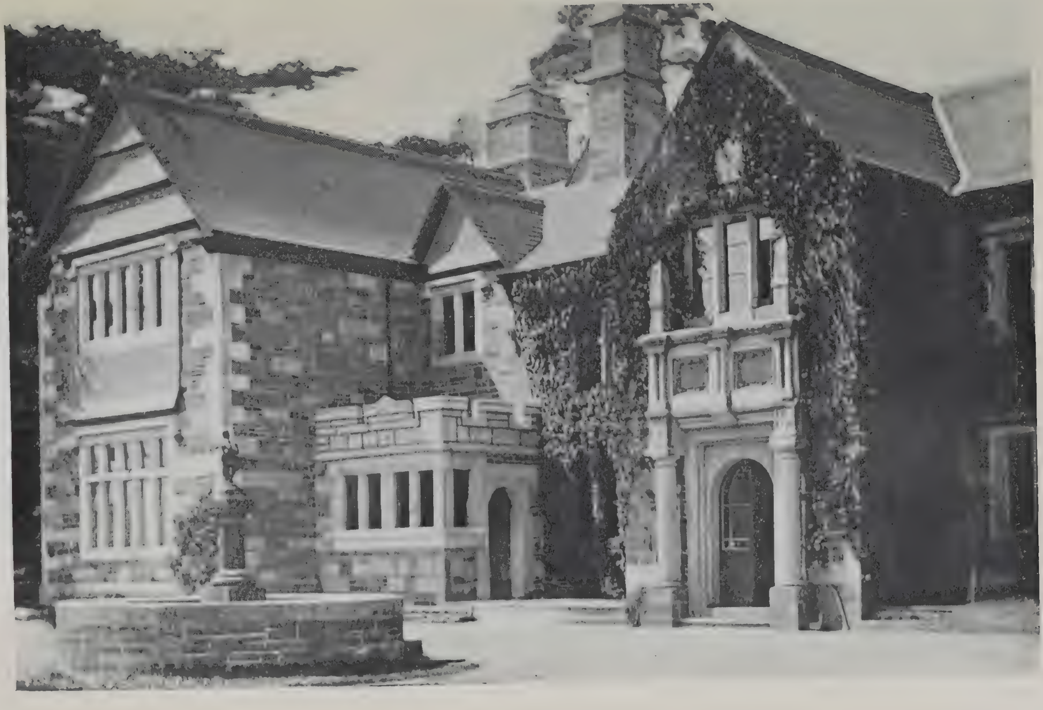
[1] Anthony Monk was the eldest son, but, through the death of his younger brother John, Lew reverted to him.



LEW TRENCHARD HOUSE

In 1626, on All Saints' Day, Lew Trenchard Manor, and all the rights that went with it, was sold by Sir Thomas Monk to Henry Gould, though previously held in mortgage by him since 1620. There was probably some family arrangement, as his eldest son married Mary Gould in S. Edmond's Church, Exeter, on Christmas Eve, 1626. But for the sale of Lew it would have become the appanage of George Monk, second son, who became eventually Duke of Albemarle. Thomas Monk, who married Mary Gould, died in 1648, but that is neither here nor there.[1]

The manor-house remained the residence of the family of Gould till 1736, when William Drake Gould came into the estates of Edward Gould of Staverton, near Ashburton, when he moved to Pridhamsleigh House in Staverton. At that time a good deal of Lew House was pulled down, so as to reduce it to serve as Dower House. But when the son of William Drake Gould, Captain Edward Gould, dissipated all the Staverton property, then Lew House became the residence of my grandfather, the grandson of W. D. Gould, and he set to work to modernize what remained of the house, according to the taste of the period. It was, however, my ambition to restore and rebuild the manor-house, which probably had been Elizabethan or earlier, as coins have been found in the walls and about the foundations from the reigns of Edward II and Edward III, downwards.

And now I can look upon Lew House as a very beautiful residence of the sixteenth century.

So that of the three purposes I set out in life to accomplish I have certainly achieved two.

With regard to the formation of my political opinions, I say nothing, as that took place at a period not described in my Early Reminiscences. My father was a very pronounced Liberal, and I had contracted similar principles, and went to the first election I ever voted in wearing yellow ribbons and daffodils. But I think that Radicalism has passed beyond the limit regarded as permissible, and the attainment of which was desirable. With every wish to promote the well-being and emancipation of the working classes, I should be sorry to see—what is approaching—

---

[1] His eldest son and heir Thomas, who was Lieutenant to his father, Colonel Thomas Monk, was slain in South Street, Exeter, on the night of 9 July, 1644, through mistake of a password.

the extinction of the old squirarchy, or rather their being supplanted by the *nouveaux riches*. I am sure that the old landed gentry, living on their estates, did their utmost for the good of the people who were their tenants, whereas those who take their places care nothing for them, and are resident only for a week-end when they fill their mansions, once the centres of parish life, with card-playing; motoring friends from town; whose interests are not in the country nor with the country people. The old squirarchical mansion was a centre of culture whence it radiated throughout the parish; I very much doubt whether under the new *régime* it will be that any more, at all events for a generation or two. It must be borne in mind that the culture of the English landed gentlemen has been progressive for many generations. The song:

> "Oh! the fine old English gentleman who had a good estate,
> And who kept up his old mansion at a bountiful old rate;
> With a good old porter to relieve the poor man at his gate,
> Like a fine old English gentleman, one of the olden time,"

is as old as the reign of James I, if not of Queen Elizabeth, and the product is by no means of to-day. The care for the tenants, the obligation of setting an example of justice, integrity, kindliness, religious observance, has been bred in him, and enforced by parental warning through three centuries at the least, on his infant mind. What is born in the bone comes out in the flesh, whether it be grossness or refinement.

The American and the self-made man, with all their admirable qualities, have not had this experience. Whence the latter sprung, not even the Heralds' College can discover, with all its ingenuity. As to the former, he is perhaps a descendant of a Pilgrim Father, or else of the body of the restless youth of Europe that has settled in the States. Anyhow, neither has been subjected to the refining process that has been going on through so many generations with our squirarchy. To them it is a novel and unheard of thing to be told that they must set an example to tenants and servants alike. Neither they nor their fathers, nor their fathers' fathers had ever entertained any other idea than that of caring only for themselves, and of elbowing out of their way every one who interfered with their progress to wealth and position. Silver ore cannot have the pure metal extracted from it by one furnace blast; it needs successive refinements.

The story is told of one of our recently created knights, that on returning home he said to his wife: " Now, my dear, at last you have become a lady."

" And not even the King's sword could convert you into a gentleman," was her quick reply.

The *nouveaux riches* who are buying up all our old English mansions, may be, nay, assuredly are, well-intentioned, and desirous to do what is right in the parishes they have invaded, but, they do not know how to do it; they have not been born to occupy the position they have assumed, and the people know it.

A Pomeranian baron told me that his lands had bred many hares. In an evil hour he introduced rabbits. Before many years had elapsed the rabbits had driven all the hares away, and had proved four times as destructive.

Rabbits are good eating; but they are not so good as hare.

Life is made up of three epochs—the formative, up to thirty years; the consolidative, that of settlement on the foundations; and the last thirty, the term of which not many of us reach, which is the period of dilapidation. I have given here only the first epoch. The second is written, but will probably not be published, if it ever is, till after my death. As to the third, I have not refrained from describing that—recording the process of decay, that may never appear.

I will draw towards the conclusion of this introduction with the words of Tristram Shandy to the readers of his *Life and Opinions*.

" You must have a little patience. I have undertaken, you see, to write not only my life, but my opinions also; hoping and expecting that your knowledge of my character, and of what kind of an animal I am, by the one, would give you a better relish for the other. As you proceed further with me, the slight acquaintance which is now beginning betwixt us will grow into familiarity; and that, unless one of us is in fault, will terminate in friendship. Then, nothing which has touched me will be thought trifling in its nature, or tedious in its telling. Therefore, my dear friend and companion, if you should think me somewhat sparing of my narrative on my first setting out—bear with me—and let me go on, and tell my story my own way—or if I should seem now and then to trifle upon the road—or should sometimes put on a fool's cap with a bell to it, for a moment or two as we pass along—don't fly off; and as we jog on, either laugh with me or at me, or, in short, do anything—only keep your temper."

As a picture of a condition of social and religious life now completely passed away I modestly think that my Reminiscences may have a certain amount of interest, as also as one of the uprise of a new spirit in social and religious ideas.

I feel satisfied that with children, till they become adults, prejudice is stronger than positive conviction. They are disposed to accept what they see and hear and feel, that is pleasant, as matter of course, and they make no efforts to search out and satisfy themselves as to the causes producing these pleasurable results. They are content, for instance, with their physical health as a normal condition. They detect at once and resent pain and sickness, that is to say any disturbance of that normal condition, which had hitherto afforded them complete satisfaction.

In like manner with regard to religious matters. It is solely when religion is presented to a youth in a revolting form, jarring with his innate sense of reverence, beauty, sanctity, that he repugns against it. But it is only when he attains to the age of reason that he seeks out and finds positive reasons for the adoption of religious convictions, that satisfy his spiritual instinct and his instinctive conceptions as to the beautiful, the reverent, and the suitable, in matters sacred.

In the following pages constituting my early history during the first thirty years of my life, I am conscious that up to my seventeenth year I had no positive religious convictions whatsoever, but I entertained very strong antipathies. Only in the year 1851 did I begin to see my way to positive positions with regard to Christianity and the English Church. Hitherto I had acquiesced in the religion taught me by my parents, as a child acquiesces in the means of health it enjoys, bread and butter, exercise, etc., without inquiring what it is that constitutes its well-being; but from the year 1851 I passed into the acquisitive stage and rapidly formed positive convictions that overlay my negative prejudices. They did not extinguish these latter, but furnished me with reasons why I had so inveterately recoiled from certain forms of belief and worship, and with reasons why I was able to cling with heart and soul to the Church of England.

My readers, if I meet with any, must bear in mind as they read that they are being conducted out of one stage of thought and feeling into another, out of instinctive antipathies into rational convictions. And if it be thought that I have spoken with undue asperity on what at the time gave me the cold shivers, and made me recoil, it is because I actually did so recoil from what repelled my sense of the beautiful, the holy and the reverent.

January 28, 1922.

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EARLY REMINISCENCES

1834–1864

EARLY REMINISCENCES

1834–1864

CHAPTER I

1834–1836

ON May 10, 1832, Edward Baring-Gould was married at S. Sidwell's, Exeter, to Sophia Charlotte, daughter of Admiral Francis Godolphin Bond, R.N.

When the carriage came to take the newly married pair away, it was seen that the horses harnessed to it were black, and had long tails, and were, in fact, those employed to draw hearses. The admiral was so indignant that he sent the carriage away and insisted on its being horsed with animals of a different colour. Not all the white favours on hat and whip of the driver could compensate for the funereal complexion of the horses.

I was born on January 28, 1834, in a corner house, still standing, in Dix's Fields, Exeter, and was baptized in S. Sidwell's Church.

My father took a house in Bratton Clovelly parish, that had been built and occupied by Sir Elijah Impey, Chief-Justice of Bengal, who died in 1809. He had left behind him an illegitimate son by a Bratton girl, who became my father's groom,[1] and called himself Wimpey.

My father had been a cavalry lieutenant in the East Indian Company's service—uniform blue and silver. He met with an accident: whilst driving a stout friend in his dog-cart, the vehicle was upset and the friend fell on him and dislocated his hip. He was not carefully treated, and was sent home invalided. He recovered, but always had a slight limp in one leg. At home, he made the acquaintance of the Bonds, and fell in love with my mother. As my father had very fair hair, and was tall, six feet, when on his way to the Bonds' house, my aunts would say to their sister, " Sophie ! here comes the Silver Poplar again ! "

---

[1] Elijah Barwell Impey was author of a volume of poems published in 1811; one, "Daylesford," was inscribed to Warren Hastings.

Unfortunately, my grandfather induced him to agree to the sale of some remains of our Staverton and Buckfastleigh property that was entailed, with the arrangement that he should furnish my father with a comfortable annuity, on which he could live with ease. This had two disadvantages. It lost to the family a property at this date worth four times what it was sold for, and it prevented my father from taking a consulate or returning to India and pursuing his profession in the army.

The house taken by my father was in a valley, facing the west, watered by a little stream beyond which rises a steep and lofty hill crowned by the village and church of Bratton, shutting off afternoon sunlight from the house during the winter.

The parish was one of much interest. It had formerly been parcelled up among several gentle families, bearing arms, the Coryndons, Burnabys, Ellacotts, Langsfords, Hills, and Phayres, but all have disappeared, leaving no traces; their very houses retain little indication of ancient dignity. The only name remaining of former gentility is that of Pengelly. There was, in the seventeenth century, an Andrew Pengelly of the family that was estated at Whitchurch, near Tavistock. He was rector of Bratton, and left a number of children, who married and settled in that or neighbouring parishes, and a descendant was for many years our coachman, and his grandson is now my son's chauffeur. Another Pengelly is keeper. The last of the Coryndons of whom I could learn anything was a carpenter in Devonport dockyard.

The hill on which the village stands is a spur thrown out by the long upland ridge of Broadbury. Botanically the parish is interesting: pasture-land, wood, moor and fen supply great varieties of plants; it did more so in the early part of the century than at its close when drainage had dried up the morasses, and enclosures and the plough had banished the moorland plants. My mother enjoyed drying and painting the specimens she collected.

As my story is mainly concerned with that portion of S. Devon contained within the arc of Broadbury, I may as well give some particulars concerning it.

Broadbury, rising to 700 and 900 feet above the sea, describes a crescent, one horn resting on the Tamar, the other on the Ockment, unless Whiddon Down be taken as a continuation of it on the N.E. It is traversed by a few streams, the North Lew Water, the Carey, the Claw, and the Derrill Water, all flowing south or south-east. The back of the crescent is towards the north and north-west, and is a desolate tract of moor; the soil is sterile clay. Within the crescent and stretching beyond it to the east is a belt of mountain limestone extending from North Tawton as far west as Lifton Down. Largely owing to this is due the fertility of the land to the south-east of Broadbury. But the existence of this limestone was unsuspected till the eighteenth century. Previously all the lime needed, as for Lew Trenchard Church and Lew House, was brought on pack-horses from Plymouth; the stones were bedded in clay, and the lime was employed only for external pointing and internal plastering.

Formerly a marked difference was noticeable between the population of certain villages on the concave slope of Broadbury, some being fair-haired and blue-eyed, the others dark-haired and hazel-eyed, and of dusky complexion. Different also in mental and moral characteristics.

What with railways and increased circulation of population, these clusters of dark-haired people, inter-marrying amidst a generally fair-haired race, have been broken up, but the types are still readily distinguishable.

An American, who has tramped much in England, has some words relative to Devonshire women. After expatiating on the charms of a humble village wife near Bramscombe, he adds: "The Devonians are a comely race. In that blessed county the prettiest peasants are not all diligently gathered with the dew on them, and sent away to supply the London flower-market. Among the best-looking women of the peasant class there are two distinct types—the rich in colour and the colourless. A majority are perhaps indeterminate, but the two extreme types may be found in any village or hamlet; and when seen side by side—the lily and the rose, not to say the peony—they offer a strange and beautiful contrast."[1]

Those belonging to the rose-type are usually robustly built and inclined to plumpness. Their pure high colour is due to the climate, the air soft and soothing, with little sun to freckle. There is, however, some lack of sparkle and intelligence in the eyes. Those who pertain to the lily type have delicate ivory complexions, flexibility and grace of form, and more of soul speaking out of their fuller eyes.

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[1] Hudson (W. H.), *Afoot in England*, 1909, p. 202.

Of the dapper type, the *mignon*, with clever roguish countenance, we possess few specimens.

It is due again to the climate that the Devonshire women retain their freshness and good looks much longer than in other parts of England.

The men are usually well-built and their features are good. I had masons working for me many years ago, when Lord Halifax, who was staying with me, exclaimed: "Why, you have got Lohengrin in your service," and his brothers—there were six of them—were quite as handsome. I have never seen the ruggedness and shapelessness of the Scottish face among them. The profile is usually good, and the mouth well-formed, with none of the coarseness and sensuality about the lips, nor again the bulkiness of body, so often seen among men from the Midlands.

In character, men and women are kindly, and full of tenderness to one another in cases of sickness or trouble; but they are touchy and liable to take offence at trifles. Their very kindness and natural courtesy conduces to double-facedness; and they do not adhere strictly to truth. My wife once complained to me of this. "My dear," I replied, "they have such lively imaginations that they romance. Our people have more of the Celt in them than of the Scandinavian or Teuton, as your people possess in Yorkshire. You must take folk as they are, and make allowances. Salmon is not turbot, in colour or taste, but both are very good eating. Moreover, both have bones, and some of these are very sharp."

On Broadbury are numerous barrows, or tumuli, that have never been explored; one only was opened a few years ago, and yielded an amber bead; and a square Roman camp, now nearly ploughed down, but which I can remember with its banks and gates quite distinct. There was probably another between there and Okehampton, as a farm in that direction bears the name of

Cobchester. Broadbury was traversed by ancient roads. A little to the east of the Camp, which was on the Fosse Way, branched off the Via Regia that ran past Chimsworthy to Bratton Clovelly, and thence one branch by Headson, Banbury and Wrexon, led to Polson Bridge, where it fell in with the ancient paved road from Okehampton to Launceston. Another branch from Bratton by Wrexhill[1] reached Lew Down at Lew Cross by the present National School. There is plenty of documentary evidence relative to the condition of this royal road, which in the Middle Ages was complained of as " muddy and bad." The great paved highway from Exeter over Lew Down, called Old Street, was struck a few years ago when the Prince of Wales, now King George V, visited Launceston, motoring over Lew Down. At the junction of the road from Stowford with the highway, in digging to plant a flag-staff, the workmen came on the paved surface. Some ten or twelve years ago a hoard of small coins was found under a fallen slab of granite near this road on the Down. I went to inspect it, and got specimens sent to the Museum at Plymouth. They were all of Constantine and Constantius, with one or two of Julian. The hoard had evidently belonged to a poor man who sat by the wayside begging, and who had died without recovering his store. An interesting account of the Fosse Road, the Via Regia, and the old paved way is to be found in the *Transactions of the Devonshire Association* for 1918. The object of these ancient highways keeping to downs and ridges of moorland was for avoidance of the morasses and the streams found in the valleys.

Across the brook at the bottom of our lawn was a little footbridge. My nurse was carrying me over in her arms, when the bridge gave way. Like a brave and self-sacrificing woman, she held me aloft, and allowed herself to fall on her back into the stream that flowed over stones, thereby bruising and injuring it. In later years, when she was married to a farmer, we children—we were three then—were delighted to visit her and drink milk out of her frog-cup. The peculiarity of this mug was that in it was a china frog, that was hidden when the cup was full, but as one drank, the head and front paws emerged, and then, with another long draught, the entire quadruped became visible.

---

[1] The names Wrexton, Wrexdown, etc., probably should have been spelled without the initial W and derive from the Via Regia.

On Broadbury was hung in chains a man called Welland. He was a tramp, and crossing the Down, he came to a cottage inhabited by two old sisters and a girl, and he murdered them and robbed the house. He then made his way to Hatherleigh. Entering a tavern on the way, he had some ale, and asked :

" Have you heard of a shocking murder that has been committed on Broadbury ? "

No, they had heard nothing of it.

" Well," said he. " There was two old ladies there. And, as I came through Okehampton, I heard tell that they had been murdered by an old soldier who was on his way to Holsworthy."

He went on—but, as suspicion was roused, he was followed, caught, and found to have in his possession some silver spoons that could be identified as having belonged to the old women.

He was hung on Broadbury near the Roman camp. The stump of the gallows remained—and the cross-beam is in the barn of a farm close by. Now, here is a curious fact. Whilst the body was hanging, as the women came from market every Saturday they were wont to throw up to him a bunch of tallow dips for him to eat, and they generally succeeded in getting the candles to catch in his chains. As the tallow disappeared in the week—pecked by birds—the women concluded that Welland had actually fed on them. Obviously the idea was still prevalent that life continued to exist in the body after execution.[1] The gallows was standing in 1814. In the Burial Register, Bratton Clovelly, we have, 1779 :

> " 1. Grace Peard, widow, was buried . . Nov. 5.
> 2. Patience Rundle, widow ,, ,, . . Nov. 5.
> 3. Mary Rundle, daughter of Willm. &
> Patience Rundle, was bur. . . . . Nov. 5.
> These 3 were Barbibly murdered."

The body eventually fell to pieces, and the bones were buried in one of the many tumuli dispersed over Broadbury.

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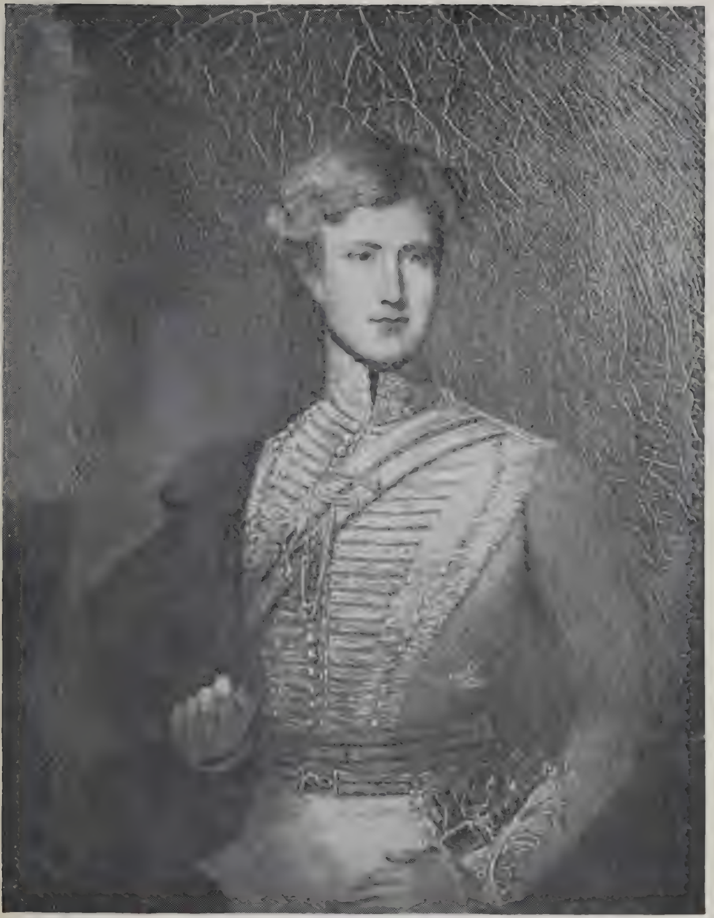
[1] John Paget in his *Hungary and Transylvania*, 1850, relates how that, after the suppression of a rising of the peasantry in the former, a number of the insurgents were hung in chains, and that their relatives invested the corpses in new clothes every New Year's Day.



EDWARD BARING-GOULD
1830

When collecting Devonshire folk airs, I wrote some verses on Welland, to a somewhat grim traditional tune :

"On Broadbury Down the ravens croak,
The breezes shriek and groan ;
Now low, now high, the white owls fly,
As snow-flakes in the moon.
The cotton-grass grows under me,
In tufts of silver white.
I swing and sway throughout the day,
I sway and swing all night.

On Broadbury Down my gibbet stands,
Just where the highways cross.
It tells the moments, marks the hours,
With shadow on the moss.
And I am as a pendulum,
That swing and never stay,
The Death clock of a bad old world,
That cankereth away."

As a relief to this dismal subject I will give a letter written by my mother to one of her sisters, and to that I prefix a saying by Mme de Sévigny : "C'est une belle chose qu'une vieille lettre."

"August 28, 1832. We have had a great deal of rain since we came here, but still everything seems to me to wear a brighter and more cheerful aspect than it did on a former occasion, for though on *both* I have had a dearly loved companion with me, yet before, there were many anxious thoughts from which I am now quite free, and the sort of cloudiness through which I saw every object around me then, is cleared away, and the weather seems pleasanter, the sky brighter, and everything more comfortable. By the by, yesterday we retraced our steps through the wood and over the hill where you and Emily mischievously ran away from us, and where Edward will persist I plighted him my *first* troth (though he knows he is romancing when he says so), and you cannot think how much more I enjoyed it than before. Take an experienced person's word for it (such an one as myself) and believe me that there is no pleasure in 'a-courting,' 'keeping company,' 'love-making,' or whatever else you may please to term the few months before marriage, at all comparable to the sitting down at a table in the act of writing to a dear sister, with a dear husband sitting with his book before him, like a good boy close to your side, one, I should specify, who makes you love him more and more every day, by his kindness and affection."

A letter of my aunt, Juliana Bond, dated Bratton, May 23, 1836, describes the life there :

"Edward is very kind and attentive. He certainly improves most wonderfully on acquaintance. To appreciate his good qualities, he should be known well, and it is not one of the least pleasing traits of his character to see how fond he is of Sophy, and of his *domestic* life.

"Many gentlemen find a retired life like this very wearisome, and particularly those of small fortune. But he seems to go on very comfortably without 'Society,' or that great resource of amusement to others in the same situation—shooting and hunting. Lately he has been employing himself in surveying some of Mr. Baring-Gould's property ; otherwise he amuses himself with reading and gardening. No, I cannot say *amuses* himself with reading, for the books he is at present studying are of rather too deep or, as it is called, dry, a nature to afford entertainment. I wish you could see him in the agonies of mastering a passage of De la Bèche, or Whewell's *Treatise on Nature*, or solving a problem of Euclid—or, rubbing his head with his fingers and pressing a hand against his temples. See him engaged and absorbed in an abstruse calculation in Hutton's *Mathematics*, and it is quite curious to watch the contortions his face undergoes when peculiarly puzzled and perplexed. Every evening after tea we sit down at the table, Sophy with her work, trying to understand and acquire a taste of Whewell's *Treatise* ; but I content myself with a book adapted to more moderate capacities. The dear little babe has just been walking on the table where I write. He improves every day, visibly ; and though he had the thrush a day or two ago, is now quite well, and better for his two spoonfuls of castor-oil which Sophy administered to him with a little brown sugar. You would have been greatly amused had you seen him licking his lips after the delightful potion, quite like an epicure."

At Bratton, my sister Margaret was born March 23rd, 1835. My mother wrote, November 20th, in the same year: "My poor baby has now got rid of her cough and wheezing. Dear little Sabine you would be quite pleased with, no child can behave better than he has done lately; he is as sweet, docile, and affectionate as possible, and tries to say everything and succeeds pretty well. The last mentioned, though not least, valued piece of property in my possession—Edward—is very well, and as busy in the room in which I am working as Papa's simile says—making all the most disagreeable smells he can with oil-paints, turpentine, etc.; but as he has resumed oil-painting at my request, I won't be so ungracious as to complain."

Visits were made to Lew, and my mother's sisters and mother, and my father's sisters from Lew House came and stayed at Bratton. Little dinner-parties were given, but gentry were sparse in the neighbourhood; there were few others than the curate, Mr. Gurney—the rector, Birdwood, was non-resident—and some of the party from Lew. Letters were costly then; one to Exeter, or from it, cost eighteenpence; so that very generally a hamper of good things was sent up or down by the mail-coach from Lew Down or from Exeter, and the letters were enclosed therein. Here is the menu of a little dinner from a letter of my mother to her mother:

"What do you think of my having a dinner-party to-day? Soup at the top, Fish at the bottom, for Remove, a couple of Ducks—and stewed Beef with garnish of carrots, etc. Side dishes—Browned potatoes in a shape, and Omnium Gatherum of Vegetables opposite in a shape. For Remove Macaroni, and raisin pudding. My company, Mr. Gurney, and Mr. Charles Gould."

My father grew greatly dissatisfied with the life at Bratton. For one thing there were too few neighbours, and with such as there were he disagreed in politics. He was, himself, a strong Whig, and my grandfather at Lew was an old-fashioned Tory. The curate, Gurney, was also Conservative; and so were the Bonds at Exeter. Accordingly he resolved on leaving, and went for a short while to Paris to improve his French. Thence he wrote to my mother on April 4th, 1837: "My opinions may be condemned by the Exeter people, but I am satisfied that they agree with those of the greater number of individuals who have watched the course of things, the advancement of the times, and have satisfied themselves that the old state of affairs could not last. As to the Church of England, I would support it to the uttermost of my power, not to advance its temporal power of possessions. I would do all that was possible to rest the Church of England on a less perishable basis, on the hearts and affections of the people ; let no one say Money and Power are the support of the Church, these have been the bane of our Church, our clergy have exulted too much in their wealth. Religion must not be forced down people's throats, to be profitable, it must be taken as a precious cordial, to envigorate and strengthen poor frail mortality ; it must be the crutch to rest on and help our tottering steps through the world. We want it not to be gilt to answer this purpose. The Scotch saying I believe to be partly true, that ' a pure clergy is a poor clergy.' Religion is an essence, and must be in the heart and not in the purse. But I do not advocate the present Church-rate Bill. I speak without any allusion to that, but the anxiety displayed by our Church, where their temporalities are concerned, speaks more of Mammon than of God.

" When I go up to Exeter, I hope to be able to keep my tongue between my teeth for your sake, for, if it was not for that, I should not remain the passive creature I am. Under these feelings it is my anxious desire and my design to leave this part of the country, and go to any place, in fact, where there is a little more toleration to be found."

It was not solely due to disparity of politics that dissatisfied my father with Bratton neighbours, but the main reason consisted in this—that he could find none possessing like interests, or who had any interests at all beyond the bounds of their acres or their parishes.

He would say—but that was at a later period—" Look at Gurney. He exercises his legs and arms, the former so vigorously, and so often, that he is obliged to have a fresh pair of boots every year. He wears out shoe-leather, but not brains. As to his arms they swing like pendulums when he walks. There is no activity in his head. His sermons are so unlike his ordinary diction that I am convinced they are mere transcripts from Blair.

Look at our hunting and sporting gentry: you can see what their legs and arms are about, whether riding after the hounds or striding after partridges or pheasants; but as to their heads—they are stagnant pools in which is no mental circulation. I do not reproach them. God made them so, but I do not care for their society."

What greatly pleased him was the letter in the *Spectator* of October 1, 1711, relative to one Nicholas Hart, who was accustomed to sleep from the fifth of August to the eleventh of the same month.

On the first day of the month he grew dull; on the second, he appeared drowsy; on the third he fell a-yawning; on the fourth he began to nod; on the fifth he dropped asleep; on the sixth he was heard to snore; on the seventh he turned himself in his bed; on the eighth he recovered his former posture; on the ninth he fell a-stretching; on the tenth, about midnight, he awoke; on the eleventh, in the morning, he called for a tankard of small beer.

The correspondent of the *Spectator* adds his remarks: "This seems a very natural picture of the life of many an honest English gentleman, whose whole history very often consists of yawning, nodding, stretching, turning, sleeping, drinking, and the like particulars. The worst of it is, that the drowsy part of our species is chiefly made up of very honest gentlemen, who live quietly among their neighbours without ever disturbing the public peace. They are drones without stings." Exactly my father's sentiments. And he could not bring himself to live among the drones.

My father had quite sense enough and good feeling to acknowledge that these drones were in their right place, and that their interests comported with their environment, and that their activities were, though not to a large extent, beneficial. It was not *they*, it was *himself* who was out of place. In full consciousness of this he sought to dislodge himself from it, and go abroad.

At a time when my mother was absent, staying with her mother in Exeter, my father then at Bratton wrote on a domestic change—the dismissal of one charwoman and the introduction of another, that shows us how different were the wages in those days from what they are at present.

"On Tuesday, the 28th, I received your letter, on which day Anne was to make herself scarce. I obeyed your order and sent her away. The consequence has been that I have been obliged to call in Susan, who is 7d. a day and her food, instead of Anne, who is 3¾d. a day and her food." And now we pay a charwoman 2s. 6d. a day and her food!

In conclusion of this chapter upon Bratton Clovelly, I may mention that the house we inhabited had been a residence of the Phayre family, or a branch of it. This family had its cradle in Bratton, where it possessed considerable estates. At one time there had been a considerable exodus from Devon to Ireland, mainly of the younger sons of the landed gentry. Among these were the Lutrells, the Martyns, formerly of Athelhempston, and then of Exeter, some of my own family who settled in Kerry, where they joined the Roman Church and changed their arms. Among other migrants was the father of Sir Arthur and Sir Robert Phayre or Phayer. The former became first Commissioner of British Burma, and the latter, his brother, became a distinguished general, and was aide-de-camp to Queen Victoria. Sir John Phayre was a judge in one of our colonies. Him I knew. His daughter presented the park bearing the Phayre name to Exmouth. Whilst we were at Bratton one of the last of the race resident on the land was seventh son of a seventh son, and was in great request in the neighbourhood for his supposed powers of healing cases of epilepsy, and other disorders. That which especially marked the family was its hereditary strong sense of rectitude and devotion to duty. An attempt was made on the life of Sir Robert Phayre by the Guakwar, Malhar Rao, whose intrigues he had exposed, by presenting him with sherbet into which powdered glass had been introduced. Sir Robert refused the drink, and the Guakwar was deposed.

My father held these two brothers, makers of our Empire, in high esteem for their talents and virtues.

CHAPTER II

1837–1840

ON 6 July, 1837, we left England in the steam vessel, *Leeds*, for Bordeaux.

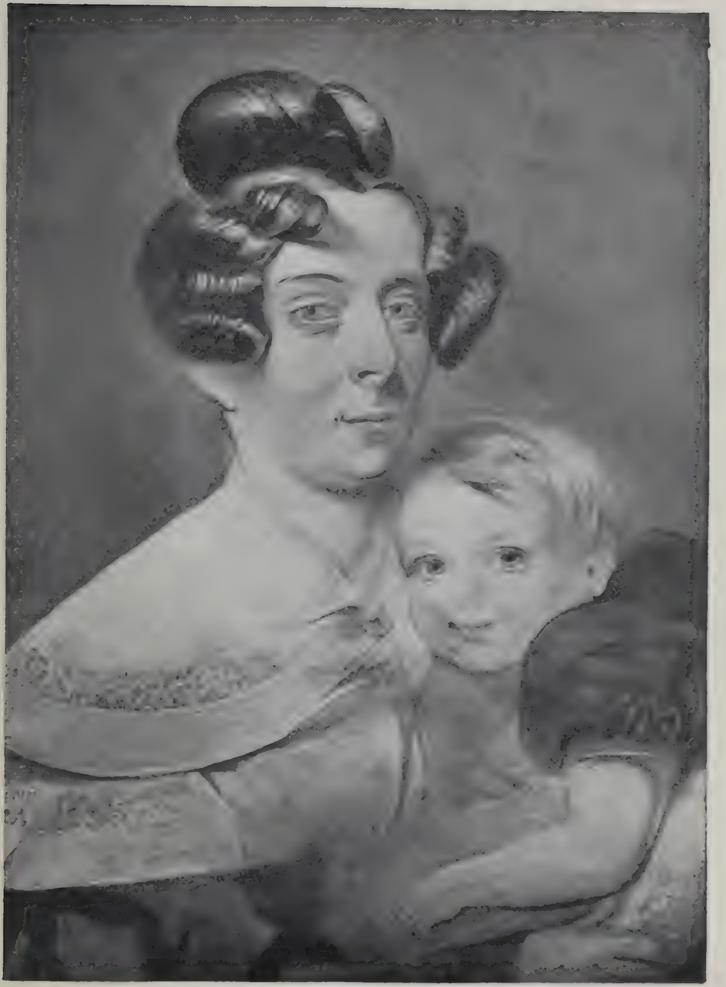
The party consisted of my father, mother, my sister, and my brother William, who had been born on October 25th, 1836, myself and a nurse. The weather was beautiful; scarce a breath of air ruffled the surface of the sea, the Bay of Biscay was most amiable, and this continued till we reached Bordeaux on the ensuing Saturday, having left Plymouth on the previous Wednesday. From Bordeaux, the party went by diligence to Bayonne by way of Pont de Marsan, travelling night and day. As there was full moon, and the weather was warm, my sister, then a babe, was wrapped in a cloak and strapped on top of the luggage on the roof of the diligence, where she slept soundly, being visited at the stations where we changed horses to see that she was all right.

We remained some time at Bayonne, where we had letters of introduction to the Labattes—agents for the Baring house, and with whom my grandfather had been intimate.

From Bayonne the whole party moved for the winter to Pau, where we took a flat on the Grande Place.

Curiously enough, one of my earliest recollections of Pau was with regard to a ruined wall in the park, but whether this was due to its being constructed of cobble-stones set in mortar, or because its existence as a ruin was inexplicable to me, I cannot say. But then, as a child, the glories of the view of the snowy range of the Pyrenees made no impression on me. A child sees only those things that are close at hand, and does not appreciate what is distant. It is as we grow old that the distant things become to us of the highest importance, and the older we grow the more long-sighted we become, and the less do we see and concern ourselves about the things under our noses.

On January 8th, 1838, my mother wrote from Pau to her mother: "We have had a very slight proportion of wet. Last autumn was lovely, and although so far there is nothing decidedly brilliant noticeable in the sun and climate, yet there is much *douceur*. We have, perhaps, one or two mornings of rain, and then a bright sun that surprises Nurse, who had been accustomed to London fogs, and can scarcely believe that the sun shines in November. Though the climate here suits invalids remarkably well, and children especially, and ours have not had a day's illness since their settlement in this house, and have grown as round and rosy as possible—yet I do not think it suits all folks, among whom I may enumerate myself. I attribute a great feeling of debility, that I have lately experienced, to this in part, in the other, to absence of the good nourishing food I was accustomed to (and you know dear Papa used to say I played a good fist at dinner). For some time past Edward, myself and nurse, had taken such a distaste to a certain *goût* which characterized the *traiteur's* dishes that we have acquired a disrelish for most food, particularly animal food, and really ate too little. Starvation did not disagree with Edward, and Nurse grew fatter on it, but I looked and felt but dismal on it. . . . One evening I chose to faint away for so long a time that Edward was alarmed, and sent off *tout de suite* for the doctor, who came, felt my pulse, looked sagacious, and said that I was decidedly too low, must live generously, take tonics, etc., which I have been doing ever since, witness the meat suppers I can now manage. Nurse has undertaken the cooking, as well as the charge of the baby, who amuses himself, while she is scraping carrots and trussing fowls, with learning to run up and down a long and light wood-floored kitchen, which we now use in the double capacity of kitchen and nursery. The increased comfort, economy and wholesomeness of the food is considerable, and Nurse is now worth what we give her, and makes herself really useful. She is so cheerful and obliging about everything, that for the first time since she has been with us we have begun to feel reconciled to her; she thinks nothing a trouble, is always good-natured, and seems in her element; and she certainly cooks very nicely. I should like to let you see the little ones in



SOPHIA BARING-GOULD AND SON
1836

their present condition. Little Margaret looks like a very pink rosebud, and is full of fun and affection, and laughs at her own wit with one of the heartiest bursts you ever heard. Sabine is more improved in temper and looks than you can fancy. He has become quite a cheerful little fellow, and has lost the anxious look that used so often to reside in his face. Willy is the great delight of both the other children; they would give up anything to or for him, and are always kissing and coaxing his merry face. I beg to say that my boy Willy is larger in limb and face than Sissy, and as far as face goes, is certainly larger than Sabine."

To her sister Emily she wrote: "I am writing this letter on the night of the splendid Prefect's ball, to which all the world is going, but a few souls like myself. I do not feel very strong, at all events not sufficiently so to sacrifice my comfort to-morrow to to-night's festivities, and if I stay up late and revel, I always feel it afterwards. . . . Strangers are here necessarily drawn into a very large acquaintance, as, contrary to ordinary custom (at least, that which is English), it is expected of the new-comer that he or she leave cards on all the resident families that are in Society. It is a point of etiquette to the inhabitants, which one would not wish to neglect, taking, as one does, their town by storm. Mr. Haye furnished us with a long list, chiefly of French people, for there were only a few English residents. The number of these latter, rapidly augmented; and each, on his arrival, enlists you forcibly amongst the number of his friends, and challenges your acquaintance. The cards left at your door are then acknowledged by you, by a visit; after which, if the party is further desirous of your acquaintance, he calls again; and Edward desired me to tell you, as everyone is, and naturally would be, desirous of our acquaintance, the pile of cards collected in a few days would amuse you, far exceeding the receipts of Colleton Crescent for the year. Also at New Year's Day an exchange of cards goes on between each family (not visits), so that cards form a considerable item in the year's account. On my chimney-piece you may see exhibited the grand array, those of Countesses, Ladies of title, Barons and Baronesses, in abundance."

In May, my mother was very ill, and my father took her and us to Bagnières de Bigorre, where she got better, but all the rest of us suffered from boils. On examination, and in accordance with a hint from the doctor, an investigation showed that the cook, to save herself the trouble of lighting a fire, had brought hot water for our tea and coffee from the natural boiling spring, and this was the cause of our disorder.

We went on to Bagnières de Luchon, stayed there a short while, where my mother picked up strength, and then on to Foix and thence to Ax. In the meantime a Miss Mary Richardson, of Irish origin, had been engaged to act as nursery governess to the children. To her we all owed an uncertainty as to the right employment of *shall* and *will*.

At Ax, where the party arrived in the carriage, a crowd assembled. " Ils sont des comédiens ! " was the exclamation ; as no other foreigners save actors had ever previously shown there ; and it was difficult for us to get through the interested and expectant crowd and reach our hotel. To the people of Ax, to their disappointment, our party gave no further entertainment than showing themselves scrambling among the rocks in quest of Alpine flowers.

To quote again one of my mother's letters : " After leaving Luchon, my dear husband bought the carriage in which we had travelled *en vetturino* our last journey from Bigorre, a nice, little German calash, chiefly that he might secure one easy in the movements for me, the whole of the journey. . . . We continued to spend a very happy week among the rocks with very little of that rich verdure and beautiful wood which characterizes almost all the other mountain scenes amongst the Pyrenees. Indeed, all the Department of the Pyrénées Orientales is one of this character. There is a coldness and barrenness which is nowhere seen in the Basses and the Hautes-Pyrénées." Thence to Carcassonne and to Montpellier.

It was whilst on the journey to Montpellier over the stony plain, with a hot sun smiting down on me, seated on the box beside my father, whilst the postillion rode one of the two horses, that I experienced a curious sensation. I saw, or fancied that I saw, a crowd of little imps or dwarfs surrounding the carriage, running by the side of the horses, and some leaping on to their backs. One was astride behind the post-boy. They were dressed in brown, with knee breeches, and wore little scarlet caps of liberty. I remarked to my father on what I saw, and he at once removed me into the shade, within the carriage. I still saw the little creatures for awhile, but gradually they became fewer and finally disappeared altogether. The vision was due to the sun on my head, but why the sun should conjure up such a vision is to me inexplicable. I cannot recall that my nurse at Bratton had ever spoken to me of, and described, the Pixies.

Here I am going to allow myself a digression on Gnomes or Pixies.

It is a curious fact that my wife has seen one, or thinks that she has, in Yorkshire. In a green lane at Horbury she saw, or fancied she saw, a little man about two feet in height, clothed in green, sitting in the hedge. He had black beady eyes, and looked hard at her. She stood observing him for a while, and then, when he began to make faces at her, she became frightened, and ran away.

My son Julian, one day in 1883, was in the garden picking pea-pods, between two rows of peas, when he saw a little dwarf in brown with a red cap looking at him, and walking towards him. He was so frightened that he ran away and came into the house, white as ashes, and told me and his mother what he had seen. He was then aged six.[1] In both these cases the apparitions may be traced to sun on the head, but why take such similar forms ?

Plenty of stories are told, more or less circumstantially, of the "Knockers" or gnomes of mines believed in in Cornwall, Wales, and in Germany. They may be seen in Mrs. Hardinge Britten's *Nineteenth Century Miracles*, 1884. But this will suffice. Mr. C. G. Isham, of Lamport Hall, erected a rock garden in his grounds and peopled it with a crowd of gnomes made of terra-cotta.

How noticeable in the progress of mankind in knowledge is the fact that before the opening of a door hitherto shut, another door that has swung wide for generations should be slammed and double bolted. For untold ages our ancestors had believed in a fairy world. The little soulless people had been seen by men of good report, their songs had reached wondering ears, their good deeds and their malicious tricks were commonly related ; but, almost suddenly, that is to say, in my lifetime, belief in the existence of pixies, elves, gnomes, has melted away ; and in its place a door has been opened, disclosing to our astonished eyes a whole bacterial world, swarming with microbes, living, making love, fighting ; some beneficial and others noxious—an entirely new world to us now such as America was to wondering Europe in the sixteenth century.

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[1] As an instance of the manner in which materialism is washing out all spiritual fancies, I may mention that when my son, after this vision, and with his mind full of tales of gnomes and fairies inhabiting an underground world, asked the gardener, "Crossman, is there a world beneath the soil on which we tread ?" received the answer, "To be sure, sir, there is. It is the *Dung World.*"

According to Addison, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, " There was not a village in England that had not a ghost in it, the churchyards were all haunted, every large common had a circle of fairies belonging to it, and there was scarce a shepherd to be met with who had not seen a spirit." It was the same at the opening of the nineteenth century ; and now all the spiritual world has vanished out of sight and is lost to the mind. Not a child knows aught now of its occupants. We have cast aside Oberon, Titania, Robin Goodfellow, the Brownie, Wag at the Wa', and the Wild Huntsman with the Gabelrachet. Their place has been usurped by the Bacilli, by Schizophyta, Sphæro bacteria, Micro bacteria, Desmo bacteria and Spiro bacteria. What Shakespeare of the future will think of giving us a Bacteriological Midsummer's Night's Dream ?

In the midst of the Tavy valley rises a mass of rock above the brawling and sparkling river, in spring clothed in bluebells, in summer redolent with thyme, and in autumn flushed with heather. Formerly it went by the name of the Pixy Castle, and it was held to be inhabited by the " good people " as the pixies were called. It was said that on Sundays they clustered on the rock, listening to the Mary and Peter Tavy Church bells, trusting that, though Christ had not died for them, nevertheless the bells did bring to them a promise of ultimate salvation.

As a young boy I have sat on the Pixy Castle, and thought of the elfin folk, yearning after that salvation, which is so lightly esteemed by many of us mortals, as they hearkened to the call of the church bells, and endeavoured to detect a promise in their peal. All that is over. No one ever accords these little beings a thought. Not a soul in Peter and Mary Tavy parishes considers how their mothers told of the little hearts on Pixy Rock pulsating to the distant bells.

We have to pay a price for every new acquisition, and the opening to us of the recently discovered world of microbes has followed on the banishment of the world of the Elves. Scientifically we have gained much. Imaginatively we have lost a great deal.

I have recalled old fancies, old dreams ; and a shadow of regret has passed over my heart at the poetic loss we had sustained by the exile of the fairies. But when, out of health, I sip *Lactor Bulgariensis* with *Bacillus Metchnicoffii* souring it, I rest satisfied with the thought that the exchange has been of practical utility.

Nor is this all. There has come about a revulsion in popular feeling as to the spirits of men after death. In place of looking up to the souls gleaming in the light of Paradise, as we once were led to believe, now we are told that they hover about the " Horse Shoe" in Tottenham Court Road, so as to catch a whiff of Player's Navy-cut, or haunt a lawn-tennis ground in order to sniff up the fragrance of Glen Livet whisky, without having to pay war price for it.

At Montpellier my mother wrote : " After remaining a day or two at the hotel to look about us, we were not a little glad to find a delightfully snug and pretty little house, with only three bedrooms and two parlours and a kitchen—all of rather tiny dimensions, in the best part of the town, the most airy and *distinguée*, quite an essential qualification in our eyes, knowing what faubourgs are abroad, situated in one of the prettiest flower-gardens, if not *the* prettiest I have seen since I left England, shut in from the road by high walls and iron gates of a very imposing effect, with a piece of water in the middle (very shallow) and railed round to the height of Sabine's waist, full of gold fish, which serve to delight the little ones with their brilliant scales and happy movements. We are very cosy with our servant, who is thoroughly good-natured, and contrives to find plenty of time for dusting rooms, cooking the dinner, and walking out and amusing Willy.

" The Promenade, to which we are quite close, and which is almost the only walk within compass of ladies, particularly such as myself, is said to be the finest in France, if not in Europe, and as a public promenade it is certainly handsomely built, for it is a high piece of ground of great extent, walled up with stone, with stone balustrades all round; cultivated gardens within, swans swimming in a nice piece of water, a temple at the end, and one of the most extensive views you can see anywhere, commanding the peaks which terminate the Pyrenees on the Eastern extremity, of which Mont Canigou forms the chief; the *vrai* Mediterranean to the south sparkling sometimes most beautifully. The sunsets are splendid, and they are the daily admiration of a nice old gentleman, whose acquaintance we have formed here, and who has had a letter of mutual introduction in his pocket for more than a twelvemonth for us from a friend of ours in England, but we have never fallen in with each other until now, he having fixed finally on Montpellier as a residence for his health's sake instead of Pau. He is the Honourable W. Wickham, who was at one time Lord of the Treasury, and must have been a delightful person, and is one who has, of course, a great knowledge of men and manners.[1] We see him almost every day, for he is very kind and attentive, and seldom lets one day pass without a visit, either in the morning or evening."

The postage of this letter of my mother to England was 2s. 4d., and the time taken by one travelling between Montpellier and Exeter was a week.

We made as well some French acquaintances, and, one evening, gave a small dinner-party to them. After dinner, in the drawing-room there was music, and my mother incautiously played the "Marseillaise." Thereupon one old gentleman, a baron, started up and tottered out of the room. Thinking that he was unwell, my father hastily followed him, when he found him without, greatly agitated.

"Monsieur," said he, "I cannot bear to hear that tune. I have heard it played so often, as the tumbrels have gone past my father's house, bearing the victims of the Terror to the guillotine, and never sure that it might not be played before my dear parents to the same destination. When I hear that strain, all the horror of that time is renewed in my soul."

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[1] He was then living on his pension, and was hoping to recover his health at Montpellier, a vain hope, and he died soon after in 1840. He was born in 1761, and was employed by Lord Grenville, then Foreign Secretary, in secret diplomatic service, 1793–4. He was sent as envoy to the Swiss Cantons in 1798, and further to the Russian and Austrian armies in 1799–1802. He became Privy Councillor in 1802, and Chief Secretary for Ireland 1802–4.

When later we were at Bayonne, among our acquaintance were two ancient ladies, who had lived through the Terror, as that wave of butchery swept south. When the Sansculotte mob was plundering and murdering, their father hid them in an attic, whilst he went downstairs to see whether he could save any of his goods. The two girls—they were girls then—lifted a couple of roof tiles and peeped out, to see their father flung from a window and received on the pikes of the mob, who tossed him from one rank or group of the rioters to another. On the anniversary of that day the two ancient spinsters, in deep mourning, went to the Cathedral, where at one of the side altars a mass was said for the repose of the soul of their murdered father.

It was a mistake of English medical men to recommend Montpellier as a health resort for those in a decline. It is exposed to bitter winds, and to clouds of fine dust, as well as to rapid changes of temperature. There is absolutely no shelter from the winds from any quarter. In a corner of the Jardin des Plantes is the Protestant Cemetery, where many English are buried. We are wiser now. We have learned by experience the folly of our medical men, and those with delicate lungs no longer go to Montpellier, but to Pau or to the Riviera. The French say: May God save us from the devils that destroy our souls, the doctors that ruin our constitutions, and the lawyers who appropriate our incomes. "I do not know anything of devils," said my father, "but I fight shy of the other two."

A very curious and characteristic feature in the French landscape at this period were the telegraph stations planted within sight of one another; often, most disfiguringly, on the summit of church towers. These consisted of tall masts furnished with arms that were jointed in the middle, and also at the ends, and these arms were worked by wires, that put the long arms into sundry shapes, forming a scripture against the horizon, in incessant slow movement; the characters described one moment, after a pause were changed for others. Sometimes they spread their arms wide to the heavens, sometimes contracted them, sometimes held up one portion from an elbow to the sky, sometimes two, or, perhaps dropped one and held up the other, then dropped both, and next moment folded the arms. They had a most uncanny appearance, conveying information, ordering an arrest, or commanding movements of troops, yet quite unintelligible ; wrapped in secrecy, the communications not being comprehensible by the men who worked the arms. These clumsy contrivances only disappeared on the invention of the electric telegraph.

Owing to the illness of Admiral Bond, we hurried back to England, to find that he had rallied, but in the autumn Admiral Bond was again dangerously ill with hæmorrhage in the nose that could not be stopped, and he died October 28th, 1839, aged seventy-four years.

Although we retained our house at Bratton, yet, in the summer of 1840, we took the Castle at Bude and spent there some months.

On January 3rd, 1840, at night, my mother was sitting reading her Bible in the dining-room at Bratton, when, looking up, she saw, on the further side of the table, the form of her brother Henry who was in the Navy serving in the South Atlantic. She looked steadily at him, and there was a kindly expression in his face ; but presently the apparition faded. She has told me that she realized at once what this meant, and she made an entry in pencil on a fly-leaf at the end of the Bible : " Saw Henry, January 3, 1840." It was not till over a month that the news reached Exeter that he had died on that very date off Ascension. His brother, Commander Francis Godolphin Bond, died at sea near St. Helena, July 16th, 1840. I never heard my mother say that she had seen an apparition of this brother.

CHAPTER III

1840–1842

MY father wearied again of Bratton, due to the absence of neighbours, except some few with whom he could not sympathize, politically or religiously; and it must be admitted that Bratton was a dreary place for winter residence. Between Bratton and Lew the road—the Via Regia—was one of uphill and down dale, very steep hills, and the way bad in many places, in the bottoms. Accordingly my father resolved on going abroad again, and in October, 1840, we left, crossed to Rotterdam, taking our own carriage with us, and engaging post-horses. At Rotterdam all our plate was detained, to be stamped by the Dutch Government, although it was understood that we were merely passing through the Netherlands on our way to Germany. A fee was exacted for adding a disfiguring stamp, and it was not till two months had elapsed that it was forwarded to us at Cologne.

We remained for some time at Cologne, as the weather was breaking up and winter setting in, so that it was not convenient for travelling.

One drawback to going abroad had been the publication in numbers of *Nicholas Nickleby*, that was begun in 1839, and, odd as it may seem, I think that really one reason for inducing my father to spend the winter at Cologne was that he might be more certain to obtain the issues of that story as they came out. We were there, as I can quite remember, when we received the instalment with the illustration of Nicholas instructing the four Miss Kenwigses seated on a form with their plaited tails hanging down their backs. No one at the present day can imagine the expectation, the breathless interest, wherewith the monthly numbers of the novels of Dickens were looked forward to and devoured. The style was so new, so humorous, and so full of pathos, and the characters were so unlike any hitherto drawn in fiction, save by Fielding and Smollett; and their tales were disfigured by grossnesses.

We were at Cologne when occurred one of the last, if not the last exhibition of the Ship of Isis drawn through the streets with flags flying and the crew waving torches. Tacitus mentions the drawing about of the Ship of Isis by the Suevi, and the custom continued after the Teutons became Christian. In 1133 a ship was built in a wood near Cornelismünster, by the Guild of the Weavers, and placed upon wheels, and drawn, first to Maestricht, where it was furnished with mast and sails, and then was taken to Tongern, and travelled throughout the land, everywhere welcomed with enthusiasm. City gates were thrown open to receive it, and whoever was allowed to touch the ship had to pay for the privilege by giving up to the Weavers the rings and other jewellery he wore on his person; for presumably some supernatural virtue went out of the ship.

As the street—the Hochstrasse—from a window in which we saw the ship pass, is narrow, and there was risk, in the rocking of the vessel, of the yards breaking the windows, and of the sparks and drops of blazing tar from the torches blinding those who were lookers on, I should not be surprised if I saw the very last of these exhibitions, the Prussian Government having at last forbidden this ship-drawing through towns.

We were too late on this occasion to see the mighty rafts of pines from the Black Forest sweeping down the Rhine, but I have seen them since. Alas, they are to be seen no more! Railways have put an end to them, so far as their travelling down to Holland, though some on a smaller scale may be seen as far down as Coblenz, bringing timber to some of the towns on the river above where the stream plunges into the picturesque ravine from Bingerbrück to Königswinter. The last raft that descended the whole way from the Kinsig Thal was in 1891, and it was adorned with green boughs, like a harvest waggon carrying to the stack the last load of corn.

Count Wolfgang of Fürstenberg, who died in 1509, founded the Guild of the Raftsmen, or Floaters as they called themselves. In 1504, the Emperor Maximilian I allowed him to take two hundred pines, trim them of their branches, form them into two rafts, and, without paying any duty, to convey them by water to the Netherlands. The felling of the trees took place in winter, and when the poles reached the water, they were bound together with withies to form rafts, and the descent of the Rhine continued from spring till Michaelmas.

In order to launch the rafts, the confluent rivers above were damned up, and at a signal the water was discharged in one mighty torrent that whirled the "Float" along. On reaching the Rhine several small rafts were fastened together, and enormous rafts 2000 ft. long descended the river. Upon them were wooden huts for the accommodation of the floaters and their wives, if they took any of these latter on board to serve as cooks. Such only were taken as had no children at home to be looked after. As many as forty or fifty men formed the crew. There were upper and under steersmen, and all were subject to the control of a captain, who shouted his orders—"Hesseland," which signified "More to the right!" or "Frankenland," which meant "More to the left."

The time for the departure of the raft to that of the return of the crew was from ten to twelve weeks. The return of the crew was looked for with impatience, especially by the children, who expected that their fathers would bring them toys from Holland. There ensued a domestic feast, at which a calf's head was eaten, but of which only the eldest son was given a share; the other children walked round the table and were contented with a sniff.

At one time as many as one hundred rafts were launched annually on the Rhine from the mouth of the Kinsig Valley alone, and of these none were under 1500 ft. in length.

No raft was suffered to pass a great town during the night; it remained moored to the shore from sunset to dawn.

On more than one occasion a huge raft would break loose from its anchorage. When this happened at Cologne, for instance, it caused consternation, as the bridge between the city and Deutz was of boats, and as many vessels were moored to the piers.

On such an occasion, the Captain despatched a man in a boat to give warning of impending danger. The alarm-bells rang, the bridge was loosed in two making a wide passage between the ends, and the ships in the river were huddled out of the current.

Crowds assembled on the banks, and if the runaway raft, by the skill of the steersmen and to the flare of torches held out on both sides of the passage, managed to pass through, a ringing cheer was afforded to the skilful captain and his merry men all.

The floaters, or shippers, as they also called themselves, were a sturdy set of men, very muscular, shrewd, and—great drinkers. Each possessed a patch of vineyard, up the side of a mountain, but the home-made wine was sour as vinegar. Great was the eagerness of the floater to be off in May, after having had his teeth set on edge by the sour fruit of the vine at home, so as to be able to descend to the vintage of Rudesheim, Assmannshausen and Steinberg. Later, as the Netherlands are reached, came the strong waters of Hollands, Geneva and Schiedam.

" After all," thought the Floater, as he sat down to his glass in a tavern at Amsterdam, " if I have to be absent from home, wife and children, for three months, still "—in a demoralizing mood, after a hiccup, taking a mouthful of the cordial—" life is made up of compensations."

In 1862–7 the Floater-guilds became bankrupt, and were dissolved.

The Rhine that winter of 1840–1 was frozen over. We remained in Cologne till the ice began to break up and the floes were whirled down the stream. Then we started up the river to Mannheim, that ugliest, except possibly Darmstadt, of German towns.

There are in Deutschland a certain number of towns that have not grown naturally from small beginnings, as situated at the crossing of main roads, or on some navigable river, or as being the seat of some great industry, but which have been artificially created. Such are Darmstadt, Carlsruhe, Stuttgart, Mannheim and Munich. It had become a fashion with the princes in the days of powder and patches for each to found a capital away from the main thoroughfares of trade and the natural lines of communication. They regarded the old thriving cities with scorn, that were inhabited by burghers, and were the seats of manufacture, and of busy markets, as unsuited for their dignity, and disqualified for court gaieties. Had not Louis XIV created Versailles on a sandy waste ? Why should not each German princeling also rear his petty Versailles ? In the year 1694, Prince George Samuel of Nassau-Idstein was fired with the ambition of founding a city, and calling it after his own name. But, when he counted the cost, he discovered that he did not possess funds sufficient. Well, if not a city, at least a village. And, as Louis XIV had reared his Versailles on the most unsuitable spot he could find, so Prince Nassau-Idstein looked about him for an equally unfavourable site, and pitched upon a bald, stony mountain top, such as God had not created for this purpose. There he constructed Georgenborn. But the foundation so little answered expectation, that in 1723 it was resolved to abandon the place and let it fall into ruins. However, before it had been reduced to desolation, by a freak of fortune it began to look up, acquire inhabitants and develop facilities for existence. Standing 1856 ft. above the sea, it would long ago have perished but for its proximity to Schlangenbad, and the opportunity thereby afforded of furnishing the visitors to the baths with produce for their consumption. At any rate it stands as a proof that villages cannot be called into life at the whim of a prince, nor does the withdrawal of his Serene Highness's favour ensure their downfall.

These artificial capitals built away from the trade-routes were peopled by courtiers, officials, and all kinds of vagabonds such as thrive by hanging on to Courts. Trade, manufacture were discouraged, and revenues that might have been expended with advantage on the natural capitals and centres of commercial activity were wasted on these trumpery and ugly toys.

Mannheim, which had been a small place, mostly peopled with Netherlanders, was beseiged by Melac in 1688 and after seventeen days capitulated, when it, with eleven other towns in the Lower Palatinate, was utterly destroyed. It owes its present condition mainly to the Elector Charles Philip, who made of it his residence in 1720, and it was further adorned—or uglified—by Charles Theodore. It remained the residential seat of the Electoral Court till 1777.

The town is one of the most regularly built in Germany. The streets are perfectly straight, and cut each other at right angles, so that the town is divided into one hundred and ten blocks.

We left Mannheim on May 4th, 1841. Thence we went to Heidelberg, at a time when the woods were carpeted with lilies of the valley, and already over the Gesprengte Thurm of the castle was stretched a network of kerria japonica, a mass of yellow flower.

On March 2, 1689, the French blew up the glorious castle, the finest achievement of the Renaissance domestic architecture in Germany, perhaps in all Europe.

A charming gate remains intact at the Castle of Heidelberg, erected in honour of Elizabeth Stuart. This disagreeable woman was idealized and became a theme of romantic devotion among the Protestant princes of Germany, and the Puritan nobility and gentry of England. There are two portraits of her by Honthorst in the National Portrait Gallery, that represent her as a very charming young woman; another by Janz van Mieseveld shows her expressionless and unattractive. A full length of her by Honthorst after she was Queen of Bohemia is not idealized, and does not show her as one possessed of any fascination.

After a few weeks spent in Heidelberg we started for Berne and thence travelled to Lucerne, where we remained from May 22nd to June 19th. We went up the Rigi, where I was laid up with congestion of the lungs.

It is singular that the Swiss wood-carvers have not progressed in a century, but continue to cut the same uninteresting and inartistic salad-forks and spoons, brackets, paper-cutters, chalets and little bears. They have not originated any good style whatever. This marks an incapacity for art in the race. They make good waiters, pastry-cooks, confectioners, *et voilà tout !*

From Lucerne we went on to Thun, where we remained till October 23. The town commands, beyond the lake, the snows of the Flowerless Alp—cold, grey, unsmiling.

It seemed to me, even as a child, that passing out of a Catholic Canton into one that was Calvinistic or Zwinglian was like going from a vision of Monte Rosa to a view of the Flowerless Alp. Of course at the time I knew nothing about the religions, save their outward aspect and their effect upon the people who had embraced them, or had been crushed under them ; and it did appear to me as though the entire atmosphere and aspect were changed. The people seemed different, and what perhaps impressed me as a child especially was, that in a Catholic Canton there were paintings, picturesquely planted chapels, wayside shrines, and crucifixes—a thousand objects appealing to the eye and to the imagination, especially where the religious instinct is strong. Nothing of this sort met one in a Reformed Canton. Consequently I hold that æsthetic instincts and repugnances had much to do with the moulding of my mind, and the direction of my principles. At the time I had no definite convictions of any kind, and was accordingly in a condition to be impressed by what I saw. When I say that I had no convictions of any kind, I refer to such as are formed on controversial matters. I knew nothing of the distinctive beliefs and usages of Catholics and Protestants, except what I saw of the practices of the Catholics giving assurance of a living faith and love, and the absence of all devotional habits and of worship, that characterized the Reformed, as far as I could judge. I remember distinctly how my heart began to beat and my spirits to rise, when we passed in our carriage the first Crucifix, showing we had left a Reformed Canton behind.

Whilst at Thun, there was a Confirmation in the parish church —a church as bare as a barn. No figure carved or painted of the Saviour of the World, but the scowling, grim portraits of those destroyers of æsthetic religion, Calvin and Zwingli. There is a remarkably characteristic portrait of Ulrich Zwingli by Holbein the Younger in the Uffizi Gallery at Florence. It is to me a repulsive face. The cruel hard eyes have not in them a glimmer of kindliness, and the coarse lips are those of a sensualist. Looking on that portrait you seem to see a man who would, without scruple, flay you alive.

The Life of Zwingli has been frequently written in an eulogistic spirit, so that an altogether false colour has been given to his character. There was no devil's advocate engaged against Zwingli. All we know of him we know from his own account of himself, and from the writings of personal friends sharing his religious convictions and disbeliefs. Ulrich Zwingli was born at Wildhausen in Toggenburg on the 1st January, 1484, and was ordained by the Bishop of Constance, and was chosen parish priest of Glarus in 1516. One of his biographers, J. C. Hess, says of him at this time, " in the midst of a clergy incapable of feeling the importance and holiness of his mission, Zwingli was sure to be an object of hatred and jealousy. But his scrupulous exactness in fulfilling all his duties had conciliated to Zwingli the respect and attachment of his parishioners, and his virtues had gained him the friendship of the best men of the Canton."

Now, however lovely this picture may be of the virtuous Reformer, the authority for it is *himself*. His biographer whom I have quoted lived more than two centuries and a half after his death. In this account not one word is inserted, not one hint is dropped, that Zwingli's life in Glarus was the reverse of reputable. Yet this was so notorious that his friend Bullinger was forced to notice it in his memoir, and to own that Zwingli's unpopularity in Glarus was not solely due to his Protestantism. Bullinger's words are: "On this account was he held in disfavour and opposition by several honourable people in the county, that he was suspected of having seduced several women. As at that time the Papacy forbade priests to have wives, they were often suspected and even fell into incontinence, and harlotry; so Zwingli's musical powers and love of display made him to be suspected, and not without cause, for he did it through wantonness, and was guilty."[1]

His friend Mycomius, who shared his opinions, was scandalized, and wrote to the Reformer on December 3, 1518, advising him to give up his music, and asks, "How about that girl whom you have seduced?"[2]

Zwingli in his *Archeteles* draws a picture of his own pure soul striving after the truth, and thence his biographers have drawn their account of his life at Glarus.

Christoffel, in his *ex parte* life of the Reformer, excuses him, by showing that there existed much immorality among the Catholic clergy at the time. No doubt it was so, and it was precisely these debauched priests who became the most zealous Reformers; and there is abundant evidence to show that they remained immoral as Evangelical pastors.

Haller, the Bernese Reformer, was expelled from Thun for his licentiousness, and he sent one of his pastors, who had been convicted of adultery, to Zwingli to be given a cure of souls at Zürich. Ludwig Hetzer, a bosom friend of Zwingli, was executed at Constance in 1529 for having led both maidens and married women astray in large numbers. At Basle, the Evangelical pastor of S. Peter's became the father of three boys by his servant maid.[1] Another minister of the Gospel was publicly whipped at Basle for his immoralities. Œcolampadius, in narrating the fact in a letter to Zwingli, complains that licentiousness was the weak point in the Evangelical pastors. This in a letter dated June, 1528. Zwingli also, in a letter to Œcolampadius, lets in a little light on his brother Reformer Glarean that we cannot quote; it is too coarsely expressed.

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[1] Bullinger: *Reformationsgeschichte*, ed. Hottinger, i. p. 9.

[2] Zwingli, *Op*. vii. pp. 52–3.

From Glarus, Zwingli moved to Einsiedeln, where he preached vehemently against the Catholic faith, good works and Romish usages. His biographers lead us to infer that, whatever his life may have been at Glarus, he was a model of virtue at Einsiedeln. But unhappily it was not so. The report that he had debauched the daughter of a worthy man there having reached his sister, she wrote to expostulate with him. His reply is that the charge was true, and he treated it lightly.[2] In a letter to Heinrich Utinger he spoke quite frankly as to how "like a dog" he had returned to his "own vomit again." The letter is too abominable to bear quotation.[3] It is not a pleasant task lifting the veil of the prophet who has been so belauded as a saint and apostle, but the hand that lifts it is actually his own.

"No churchyard ghole, caught lingering in the light
Of the bless'd sun, e'er blasted human sight
With lineaments so foul, so fierce, as those
Th' imposter now, in grinning mockery shows—
'There, ye wise saints, behold your light, your star—
Ye *would* be dupes and victims, and ye *are*.
Is it enough? or must I, while a thrill
Lives in your sapient bosoms, cheat you still?'"[4]

It is worthy of remark what a stamp there is on all the faces of the Reformers with the exception of Luther. Calvin's face is without sweetness, spirituality, charity; and that of John Knox is full of bitterness.

But to return to Thun and the Confirmation. It was a relief after looking at the faces of the scowling Reformers to see those fresh and innocent of the children as they entered the naked, ugly, dingy church, carrying green boughs. The children stood whilst the pastor, habited in a black cloak, catechized and heard their renewal of the baptismal vows. It pretended to nothing more, no communication of grace to strengthen.

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[1] Ochs: *Geschichte d. Stadt Basel*, v. p. 558.

[2] Zwig, *Op.* i. p. 86.

[3] *Ibid*, *Op.* vii. p. 55.

[4] Moore: *The Veiled Prophet of Khorassan.*

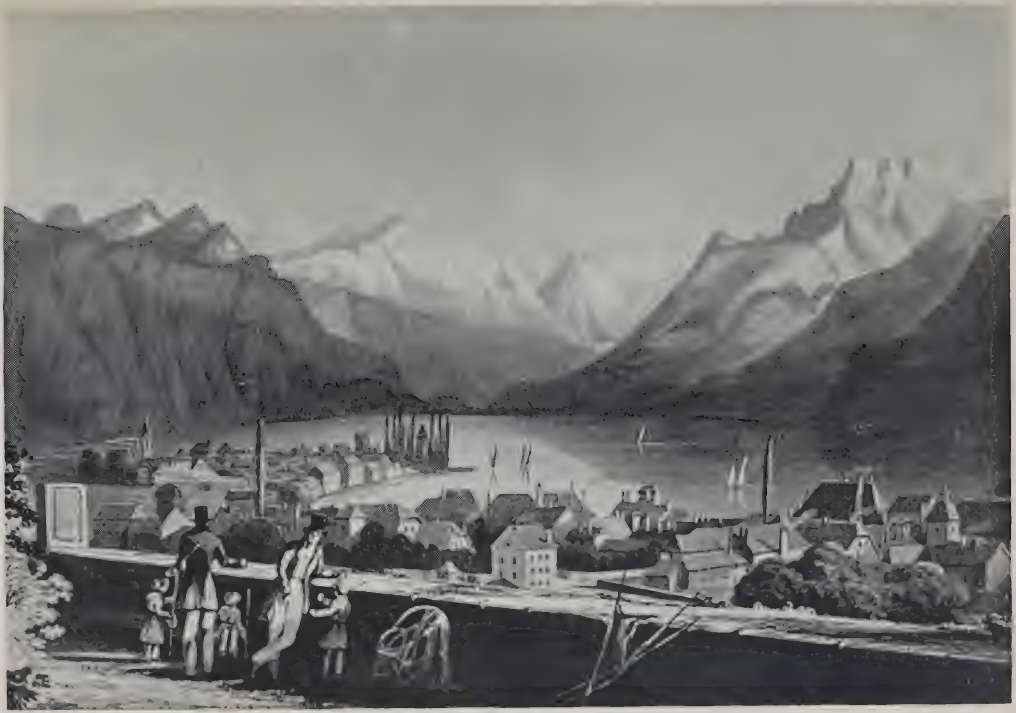
My father always on Sunday mornings read Morning Prayer with the Psalms and proper lessons, and a short sermon out of a book. We never, with the exception of the Sunday of the Confirmation, attended a Protestant service whilst at Thun.

We made our way to Vevey for the winter, and took a house with a terrace commanding a noble view of the lake and the mountains beyond. There were few English in the place, at all events such English as we cared to know. But there was an Irish chaplain, and service was held in a large room in one of the hotels. The English chaplains abroad at that time, and for long after, were usually men who for very good reasons could not, or did not care to, reside in their native land.

An old friend at a much later period of my life, a lawyer, said to me, " As far as my experience goes, the great difference that exists between the High Church and the Low Church parsons is, that the former get into pecuniary, and the latter into amatory scrapes."

These chaplains lived on what they could pick up on the Sundays by letting the seats, or as, at Lucerne, by charging every one admitted into the chapel the equivalent of a shilling, and having a collection as well. Often enough their money ran short, and they had to send their sons round with a begging letter to collect sufficient to relieve them of immediate embarrassments. They stood very low in the opinion of the natives, and even the Evangelical pastors were shy of associating with them.

At the time there were three parties in the religious world of Switzerland : (1) The old Formalists, clinging to the expositions of belief by the Helvetic Reformers, cold, uninspired by any breath of spiritual fervour, presenting a frozen surface ; its liturgical forms without life, its predication uninspiring ; tolerated as an institution, but provoking no enthusiasm. (2) The new, progressive party of inquiry, applying tests to every doctrine and every book of Scripture, and engaged in transforming Christianity into Socinianism or to mere Deism. Calvin had burnt Servetus in the market-place of Geneva for his independent views, and



FROM THE TERRACE, VEVAY

now the spirit of Servetus had risen up to pervade Calvin's "Church." The Swiss are wont on Sunday afternoons to amuse themselves in the skittle-ground bowling over ninepins. In the morning, wherever these liberal Evangelicals had sway, their churches furnished a morning skittle-ground, in which the pastor alone was bowler, knocking over one article of the Faith after another; and the congregation looked on with some interest, and question in their minds, as to which article of the Faith would be bowled over, or to take further illustration, as to whether another dissolving view in Christian doctrine would be presented to them on the ensuing Sunday. (3) This party was made up of the *Mômiers*, Mumpers, that is to say, the pietists, the genuine Evangelicals, cleaving with heart and soul to the doctrines of Grace and the Atonement, the latter as formulated by Calvin.

To return to my mother's letters.

"*November* 30, 1841.

"We have found out a very nice elderly widow lady, a Mrs. Clark, one of the Kelly (of Kelly) family, who is passing her winter like ourselves in this neighbourhood. She is such a sweet-looking, beautifully neat old lady that we were vastly pleased to alight upon her. She is all alone, having lost her husband no long time since. She has introduced us to one or two Swiss families with whom she is well acquainted. She knows so many people in Devonshire whom we know that we have subjects of interest in common at all times. . . .

"By this time I know you will have begun to be impatient to hear something about the children. Sabine, my first-born, shall be marshalled before you forthwith. He is full of energy and interest now in his new school duties and pleasures; the companions he has found there are at present his great theme, and I hear a great deal about a little Reginald, a Henri and a Charles, the former of whom is English, and of the two latter one is German, and the other Swiss. The master and his wife seem both very nice people, the former speaks very pleasantly about Sabine, and thinks him so attentive, obedient and tractable, that he is well-satisfied with him. As to learning much in the few hours he is there, it is out of the question, but the only object was to let him acquire French without trouble, and that I think he will do. One object seems to be gained by sending him there, that his temper becomes more cheerful, and the walk there and back again, and the hour's play he gets with his three little companions, add to his stock of health and enjoyment. Our hours have become unwontedly early, and we reverse the usual order of things, and rise earlier in winter than in summer. I am up always at half-past six, and get myself, Sabine and Sissy dressed by half-past seven, at which time we all assemble in the parlour, and breakfast is over in time for Sabine to reach school at eight.

"Our last two days have been partly devoted to a fair, which in continental countries is quite an event, when shops are turned out into the street, and booths for the sale of every description of article are set up. The three children had five batz (value about 6d.) a piece, which they had earned at different times, and were now to lay out as they fancied, and they are just returned in full glee, the boys with a new paint-box each, whose merits they are already essaying, while Sissy, who preferred a doll, is most industriously twisting some rose-coloured ribbon into black lace to form a cap *à la mode* for her little Georgina. . . . The winter seems to have begun in this part of the world, and although the cold is not considerable, yet the mountains which environ us on all sides but that of the lake are covered with snow, and look very picturesque, tho' somewhat chilly and cheerless. The last two days have been warm, and Miss Richardson has brought in two early primroses, of somewhat stunted growth, but actually in flower. The wind, however, has been tremendous, and drives the smoke down the chimneys, so that we are driven from one room to take refuge in the other, and when the latter is full, retire again to the former, which had, by means of open windows been purifying for our reception. Such is, we find, the Vevey fashion, so that there are few hopes that affairs will be much amended during our stay, notwithstanding that pipes and chimneys have been added and heightened to try and cure the evil. There is scarcely a house in Vevey that is not surmounted by two, three or more long tin pipes, which crown the chimneys and look like thin scraggy necks stretching far up into empty space, and terminated by queer twisted heads of all descriptions, bearing evidence from their variety that one form or another has been unsuccessfully tried, and recourse has been had to a third."

We lived at S. Martin above Vevey, and I was taken occasionally on Sunday to the church, where I sat through the Zwinglian-Calvinistic service. The cold in the church was extreme, but the cold of the service was more trying. The men sat through the performance with their hats on, which they removed only for the Lord's Prayer. They sat through the psalm-singing, and sat through such extempore prayers as the pastor was pleased to put up, as also through the sermon.

There were glazed boxes between the pillars raised on high—to the usual level of galleries—and in these sat the gentlefolk and ladies, who raised or lowered the sashes as they liked; occasionally "to do the civil" they let them down and listened, or pretended to listen for a few minutes; and then up went the sashes again, and they drew their chairs together and chatted round, I think, a stove in each compartment. Thus in these chambers the *pâte tendre* secludes itself, as in glass cabinets away from the crockery of common ware. Sometimes some of the gentlefolk would visit another box, shake hands and chat, whilst the preacher sawed on at his discourse, much as at an opera friends visit one another's *loge*.

"Mother," said I, "do you think those ugly fellows whose faces we have seen painted in the churches"—I alluded to the portraits of the Reformers—"will ever go to heaven?"

"Most assuredly they will," answered my mother in surprise.

"Then, mother," said I, "they will make heaven smell like a pail of *Sauerkraut*."

I give these early impressions and expressions to show how that later ideas and feelings with regard to religion are seeded early in the mind to germinate later. Of one thing I am convinced, that the religious bent of my mind was acquired at this very early age, and was due to nothing other than revulsion against the ugliness that characterized Protestant worship, if that can be called worship which consists in fretting the seats of the trousers instead of the knees. As to Roman Catholic services, I never for many years attended any, and consequently knew nothing of Mass and Vespers. Of one thing I did become aware, and it was a point that very greatly impressed me: the way in which the Catholics frequented their churches for private prayer and worship. What Protestant would dream of resorting to one of his meeting houses for that purpose, where the main, the only object of worship, is the pulpit, an exaggerated egg-cup.

At Lucerne I saw a poor Cretin boy being bullied by other urchins, who kicked his cap about, and called him names. He ran from them into a church, as a place of refuge, and falling on his knees before the altar, poured out his sorrow to his heavenly Father. To what Evangelical lad would such a resort, such an act, have occurred ?

The Protestantism I became acquainted with, and from which I recoiled, was Calvinism and Zwinglianism. If this be a poor reason for the turn in my mind, and the antipathy I acquired, all I can say is with Sir Andrew Aguecheek : " I have no exquisite reason for it, but I have reason good enough."

CHAPTER IV

1842

ON May 18th we quitted Vevey in a new carriage my father had purchased. "How strange," wrote he, "that the place we dislike as a resting-place should be quitted with so much regret; and, on leaving, all its merits appear so vivid, while its *désagréments* fade away, but so it was."

We drove up the Rhone Valley as far as Brigue, whence we started over the Simplon Pass, 6562 ft. We were given six post-horses to draw our carriage, "two, at least, more than necessary, but such is the tariff, and no one may object. The landlord of our inn told me that on some occasions they had attached as many as fourteen horses to a carriage—but all this is Swiss imposition. With the same carriage we have since passed over the Stelvio, 9272 ft., or nearly half a mile in perpendicular height, and with only four horses."

On the Italian side, from the village of Simplon, we started at 5 a.m. "Here," wrote my father, "we witnessed the solitary instance that I can remember of not taking advantage of the traveller, but then, *we were no longer in Switzerland*. As the whole way was a descent they attached only two horses to the carriage instead of three, which they might have done, and only charged me for the two. I am glad to mention such an instance, as it is rarely met with, not even in honest Tyrol, where down the whole descent of the Stelvio I was obliged to have three horses, such being the number fixed by tariff for my description of carriage."

My father mentions the flowers at the summit of the Simplon Pass. "Vegetable nature even there had not given up the contest, for never did I see more beautiful auriculas than those there growing in bunches, fighting their way through the snows. On ascending, the yellow anemones were in the greatest profusion, and even on the top of the Pass where a cross is erected, I gathered beneath the sacred emblem the purple anemone, but of that mossy description so favourable to resist the cold, and so admirably provided by Providence for its protection, in its furry coat."

After a brief stay at Baveno on the Lago Maggiore, we drove to Milan. We had been assured that it was too early in the year to pass the Stelvio, and that we must tarry in Lombardy till a way had been cut through the snow at the summit of the Pass. Accordingly we started for Milan, where we tarried till such time as we deemed sufficient for the opening of traffic across the Stelvio.

From Varenna we drove to the Baths of Bormio at the foot of the Stelvio, and next day proceeded to cross the Pass; at some hundreds of feet before we reached the summit we were between walls of snow considerably higher than the top of our carriage. An obelisk marks the division between Tyrol and Lombardy, 9272 ft. above the sea-level, and 800 ft. above the line of perpetual snow. In crossing I suffered acutely from the rarity of the air. I could breathe with difficulty, and had to lie in the bottom of the carriage gasping for breath, and with flaming cheeks. This discomfort abated as we descended, but I had in consequence an attack of congestion of the lungs. Mustard poultices were applied to my chest, and kept on till the skin came off. After that, for some days I was supplied with lettuce leaves to lay on my raw chest. These I received gratefully, little aware that they were applied with set purpose to keep the raw open, and so draw out the inflammation.

We crossed on June 1st, and ours was the first carriage that had made the venture that year. Next day we reached Meran. Above Meran is Schloss Tyrol, the earliest residence of the princes of this country, to which it gives its name, until it was united to the house of Austria by the marriage of Margaret Maultasch (Pocket-mouthed Meg), the last of the line, to Louis the Brandenburger. At that time Tyrol consisted of little more than the valley of the Vintschgau from Botzen to the Inn, and part of the Engadine.

Thence we went to Klausen, a small village situated in the midst of charming scenery, and a centre for excursions. Above the village on a singular projecting rock 700 ft. high and isolated on three sides and nearly so on the fourth, stands the nunnery of Seben, to which hangs a tale. During the war between the French and Austrians, this road was certain to be held or forced by one or other of the combatants. The nuns were in great excitement. Some one told them that the French were coming on to Klausen, and would occupy the convent and kiss the nuns. But, it was added, the French liked pretty little mouths with small red lips to kiss like a rose, and the best way to obtain such dainty mouths is to practise saying " Oui ! oui ! " So for a week the nuns ran about their cloister repeating " Oui ! oui ! oui ! " even in their cells " Oui ! oui ! oui ! " it is asserted that even in chapel, the recitation of the offices was broken by " Oui ! oui ! oui ! " at every comma, semicolon and colon.

But the French did not arrive, and the Austrian troops were announced as coming to occupy Klausen and Seben ; and the nuns were told that Austrian soldiers and officers liked good large mouths and broad lips to kiss, like a full-blown rose, and the best way to acquire the desirable size was to practise saying " Jah ! jah ! jah ! " So now cloister and cells and even chapel rang with " Jah ! jah ! jah ! "

Unhappily the inn at Klausen proved to be vermin-haunted, and we fled to Botzen and thence to Brixen.

From Brixen we attended a village festival which my father describes, and on the subject of which he makes some comments :

" The fête was held in a village a few miles off, and it was a very pretty sight. There were numbers of young girls following the procession with their hair drawn back into a bunch at the back of the head, fastened up with silver flowers mixed with roses, and with red ribbons flowing down the back. The bodice was dark green or crimson stamped-velvet, the sleeves white linen ; they wore short red petticoats with large white aprons trimmed with point lace, a large frill of the same worn round the waist. The stockings red. The men wore large yellow hats turned up on one side, lined underneath with green silk ; short brown jackets, black knee-breeches, white stockings and low shoes. Their waistcoats were red under broad green braces. Altogether a most pleasing scene when witnessed among trees, green fields and mountains.

" To a stranger to Catholic countries it would seem extraordinary that wherever we have been we have lighted on processions and holiday making. To the utilitarian this loss of time would be distressing ; and really, I cannot but think it very injurious to a country. I cannot fail to suppose that it must engender indolent habits and encourage a certain love of dissipation. However that may be, it seems to make the people very happy, and they use their holidays without abusing them. Holiday amusement seems to come to them as natural as work. Indeed, everything is conducted with so much decorum, quiet and order, and with such an amount of cheerfulness and gaiety, that one would hardly like to put a stop to it, were that in one's power. Moreover, I cannot help thinking that a little more of holiday would be of considerable service to our own hard-working poor. But, it is said that our labouring class do not know how to use a holiday when they get one. On such an occasion the roads and the pot-houses are full of drunken men. My opinion is that the very absence of days of recreation is the cause of this misuse, as such days occur so seldom, and as the toil of the labourer is so severe and so continuous, that when a day of relaxation does come he uses his freedom to excess. He is like a galley slave escaped from the oar and hard rowing-bench."

It had been my father's intention to rent a house or a suite of rooms for the rest of the summer ; and for this purpose he went to Innsbruck, but found it impossible to obtain there what he sought, and he then made up his mind to go in quest of a quiet resting-place at Salzburg, where we children with our mother might be deposited whilst he wandered in the Salzkammer Gut making sketches.

We reached Salzburg in the evening of June 18th, 1842, and were fortunate in soon finding a very comfortable house about half an hour's walk from the town, on very reasonable terms, two bedrooms and a sitting-room, breakfast, dinner and tea, linen, etc. and attendance, all at about seven shillings and sevenpence a day. In our *salle-à-manger* was a man-in-armour in one corner.

" I doubt whether any portion of Germany has gone through more political changes during the first fifteen years of the nineteenth century. It was taken to pieces and put together again, or passed into the hands of many different masters. Till 1802 it still belonged to an independent spiritual prince of the Empire, who, in that year resigned, and the country was given to the Archduke Ferdinand as a compensation for the duchy of Tuscany which he had lost. The Archduke reigned there till 1805, when Salzburg became a portion of Austria, and continued to be so till 1809. Then a provisional French Government was established there. In 1810 the country was incorporated with Bavaria, and in 1815 was restored to Austria." [1]

A peculiarity of usage in the ancient principality of Salzburg is that there, and I believe there only on the Continent, does the driver go to the left when meeting another carriage or a cart, observing the old rule :

"If you go to the left you are sure to go right,
If you go to the right, you go wrong."

The golden time of Salzburg was during the reign of the spiritual princes ; but was so only for the Catholics. Those who embraced Protestant principles, whatever they were, had the door opened to them, and they were ordered to walk out of the territory.

We remained at Salzburg to August 20th, 1842.

Whilst there, occurred the reception of the Archbishop on his return from Rome where he had been created a Cardinal.

This was Frederic Joseph Coelestine von Schwarzenberg. This prince was the nephew of the general of that name who was killed at the battle of Leipzig, and the son of the unfortunate princess who was burned at the entertainment given to Napoleon at Paris, when unhappily the building caught fire.[2] The Cardinal Archbishop was young and handsome, aged thirty-two, very popular in Salzburg, and said to keep a strict eye on the clergy of his diocese.

The spectacle was grand, but the music merely orchestral with a thin and poor choir ; and this in a place where every one sings, loves to sing, and it is rare to find man, woman or child without a musical ear and a vibrant pipe. But what can be made out of a service in the Latin tongue ?

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[1] Kohl (J.G.), Austria, 1843.

[2] This took place on 1 July, 1810. A full and interesting account of it is given in Varnhagen V. Ense's Memoirs. An English translation by Sir A. Duff-Gordon was published under the title of *Scenes from the War of Liberation in Germany*, 1847.

The cathedral had been built in the Italian style from 1614 to 1628, when it was consecrated by Archbishop Paris von Lodron. The old Gothic cathedral had been burnt in 1598. These Italian churches are only endurable when seen from a distance, where their domes or cupolas produce a finer effect than towers and spires. Internally they are hateful. The archbishop who consecrated the cathedral also fortified the city, and built the sumptuous archiepiscopal palace in the town, now gone in flames as had the old cathedral. It was odd to see Dean and Provost in mitre and bearing crosier. This was one of the papal grants, accorded to other churches as well in order to lower the prestige of the bishops, whom the Holy Father sought to convert into mere flunkies of the Vatican.

About two miles and a half from Salzburg is the summer palace and park of Hellbron. This was constructed and laid out by Mark Sittich, Count of Hohenems, Archbishop of Salzburg, a noble of Swiss origin who was archbishop for seven years only till 1619. The waterworks which form the great attraction were an addition by Archbishop Paris of Lodron. To give an account of these would occupy too much space. I can mention but a few. There is in the park a large building with folding doors before it which, when opened, discloses a scene, a market square with little figures displayed, engaged in every sort of trade, shoemakers, tinkers, tailors, together with a man showing a dancing bear, and women riding goats, a man trundling a woman in a wheelbarrow, a harlequin ; and beside, haranguing senators to whom no one listens, all making a terrible clatter, whilst an organ plays a solemn tune in an adjoining church. All this is worked by water.

Under the palace are chambers like grottoes, hung with stalactites. In one, from all sides is heard the cooing of doves, the twittering of sparrows, the hooting of owls, and the call of the cuckoo. No birds are, however, to be seen ; all the notes are produced by water ; turn a tap and the birds are reduced to silence. In the entrance chamber is a strange-looking mask with staring eyes and a large mouth. Water gurgles from between the half-closed teeth, and then the mouth opens, and from it issues a long red tongue, wherewith it licks its forehead while the eyes turn upwards. There followed us and other visitors a party of travelling students and *Gesellen*, who stood gaping and laughing at the mask, when the guide touched our party and bade us follow him into the adjoining apartment. We obeyed, and the moment we entered the adjoining room, a shower from all sides came pouring from above, and shooting from below on the young men. They rushed to the gate by which we had entered, and found it fast locked, then they made a dash for the chamber of the aviary, but this also was fast. There remained accordingly only one exit, into the apartment where we were, which they modestly hesitated to invade. However, as the showers and squirting water continued to pour with unabated vigour, they rushed for it; whereupon up leaped a double sheet of water, through which they were compelled to pass before they could escape. When they had entered the dry chamber they were literally drenched to the skin; but they took it all in good part, although their papers, passports, and their Austrian paper money and everything they possessed were soaked.

In the gardens outside was a long stone table on which were sausages and pots of ale, and the *Gesellen*, both weary and hungry and wet, sat down on the stone seats to rest and call for something to eat and drink. But, all at once, up they sprang with loud cries, and a jet of water shot high into the air behind each, but not till it had drenched the seat of his trousers. In fact, each seat had a curved perforation in the midst, in each of which lurked the nozzle of a pipe. The showman of the park had but to turn a tap, and every stool was converted into a fountain. These young fellows took it so good-naturedly, that my father treated them all to a lunch of bread, sausage and ale.

The *Gesellen* belong to various trades. They pass through their apprenticeship, and then remain on for a few years with their masters working for wages. At last, when they have earned a sufficient sum, they are assisted by their guild, and start on their wander-years. One is—or rather was—continually passing them on the roads. They go from town to town, and are lodged in hostelries specially prepared for them, and where they not only are fed and bedded very reasonably, but are also given advice as to the masters of their trade to whom they may apply for work. The object of the institution was to rub off the rust and prejudice inevitably gathering on such as have not seen the world; and further, that they might gain new ideas, and learn improvements in their several trades. The wander-years over, they returned home, and each was set a masterpiece to perform, to show that one and all they had improved by their experiences. There are several of these *Meisterstücke* to be seen in German museums. This exhibition of skill having been approved of, the young man was qualified to set up for himself as a master, and engage apprentices.

The institution was admirable, and worked well. The youths on their wanderings were careful to conduct themselves respectably, lest report of misconduct should reach home and prevent acceptance into the corporation of Masters. But all this is of the past, killed by militarism. It remained on in Austria after it had been extinguished in Prussia.

These young fellows were allowed to go anywhere without charge for admission. They saw much of the world, made many friends. Alas! they did go, they did see, they did make—this all of the past, save so far as is associated with bloodshed, poison gases, liquid flame and death!

My father notices in his diary that at Salzburg the wages of a housemaid were £3 per annum. The price of veal was 4d. an English pound, that of mutton 2½d. per lb., that of beef 3½d. per lb. A large fowl cost 10d., a chicken 6d.

My father was much struck with the cheerfulness of the people of Salzburg. He wrote: "There is a great air of easy circumstances about the people of this country and fondness for amusement. They seem to think nothing of a few florins laid out in carriage hire, and the places of resort of Prince Brun, Hellbron, etc., are filled with the middle classes who have come there in their equipages, all very well dressed, and behaving themselves most respectably. . . . The people are decidedly musical. The villagers as they walk past our house on their return from town frequently relieve their trudge home by singing; and really there are some very beautiful voices among them, uniting in chorus, in perfect time and tune. There are three children belonging to the farm about 300 ft. from our house who frequently delight us and amuse themselves on a calm moon-lit evening by sitting under the eaves of the house singing together; and it is surprising to hear how correct is their time and how melodious the concert of these little uneducated singers. But music as a science is not much studied; though many are perfect musical performers, there is very little knowledge of musical notation."

The Salzkammer Gut is a valuable possession of Austria, as in its rocks are extensive deposits of rock-salt among the limestone mountains. The mines are under the administration of the exchequer (Kammer). The annual net revenue which Austria derives from her salt mines is estimated at £2,200,000. The salt deposits extend over an area of 249 English square miles. My father, mother and I descended into a salt mine at Hallein, entering near the summit of a mountain, and coming out near its base. The district is admirable for its noble snowy mountains and glaciers, and its many lakes, the most beautiful perhaps of which is that of Hallstadt. We made excursions to Ischl, Gmünden and Hallstadt, at which latter we stayed a couple of days. The lake is 5 miles long, 1¼ mile broad, and in places 100 fathoms deep. The village of Hallstadt is plastered against the rocks. From a distance the houses appear attached to the cliff like swallows' nests. In the parish church is one of the most beautiful and elaborate carved and gilt altar-pieces in Austria. The population are well off, numbering 1800, of whom about 900 are Protestants. At the head of the lake appears the mighty Dachstein with its glaciers streaming down from it. Opening out of the lake basin is a little lateral valley which from prehistoric times was the residence of a people busily engaged in the salt-works, and, judging from their graves, were in good circumstances. Already when we were at Hallstadt there was some talk of occasional finds of bronze weapons and ornaments, and we were shown some. But my father was not interested in antiquities. It was not until 1846 that a systematic exploration of the graves was made and was carried on to 1864, during which time a thousand graves had been opened and the finds were some of the most considerable made in Europe, and have given a name to a special kind of sword and ornament. At Hallstadt, as in the old Italian and North Etruscan burial-places, incineration and carnal interment were carried out simultaneously. Out of 993 graves 455 contained burnt bones, 13 contained bodies that had been only partially burnt, and 525 held skeletons that had not been subjected to fire. Something like six thousand objects were found. Stone implements were rare. The weapons were either of bronze or of iron, some amber and some glass beads; the iron weapons were the most abundant, but their form reproduced those of the earlier bronze weapons. Among the representations of human beings on the bronze ornaments, some wear Greek helmets, some wide-awakes, some broad-brimmed clerical hats such as are worn by Spanish priests, and some are stark naked. A good view of Hallstadt may be had in Hoerne's Die Urgeschichte des Menschen, 1892, showing the basin in which the finds were made, half concealed by a height that is surmounted by the Rudolph's Thurm, now occupied by the director of the mines, and containing a collection of the curiosities found in these prehistoric graves. In the foreground of the view are given representations of some of the objects from the necropolis.

We left Salzburg on August 23rd. "We had passed two months in the comfortable house of Herr Kurz, whom we found a most amiable man, and his wife a most kindly creature, but such a talker! We quitted these warm-hearted people with much regret, and I believe that they felt no little sorrow at our departure. Their dear little child Hedwig had also by her pretty prattle endeared herself to us all, though the poor mite had been confined with inflammation of the eyes during a great part of our stay."

To my father's indignation the parents took the child on pilgrimage to Maria Zell, and he felt quite resentful against Providence because, when they returned, her eyes were distinctly on the mend. He thought Providence behaved very badly in encouraging the superstition of the people, and ought to have known better.

From Salzburg we drove to Linz, which is 128 miles from Vienna by the Danube. We arrived early at Linz, and during the evening had ample time to see what there is to be seen in the place—which is nothing. A less interesting place, save for its distant view of the mountains, could hardly be found. My father resolved on going to Vienna in the steamboat, and accordingly engaged our places, and saw to the shipping of our carriage on deck.

My father wrote of Linz: "The fair had just concluded, and we had thus an opportunity of seeing a great variety of costumes and the merry, happy peasantry. The Linz girls are generally extolled for their beauty, and certainly we saw a great number of very comely maidens, who had assembled to take a merry cup together in the bower of our hotel. They sang together for at least two hours in most delightful chorus, and even while the reins were in hand and the foot on the wheel ready to mount their carts in the street, one song succeeded another, and it appeared as if they were so wrapped up in their chorus-singing that they could not part."

We left early next morning (7 a.m.) and rapidly descended the river, the banks of which are flat, covered by low brushwood and willows. From the flatness of the country the river forms many islands in its course, and is utterly uninteresting till it reaches a chain of mountains at Grein, from which place it passes through a defile, and past very beautiful scenery and many ruined castles. At one o'clock we reached a bend in the river where we were to anchor, and sent on a boat to ascertain the depth of the water. The boat returned at 4 p.m., and we were informed that it was impossible to proceed, and that we must go back to a village higher up, where we might land our carriage and obtain horses to convey us to Vienna. The major portion of the passengers, rather over a hundred in number, were to descend the Danube in a flat-bottomed barge. My father wrote: "It was a most amusing sight to see the passengers stowed away in this barge, each on his or her little box or package, laughing, talking and smoking; some with long, disappointed faces, uneasy at the thought of passing a night on the water; some looking stolidly indifferent, but the most predominant expression was good-natured merriment."

There were two nice young Viennese ladies on board, the Fraülein Draum, who were in tears, dreading the descent in the open barge in the raw, damp night air; one if not both were delicate. My father went to them and offered them seats in his carriage. They were startled and protested, "Aber, wir sind nur Bürgerinnen!" (But we are only citizens.) They took my father for a baron at least, and it required some urgency to induce them to accept the offer. When the carriage was brought on shore and horses were procured, we drove to the nearest town, where we put up for the night, and proceeded by road next day to Vienna.

We learned that the barge had arrived with its load miserable, shivering, starving The young ladies proved to be daughters of a rich jeweller in the principal street. The parents called on my father to thank him for his courtesy, and invited us all to a very sumptuous repast in their house. The girls were profuse in their expressions of gratitude.

CHAPTER V

1843

OF all the capitals of Europe, Vienna is that in which the citizens are most devoted to pleasure. And the Prater with its cafés, its music, its shows and theatricals, its whirligigs and Punch and Judy displays, is an ideal resort for children and the bourgeoisie. Not a day in which we did not revel there.

The nobility, especially those of Hungary and Bohemia, are vastly wealthy, and they congregate at Vienna to enjoy themselves. At the Reformation most of the nobles, and all the Magyars of Hungary and Transylvania became Calvinists or Unitarians, but later some of the wealthiest, to raise themselves into princes with " immediate jurisdiction," reverted to the Catholic Church. The bulk of the Hungarian and Transylvanian nobility—and nobility runs down to a low degree of fortune, a mere farmer—remain outside the Church. Practically they have no religious belief left ; and Mr. John Paget in his *Hungary and Transylvania*, writes of them as speaking and acting on the Protestant side, not from any conviction in the truths of Christianity whatsoever, but from political reasons, and so as to form a body of opponents to the Court, the Catholic Church, and Austrian ascendency.

With respect to the amusements in Vienna, Baron Pöllnitz says : " On the days of Gala the Court is exceedingly gay, and nothing is to be seen but gold and diamonds. The days of this kind that are celebrated with most splendour are the Name-days of the Emperor and Empress. Except on these days of Gala the Court dresses very plainly. It is true that these days are very frequent, and that consequently plain clothes are not much worn ; for, if it be a holiday, or the birthday of some Minister, or if some lady of distinction sends for a surgeon to bleed her, it suffices to put the whole city in Gala. These Galas may be divided into three classes—the Court Gala, which is universal for both nobles and the plebeians; the Grand Gala, which is kept in the city, is for the festival of some Minister; and the third and last is the Little Gala, which is when the ladies are let blood. A husband makes a gala here for his wife, the wife for her husband, the children for their parents, and brothers and sisters for one another; so that, to be sure, two-thirds of Vienna are always in Gala; which made a French jester say, 'It would take a great deal of brimstone to cure the Austrians of the *Gall* (scab).'"

When we were at Vienna it was much the same as when Pöllnitz was there, save that the annual bleedings had gone out of fashion, and consequently the galas on such occasion had ceased to be celebrated.

When we were in Germany, the postage stamps bore the cognizance of Thurn and Taxis with the motto *Perpetua fides*. The family was from the Lake of Como. Francis della Torre, or von Thurn, was the founder of the post office about the year 1500, and his son, John Baptist, instituted a riding post from Brussels to Vienna. John Baptist's son, Leonard I, in 1553 established a riding post from the Netherlands to Italy; and in 1595 he was created General-head-postmaster of the Empire. In 1621 he was raised to the Imperial Countship. In 1686 Eugenius Alexander was elevated to be a Prince of the Empire.

Now among the mediatized princes, no member of the reigning house may marry without the consent of the Family Council. A good many years later, in the winter of 1877–8, we were at Freiburg. At the theatre the *prima donna* was a Frau von Fels. Her husband was actually a Prince Thurn u. Taxis. He had fallen in love with a Jewess who sang in the Opera, and only obtained leave of his family to marry her, on condition that he renounced his title and name, and agreed that his children, if any, should have no claims on the family estates. He agreed to these harsh terms and married her. After a while he fell into a decline, and went with her to Lugano, where he grew worse, and took to his bed. She formed a liaison with a Prussian officer, staying at the same hotel, and eloped with him, leaving her husband, who had given up so much for her, to die unbefriended, and her little son—motherless.

The Emperor Joseph II found it so difficult to trace Jewish individuals for the purpose of taxation, so impossible to catch one in a criminal case, owing to their having no surnames, and being known as the son of Levi, or of Moses, or of Abraham, that he issued a decree requiring every Jewish family to assume a surname and to be registered under it. They at once took to themselves flowery designations, as Lilienthal, Blomberg, Rosenheim; or else assumed an heraldic cognizance. Hence come the families of Adler, Hirsch, Löwe, Strauss, Stern, Mond; or, again, Rothschild (Red shield), Silberad (Silver wheel, the arms of the city of Mainz). Or else they adopted the name of a town or village where they lived, as Oppenheim, Auerbach, Bamberger. Some modestly accepted the name of their father, whose son they claimed to be, as Mendelssohn, Levison. Others, more aspiring, adopted names of noble families that had died out.

In Bohemia the most splendid name was that of Rosenberg. The lords of Rosenberg frequently contracted marriages with the sovereign houses of Germany, and on one occasion we find the name of Rosenberg among the candidates for the Polish crown. At present the family is extinct, and its vast estates have passed with its castles and palaces to the Schwarzenbergs. Here was a chance not to be missed. Not only was this a flowery name, signifying the Mountain of Roses, but it was also a famous historic name. It was at once appropriated by a Hebrew as not only giving him a fictitious descent from Charlemagne, but also some claim to a family ghost, "The White Lady of Rosenberg." Abraham Rosenberg came to Budweis near one of the family castles on some pecuniary quest, and put up at the *Glocke*. Next morning he appeared with a nose of the size and colour of a much bruised peach. He asserted that he had been visited during the night by his great ancestress, the White Bertha, who had communicated family secrets to him. It was, however, shrewdly suspected that she had wrung his nose for having had the temerity to assume her patronymic of such historic dignity.

A German Jew of the name of Gottheimer came to England as a company promoter, and assumed the name of Albert Grant, Grant being the family name of the Earls of Seaforth, the heads of the Clan of Grant. He gained £100,000 as promotion-money for the Emma Silver Mine, which paid investors a shilling for each £20 share. He was M.P. for Kidderminster. Heaven and the Court that ennobled him only know how and for what he obtained his title as Baron Grant. But the epigram concerning him circulated freely :

" Kings may a title give,
Honour they can't,
Title without honour
Is a *barren grant*."

The fellow died comparatively poor in 1899, owing to a series of actions in the Bankruptcy Court.

Having acquired family names of some sound, the Jews next aspired to become nobles, and it was not long before they obtained their desire. The Napoleonic wars had all but made Austria bankrupt, and if the title of Baron could be sold, and Jew bankers were desirous of purchasing, why not sell ? Accordingly sold they were. A successful Jew tailor retires from London to Vienna, and struts the streets as Hochwohlgeborner Herr Baron, and puts a coronet on his visiting cards.

Some years ago the late Baron Stern[1] stood in the Liberal interest for a Kentish constituency. As he spoke at the hustings, some one in the audience shouted out : " Who are you ? We want to know who you are ? " Stern spread his chest invested in yellow nankin, and replied pompously : " I am a Baron, and mein fader was a Baron too." An interrupting voice from the audience came : " Pity it was that your modder was not barren also ! "

We have among us in England as well a good sprinkling of Hebrews who seek to screen their Hebraic origin by adopting good old English or Norman names. I used to receive periodically circulars from money-lenders, Jews every one of them, who disguised their nationality by the assumption of noble, or at least honourable English names.

The story circulates that a certain Jew named Samuel, like the great prophet who anointed Saul to be king, aye and David also, received a call from Heaven : " Samuel ! Samuel ! " But, unlike his great forerunner and namesake, he did not reply : " Speak for thy servant heareth ! " but answered from among the bed-clothes: "You may shout till you are hoarse; I will not reply till you call me Montagu."

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[1] Created Lord Michelham.

In Vienna is a large stearine manufactory; in fact, it was in Vienna that the discovery was made that common tallow could be transformed into a wax-like substance. But this substance was mutton fat, and was never deposited by bees as extracted from flowers. The Viennese laughingly point to the Palace, and call that the superior stearine factory, in which Herr Blogg goes in gross and a *Bürger*, and comes out refined and *adelig;* and Pumpernickel, the chiropodist, has been transformed from common tallow to noble wax—or something like it.

The old severe restrictions existed relative to the importation of foreign books. My father wanted to purchase the *Memoirs of Baron Trenck*. He went to a bookseller, who told him it was forbidden, and he could not sell it to him. But, said he, come into my back room, and smoke a cigar with me. My father consented, and presently, the book he wanted was thrust into his hand. The Baroness de Stael says of Vienna: "The representation of *Don Carlos* was forbidden in Vienna, because they would not tolerate his love for Elizabeth. In Schiller's *Joan of Arc*, they made Agnes Sorel the lawful wife of Charles the Seventh. The public library was forbidden to let the *Esprit des Lois* be read: and while all this constraint was practised, the romances of Crebillon circulated in everybody's hands; licentious works found entrance, and serious ones were suppressed."

As to the book shops—anything that was forbidden could be had from them, smuggled into the capital, and, unhappily, the worst literature of Germany and France. When my father was introduced into the back premises of the book shop, he saw what was the hateful stuff that was actually sold in Vienna, to the demoralization of the people, whereas philosophical works, and those in favour of liberal ideas, were kept under lock and key, and only cautiously disposed of. We cannot sufficiently trust the wholesome sense of the people to put away the scum of what is vile. Any attempt at repression only stimulated the desire for what is forbidden. Humanity is healthy at core.

Bohemia, if looked at from the moon, would appear very much like one of the vast craters that we see by means of the telescope on the lunar surface. It is completely ringed about with mountain chains, none of considerable altitude, and all for the most part clothed in forest. Unquestionably at one time it formed a vast inland sea, till the Elbe cut its way through in the north and drained the entire basin. But the floor of this mighty lake was never level. Actually it consists of terraces; the highest is to the south, and the lowest bed is to the north, where the enclosing chain of the Riesen Gebirge and the Sudetten are most abrupt and lofty. Towards the south and east the heights towards the Austrian Duchy and Moravia are nowhere raised into mountains, they are mere swells in the land. Moreover, out of the old lake-bed rose volcanoes, the so-called Mittel-Gebirge, of which the highest is the Donnersberg, all composed of basalt or phonolite. These form highly picturesque masses, such as the two pinnacles of Trozky, or Troitzky, each crowned by a ruined tower—and once upon a time one inhabited by an old lady, Margaret von Berka, and the other by her granddaughter Barbara. Now it so fell out that Barbara adopted the Reformed religion, whereas Margaret held fast to the old faith. These two women spent all their time when not at their meals or asleep, in screaming controversial arguments at one another on their several peaks. This went on to such an extent, that the crows, swallows, and even the sparrows were scared away. Barbara built for herself a chapel in which she could enjoy a rousing sermon on Justification or Predestination, but Margaret had her chapel at the foot of her pinnacle, where she attended Mass. Both chapels remain; but, as to the towers, that of Margaretta von Berka is only to be reached by a climb perilous to limb and life, whereas that of Barbara von Berka, on the loftiest prong of rock is wholly inaccessible. People passing along the highway would halt to hear the granddaughter scream texts at her grandmother, and Dame Margaret retort from the window of her tower with other texts.

This went on for several years, each finding plenty of material in Scripture wherewith to pelt her relative, and maintain their conflicting opinions. After a while one of the ladies died, and the other, deprived of her wonted vituperative exercise, lost appetite, fell into low spirits and died.

It is from this castle that the murderous Jew, one of the heads of the Bolsheviks in Russia, has taken his name.

The Jewish world is divided into two entirely—as far as opinions go—distinct classes. There are the old Jews, orderly, law-abiding, honourable, observing the commands of Moses and the customs of their fathers, who on the Paschal night place a chair at their table and throw open the door for the expected Messiah, repeatedly to be disappointed at His non-arrival.

But there exists another party, and that very large and widespread. It is made up of such as have lost all faith in the Promises of God, who have cast aside the Law of Moses, who have little or no belief, and are inspired with bitter animosity against Christ and Christianity.

In leaving Vienna for Prague we had to cross the rim of the great Bohemian crater, and our road led us through Tabor, the famous Hussite stronghold. Tabor in Czech means a palisaded enclosure. But the Hussites, pleased with its Scriptural name, called a neighbouring height Horeb, and a small lake Jordan. Tabor was fortified by the terrible Zizka, pronounced Schishka —the Czech " z " is sounded soft, almost like a French " j." He and his party rushed down into the plain, burning monasteries and massacring priests and monks. Their favourite amusement was to put these latter in tar-barrels which they set on fire, and they looked on and laughed at their agonies. The Catholics when they caught any Hussites burned them also, but at the stake.

Zizka early in life had lost one eye, but, later, he lost the other as well, a javelin having struck a tree near, sent a splinter into his sound eye, and deprived that of sight. He still remained Captain of the Hussites, and his greatest victories were won when he was totally blind. He and his Hussites were the forerunners of the Russian Bolsheviks. With his horde he swept down on Prague, and although the citizens were Calixtines, yet they went out in battle against him, dreading the atrocities they knew he would commit in the town should he penetrate its streets. He defeated them, but consented to negotiate with the citizens, and even with the Emperor Sigismund. During these negotiations Zizka died of the plague ; whereupon his army split up into four factions, the Taborites, the Horebites, the Orphans and the Praguers.

There is a portrait of Zizka in the Strahow Monastery, and another, but it is a poor affair, in the National Museum, at Prague, no better than a tavern signboard. He is represented broad-shouldered, oval-faced like the rest of his Czech compatriots, with a lofty forehead, and one fierce, cruel eye. His hair is thick, black and curling. This terrible man laid his country waste with fire and sword for eighteen years, under the pretext of a war for religion. The Hussites called themselves Calixtines, as fighting to obtain a right to the chalice. The redoubtable Zizka wi' the Flail was no better than a sanguinary brigand ; and his army was composed of all the ruffians who delighted in wars that would join his standard of the golden chalice, to kill, mutilate, and torture their brethren, rob churches and plunder houses.

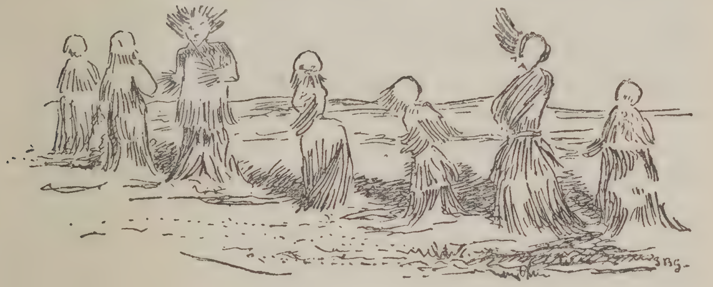
In the same Museum that contains the portrait of Zizka is a collection of Hussite weapons, notably of the redoubted flails wielded by his men, poles 6 ft. in length attached to which at top by leather thongs or iron staples is the swinging-arm, braced with iron bands and bristling with spikes to smash a skull and tear to pieces a face against which it is wielded. There is as well in the Museum a portrait of Huss, a heavy, sulky-faced man.

Tabor itself occupies a rocky height surrounded on three sides by a loop of the River Lusnitza, the fourth side Zizka fortified with a double wall and towers. Zizka figures very largely in the legends of the Bohemians. He was born under a tree, and the spot is regarded as permanently blighted; so also is the place where stood his tent in which he breathed his last.

In driving through a part of Bohemia from Vienna to Dresden we had occasionally long stages, and in the twilight often saw, what at the time amazed and not a little startled me, long rows of hemp stacks like a procession of giantesses stalking over the plain. In 1886 I was in Bohemia again, and had an opportunity of sketching some of them.

When the hemp has been harvested, it is dried, and then soaked for a fortnight or three weeks in stagnant and evil-smelling water ; the next process is exposure to the sun, in order that its outer bark may rot and fall off. When in this condition the women go into the filthy ponds, where they may be seen by the dozen, standing, almost up to, in some cases entirely up to their middles, anyhow much above their knees, in the black and fetid mud, handing out the decayed hemp to others on the bank. After this stinking mass has been dried in the sun, the hemp is next dressed and disencumbered of its now brittle encasement. This is effected by pasing it repeatedly under a wooden chopper, hinged at one end, and fixed in a frame. This bruises and breaks the fibre. I have watched the process and have thought that a good many of us mortals go through this final process in the course of life, to render us flexible and to break our stubborn wills.[1]

After a stay of nearly a month at Vienna, waiting to receive money from England, we visited Prague, and drove to Dresden, which we reached on October 4, 1842, and there spent the winter of 1842–3. My father wrote: "Those who intend to reside in Dresden or, in fact, any seat of royalty, should pay a visit first to S. James's before leaving England; for, without a previous presentation at Court, it is very difficult, if not impossible, to get introduced at Foreign Courts. This unfortunately creates a division in the English colony, where those who have been presented at home, and who are accordingly *hoffähig* in Germany and Austria, look down on such as have not. However absurd this may be, it is true, as we experienced at Dresden. Neither my wife nor I had cared to be presented in England, consequently we were subjected to the mortification of being regarded as unworthy to be called on by such of the colony as had. Thus Sir T——, Bart., whose father had been a coach-builder, strutted past us without notice. So also was it with Sir N——, who had toiled for thirty years over a ledger in the Treasury, and was rewarded with a title. The only things really cheap in Dresden



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[1] Also, a conical stone is made to revolve in a stone trough. A dextrous hand speedily removes the crushed fibre, and substitutes for it bunches of unbruised hemp.

are the schools and teachers. A youth who taught German to our children received 6d. an hour, and a music master 8d. There is a superfluity of music masters here. Music begins to be taught with the A B C. and music accompanies the natives daily in their walks. The Dresdeners are never tired of it."

Sexual morality stood at low ebb in Austria and Southern Germany, in Bavaria, Baden and Würtemberg, as well as in Hungary. Saxony was equally bad in this respect. This was due to the impediments placed by Government upon marriage. The legislative impediments to marriage were intolerable. At the time when we were in Dresden no young person was permitted to marry who could not satisfy the burgomaster and the elders of the place that he or she was in good employment earning a living wage, and had also laid by sufficient money to furnish a house and to enable the pair to support a family when that should arrive. The very least sum each must possess would be, in the country, two hundred gulden, equivalent then to twenty pounds; and in a town double that amount. I quote the answer made by a *Bürgermeister* to a hale young man of two-and-twenty. "The request of Frederich Stark of Waldheim to be accepted as a householder in the commune of Bergdorf, on account of his proposed marriage with Margaret Flink of the same place, by decree of the Parochial Council of to-day is not acceded to, because it does not consider that he is in a pecuniary position entitling him to sustain a family. Herewith are returned the registers of birth. 20 March, 1866. The Bürgermeister Bos."

My father wrote in his diary: "Now let me say one word on the very *apparent* state of religion at Dresden. I cannot read men's hearts, and my acquaintance with the Germans is limited; but there are outward and visible signs which indicate the feelings of the inner man; thus, when I hear of twenty places of amusement open on Sundays, at which large bands are playing, and when, if any church at all be visited, it is the Court church, which is Catholic, and that for the music therein performed by the orchestra from the opera, I cannot think that religion has much place in the thoughts and feelings of the people. There is sufficient evidence to satisfy the most casual observer that religion with the mass of the people is a subject to which no attention whatever is directed. . . . Nor is morality any better. Want of truth is manifest in all ranks. I have found on every side a total disregard for truth, and if you detect anyone in a falsehood, he or she will not show the smallest symptom of shame. I have been told that this is equally prevalent among the higher orders, but in that I have had no experience of judging.

" The police are a worthless institution. Having lost a greatcoat, stolen out of our ante-room, I learned that the thief had been seen wearing it openly in the streets, and remaining a resident in Dresden, unmolested. The only plan recommended to me for its recovery was to put a notice in the newspaper that I had lost such and such an article, describing it, and undertaking, if returned, that the name of the person bringing it would not be divulged, and a reward would be given. I understood that this was the plan usually adopted. At the very time when my coat was stolen, there were notices in the paper of two hundred and fifty other losses of a similar nature. A gentleman who in summer had left Dresden sent his servant to the town to fetch something, when the man, to his surprise, found the house-door open and the place occupied by burglars who were engaged in packing up his plate and furniture for removal. On the police being informed, they refused to act, because, said they, the rascals had been interrupted in their work, and it could not be proved that they had taken anything. A mistress who has detected her servant purloining food, etc., is required by the police when dismissing her to furnish her with a good character."

The morality of the domestic servants in Dresden, and presumedly elsewhere in Saxony, is notoriously bad. No mistress expects to find the girl she engages to be honest and virtuous. The written characters they produce are quite worthless, for should the employer give an adverse one, unless that servant had been convicted and imprisoned by a court of law, the employer would be liable to an action for defamation of character. The police in every way possible favour the domestics, so do the magistrates. They are surprised at a complaint being brought before them of pilfering. It is according to the order of nature that domestics should pick and steal, and be as indifferent to morality as the beasts ; just as it is in the order of nature that they should have blue eyes and fair hair.

I do not recall that we attended the English chapel at Dresden ;

I think that either my father knew something disadvantageous as to the past history of the chaplain or else that he took a personal dislike to him. We certainly never went to the dull Lutheran services. I can, therefore, say as little about the pastors as did my father. Baron Pöllnitz complained that in his time they were so given to scurrilous railing against Papists and Calvinists, that the King was compelled to issue an order requiring them to preach the Word of God, and seek the edification of their people, and not to labour to set them by the ears.

Certainly Justification by Faith alone has had a demoralizing effect in Saxony. The pastors should look after the morals of their people in place of raging over controversial points. The Court church is in the hands of the Catholics, but the rest of the churches are given over to Lutherans, and are sparsely attended. Definite, dogmatic religion has rapidly declined in Saxony. The Athanasian Creed has been discarded throughout Germany, the Nicene Creed has fallen into disuse, and in Saxony even the Apostles' Creed has had to make way for a substitute drawn up by Dr. Rosenmüller, who was superintendent of the clergy of Leipzig.[1]

" . . . my work," wrote Tristram Shandy, "is of a species by itself; two contrary motions are introduced into it, and reconciled, which were thought to be at variance with each other. In a word, my work is digressive, and it is progressive too, and at the same time. . . . Digressions, incontestibly, are the sunshine; they are the life, the soul of reading; take them out of this book, for instance, you might as well take the book along with them."

Were I to limit what I have to say to statistics about myself at an early age of nine and ten, I would have to record how many feet and inches I stood against the door-post; how much I measured round the waist; what I weighed (before dinner); how many times I had my hair cut, and when I was breeched; then, as Tristram Shandy says, "one cold, eternal winter would reign in every page" of my Reminiscences. I venture, accordingly, to break away from a dry record of infantile experiences, of no possible interest to anyone but myself, in order to introduce digressions that may be acceptable, although they hang on to my personal history by slender threads. So—here follow some.

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[1] H. Crabbe Robinson, who was in Germany from 1800 to 1805, and was in Saxony, possessed the same opinion of Lutheranism there as degenerated into Socinianism. (*Diary*, 1872, i. 51–2.)

Whilst we were at Dresden there was a dispute carried on between the Materialists and the Pietists relative to a certain peasant who performed wonderful cures. The former insisted that these cures were the result of animal magnetism, whereas the latter would have it that they were due to a fresh outpouring of the Holy Spirit, giving miraculous powers such as were claimed by the Irvingites in England. The former pointed out that the man's mode of operation was that of stroking with the hand precisely as recommended by Mesmer; the latter quoted the promise: "They shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover." They pointed out, what was the fact, that this man spent hours of night and day in prayer, and that he made no charge for the cures he effected. More than this, that he was very poor and yet he opened his house to receive fatherless children, nursed them in sickness, nourished and clothed them out of his poverty.

I do not think that my father concerned himself very much about the question. He put the matter from him bluntly: "Both are asses; let them bray at, and kick one another. Nevertheless, it is interesting to watch them, and wait for the result. Probably the cured are healed by the exercise of their imagination."

At that time, although there was mention made of the man's spiritualistic gifts, and of his commerce with ghosts, no great sensation was caused thereby till later, when the whole of his story was unfolded after that we had left, in fact did not reach its conclusion till 1846. As, however, there has of late been a recrudescence of the same question, Faith cures and Spiritualism, I think that it cannot be without interest and instruction to tell the story of Johann Friedrich Hänel.

Almost due south of Dresden on the fringe of the Erz Gebirge, a little to the east of the road and railway to the great mining town of Freiberg, is the village of Dieppoldiswald, as the crow flies not over twelve miles from the capital, but vastly removed from its inhabitants in culture and intelligence. Here lived a quiet, reserved peasant, named John Frederick Hänel, who was born on the 17th December, 1802. He was in his early days a shy, retiring child, who worked with his father in a mine. There he listened with awe to the mysterious sounds that are heard in such places, and believed them to be the whispers, the hammerings and the calls of the gnomes, and his mind took in the marvellous tales of treasures hid in the bowels of the mountains, and of the Kobolds and doomed spirits that are their guardians. He did not play with the other lads of the village, but wandered in the forest, and often remained for days and nights away from home. When he was aged eleven his father died, and he listened to the speech of the Lutheran pastor at the grave, in which the minister exhorted the widow not to sorrow over her dead husband, for he had become an angel in heaven, and spent his time in singing Hallelujah, and looking down on his wife, children and friends on earth, beckoning them to come up to where he sat in glory, and unite their voices with his in the great anthem of praise.

But a doubt awoke in the boy's mind. " If my father was so good to us when alive and he still lives and cares for us, as the pastor says, why does he not revisit us ? " He asked the question, but received no satisfactory answer. Brooding over this problem, he speedily arrived at the conviction that he had entered into communion with the spiritual world. He averred that he had accompanying him everywhere a man in grey. He became known throughout the district as one whom the spirits loved to visit and with whom he conversed.

Although he attended school till he was aged fifteen, he had not learned to read or to write. He was questioned as to what it was that the spirits said to him. " They tell me more than I am allowed to repeat. But when the time comes, then you will know," was his answer. He was ever diligent in his attendance at church and was a regular communicant. He was further known to spend much time in private prayer. In 1826 when he was aged twenty-three he married, and his wife bore him six children. They all died young, and he met with an accident that injured both his knees and incapacitated him from being any longer a miner

One day as he was instant in prayer, the Grey Man stood at his side and bade him go to the town of Pottschappel, and inquire there for an aged woman named Hoffman, whom God purposed shortly to call to Himself, and she would impart to him the method of healing such as suffered from rheumatism and gout. He obeyed, and learned how he was to recover them by stroking three times thrice the part affected, saying, "I strike you in the name of God the Father, God the Son, and the Holy Ghost. I expel the bodily pains and your distress of mind, I banish them from your limbs and from your blood, that they return no more."

There can exist no manner of doubt that Hänel did practise this method of cure with conspicuous success during many years. Here is one testimony out of many. The well-to-do peasant Zimmermann, aged forty, protested that he and his son for several years had suffered from severe rheumatic attacks, had been attended by doctors, who availed naught. Then, hearing of the cures effected by Hänel, he sent for him. "Hänel struck him three or four times, and the pains ceased and have not returned since." But the practice took too much out of Hänel, who was of a highly nervous temperament; and, as much as in him lay, he abstained from the exercise. He never asked for a fee. Some whom he cured gave him a few potatoes, or a groschen, very rarely one or more thalers, as his patients were for the most part poor people. Feeling intense pity for deserted children, he took some into his house, one sickening with smallpox, whom he attended assiduously, another was covered with sores, and with swellings; this child also he nursed till it was healed.

Hänel supported himself and his family by cobbling, colouring pottery and mending clocks; but in 1837, owing to a long and distressing sickness, he fell into abject poverty. No sooner was he recovered than with tottering feet he went into the forest, and falling on his knees implored the good spirits to come to his aid. Whilst thus engaged a Bohemian miner, named Joseph, approached him and informed him of a buried treasure that he hoped to obtain if Hänel would help him.

It must be understood that during the Thirty Years' War, when the country was overrun by the Swedes, who robbed churches and private houses, great numbers of those who had money and plate buried their articles of value, in the hopes of recovering them when peace ensued; and as peace was remote, and many died who had concealed their valuables before the war was over, it became a common belief among the peasantry that immense treasures lay hid in the ground, or in cellars ; and continuous efforts were made by the needy to discover these deposits. The Bohemian informed Hänel that a certain amount of money must be collected to enable them to prosecute the search, and that he must borrow the sum from friends and neighbours, with the promise of double or treble repayment when the treasure was trove. Hänel obeyed, and the Bohemian made a bolt over the frontier with more than half the money lent. Thereupon those who had advanced the cash prosecuted Hänel, and he was sent to prison for four years, but the King reduced the sentence to three.

On his release, he returned to Dieppoldiswald, and resumed his striking to cure gout and rheumatism. In 1843 he lodged in the house of the sexton.

Hänel was known far and wide for his healing powers, his piety, his poverty and his Christian charity. As to the fact of his having been imprisoned for having obtained money by fraud, no one believed otherwise than that he himself had been duped by the sly Bohemian, who had taken advantage of his simplicity.

But now, after that we had left Dresden, something occurred that brought Hänel into greater notice, and led to his undoing.

On the outskirts of Dieppoldiswald stood the ruins of the ancient castle. It was partially burnt during the Thirty Years' War, on November 17, 1634 ; but was occupied in 1658 by a detachment of the Imperial troops, which further injured it. The ruin was offered for sale in 1768, but as no one offered to buy it, for four years the castle remained empty. However, finally, it was purchased by a baker, and a portion of it was put in some sort of repair.

In 1845, the castle was occupied by the master-baker, Fritzsche and his wife. Both shared in the superstitions prevalent among the peasantry. What remained of the castle, besides the restored chambers, were a tower, and underground a well-constructed series of passages that led to cellars, which in former days had served as stores for provisions.

But according to popular belief this subterranean labyrinth was haunted by ghosts, and contained vast treasures that had been secreted on the occasion of the siege of the castle in 1634.

Fritzsche and his wife had both seen and heard much that was mysterious. Often in the passages strange shadows had glided by them, and lights had appeared in places where no earthly illumination could have taken place. During the night terrible sounds were heard; doors flew open, and shut with a bang, untouched by human hands. Worse than this, one evening, as Frau Fritzsche was at her window, she saw a man issue from the tower, who bowed thrice to her, and bade her bring a sack and follow him, as he would lead her to where the treasure would be found. She was so frightened that she fainted, and was found insensible on the floor by her husband. Fritzsche himself did not feel equal to prosecuting the search, but, having heard of Hänel as a friend of the spirits, he not only consulted him, but invited him and his wife to come and live in his house. To this the ghost-seer agreed, and accordingly the Hänel family, with the poor children they had adopted, moved into the castle. For six months Hänel prayed up to one o'clock in the morning, that God would reveal to him the hidden treasure. One night, about nine o'clock, the Grey Man stood at his side and promised to show him the hidden gold on Ascension Day. And now the Grey Man was accompanied by three, sometimes by five other spirits, who attended Hänel as he prayed. He had erected a little private altar, on which stood a crucifix, a pair of iron candlesticks and burning wax tapers.

By order of the spirits Fritzsche gave up his business as baker and dismissed his attendant man and maid.

And now began a most extraordinary course of procedure. Hänel professed that at the appointed time he had been shown and had examined the treasure, and he declared that he had been ordered to arrange a room in the castle with hangings, paintings, ribbons and flower vases for its reception, the day for which was named. But, to decorate the apartment demanded money, and Hänel had to borrow right and left, and he spent the loans in decorations, mostly out of gold paper and tinsel.

On the very day, however, on which the treasure was to be removed, he was arrested as a rogue, and transported to prison.

There he was subjected to several and protracted examinations, and numerous witnesses were called up to testify as to his honesty or dishonesty. Almost all these declared their conviction that he acted in good faith, and that he had no intention whatever to defraud them.

The elevation of the treasure was to have been accompanied by a solemn procession; and the amount raised was to be disposed of thus: 50 thalers to every maiden who walked in the procession; 30 thalers to each woman who did the like; 50 thalers to each man who showed in the procession; and 100 thalers to every pastor who appeared in the same. Fritzsche was to receive 2000 thalers, the bulk of the treasure was to go to the King of Saxony, and the balance was to belong to the ghost-seer to be dispensed in charities. Two years later a bronze and stone monument was to be erected in the market-place of Dieppoldiswald, at Hänel's expense, to commemorate the discovery.

For three weeks Hänel was examined almost daily, and he persisted: "I can say no more than what I have said already, that both before and after I entered Fritzsche's house I have had intercourse with spirits, and that I actually did see what I have related; that the treasure was certainly shown to me. God laid on me the duty of raising it and promised me His blessing, and of a surety this year the treasure will come to light. Whilst I have been in bonds I have been greatly hindered in pursuing the work of the release of suffering souls. Last night at twelve o'clock they appeared to me and bade me rest contented. This week they will return, then I will inquire of them when the revelation of the treasure will take place. I can say no more than this; next Ascension Day will pass, S. John's Day will also pass. What will come next I dare not say."

Not till after three weeks of harassing cross-questioning and of sturdy assertion of his innocence did Hänel admit that he had told lies, and had deceived his dupes.

He was sentenced to five years' imprisonment with hard labour, October 16, 1846. He at once retracted his last admission, and returned to his assertion as to the reality of his visions and spiritual communications.

We may well doubt whether his confession of fraud was genuine. He had fixed the day on which the treasure was to be trove, and the authorities would have acted wisely to have let that pass and the delusion reveal itself, instead of arresting him on that very day. What money he had borrowed he had spent on the trumpery decorations of the proposed treasure chamber, not on himself. Unless he had believed in the ghostly promises, he would have made a bolt, as he could easily have done, like the rogue Joseph, into Bohemia. His conduct in requiring Fritzsche to abandon his trade was not that of one who desired to spunge upon his host's earnings. Hänel's conduct had been consistent throughout from early childhood ; and it is not possible to dispute that he really did believe in his spiritual intercourse. But that he may have lent himself to some exaggeration, and some equivocal assertions, is probable enough.

In most of the cases of our modern mediums and spiritual manifestations, I cannot doubt that the professors of belief in the spiritual dialogues, communications and miraculous manifestations deceive themselves, and in order to force conviction on others, have recourse to equivocal measures. They are, as was Hänel, unconsciously dishonest.

How facile it is to deceive oneself, the following incident will show.

When I was a youth of about eighteen, I read in a book on Natural Magic, that if one were to suspend a sovereign by a silk thread, passed over the ball of the thumb, and held in place by the first finger, and the piece of gold be swung in a claret glass, it would be found that presently the sovereign swayed from right to left exactly the number of times sounded by the clock the previous hour and itself ring the hour on the glass ; then it would cease in its vibrations and after rotating once or twice recommence its swing at right angles to its previous course and strike the glass the number of times that the minutes had elapsed since the hour had struck.[1]

I tried the experiment a dozen times, and always with success. This puzzled me, as no connexion in Nature could occur between such an arbitrary division of time as that of the clock and the pulsation of the vein in the thumb. So I bade my brother blindfold me, and thus, unseeing, I was planted as before. Not once now did the throbbing of the vein and the swing of the coin correspond with the striking and ticking of the clock.

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[1] This is a modern adaptation of an ancient formula. Ammianus Marcellinus tells us that in A.D. 371, when the Emperor Valens was in Antioch, a magician, Hilarius, was arrested. He set a vessel on a tripod, and about the bowl were inscribed at intervals the letters of the alphabet. Then a ring was suspended over it, a deity or spirit was invoked, and the ring set in vibration, whereupon it tapped the several letters, forming thereby an answer to the question asked. Hilarius was executed. We do not now string up the fools who seek to know the future through rapping tables, planchette, and mediums, which is a pity. The world would be healthier without them.

No one can be conscious how liable he is to self-deception, till he proves it by experiment.

The case of Hänel is by no means exceptional. There have been many in Germany, even men of intelligence and education, who have been deceived by them.

It must be borne in mind that there are thousands and tens of thousands of individuals with undeveloped wills, who cry out for being taken in hand and managed by such as have determination of character. They are watches demanding periodical winding-up, and like that of Captain Cuttle have to be put back half an hour every morning and about another quarter towards the afternoon, and then they are watches that would do a man credit. As to self-regulation, of that they profess themselves to be incapable.

These irresolutes are to be encountered everywhere; they exist in shoals in the Roman Communion. They are to be found, but happily less frequently, in the English Church, and there are plenty of them in the several Dissenting Societies, crying out to be taken in hand, set a-going, put back half an hour in the morning and a quarter towards the afternoon.

We have to take the world of men and women as we find it, and make efforts to supply its deficiencies; and the duty of such as are called in to be physicians of souls is to brace up these impotent wills, and teach them to acquire character.

In crossing on a summer day from Dover to Ostend, I have seen thousands of jelly-fish, purple and white, floating in the sea, beautiful in their way, but purposeless in their action, drifting with the current, to be thrown up on the strand, or carried forward into the deep ocean. And there be human beings like these, that are swept along by the current of common opinion, of fashion in colour, in expanded or clinging skirts, in the dressing of the hair, in religion and in moral conduct. It appears to me that it is the obligation laid upon every one who has any directive power given to him, any direction thrust on him, to employ his every effort to give force to these flabby characters, in a word to give character to such as are by nature characterless.

It is one thing to seek advice, it is quite another thing to submit to direction. He who accepts advice weighs it, and follows or rejects it by the power of his will; he is self-determinative. But he who subjects himself to direction renders himself a mere slave, and loses what little will of his own he did possess; he puts an extinguisher over the slight flame of individuality that was about to start up.

The pig has strong objection to be driven to the market or the shambles to be converted into smoked hams, rashers of bacon and sausages.

The sheep, on the other hand, is submissive to the will of the pastor, and trots on bleating, whither he points, to green pastures and living waters, or to the slaughter-house. It trusts its shepherd in a nerveless unresisting subjection.

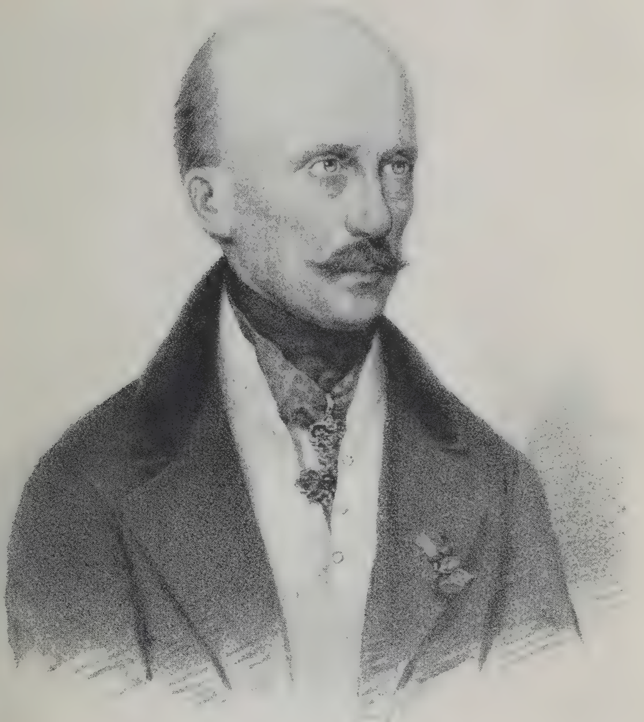
I confess that I admire the pig rather than the sheep.

CHAPTER VI

1844

THE so-called Saxon Switzerland is actually the Meissener Hochland, extending from Liebethal to the Bohemian frontier, a distance of about twenty-five miles and of equal width. The Riesen Gebirge, a mass of granite, has, at a comparatively recent period, been thrust up through an over-lying bed of sandstone, which it has splintered and fissured in all directions. The Meissener Highland is the representative of this riven bed in Saxony, and the equally interesting region of Adersbach and Wiechelsdorf on the south of the granite chain represents the bed in Bohemia. The former has the advantage that, being traversed by the River Elbe, it exhibits its beauties and its oddities in a way which the Bohemian sandstone cannot. There it conceals itself shyly in dense forests. The sandstone of which the lifted plateau consists often assumes the strangest shapes. Some of the rocky columns are so slender that but a slight earthquake would upset them. These rocky columns were formed by the disintegration of the softer veins of sandstone running vertically through the beds. The Bastei towers above the Elbe to the height of 605 ft. The spirelets of rock are now united by a stone bridge that does not improve the picturesque effect. We spent a very enjoyable summer at Schandau.

Whilst we were at Schandau we made a picnic to the Prebisch Thor, a curious arch in sandstone. As it chanced, on the same day, the King of Saxony and his party were there, also having their lunch. The King had heard of us at Schandau, and most courteously requested my father and mother to join their party. We children were, of course, left behind. He was most gracious, and asked why my father had not been at Court during the preceding winter. My father explained that not having been



ARCHDUKE JOHN OF AUSTRIA
1848

presented in England, he was not eligible. The King begged that if we stayed another winter we would come to Court. Among his guests was the Archduke John of Austria. Of him a story was told in Tyrol, that he had shot an eagle, and when it was brought down he expressed his surprise that it had only one head, as the Austrian heraldic eagle had two.

Later, a droll incident occurred. When we were at Cologne, one morning, my father found that the wrong boots had been placed at his door. So my mother went forth, holding the boots with the chalked number on the soles, and finding what she thought was the bedroom of herself and my father, opened the door and threw them in, exclaiming, "Here, Edward! here are your boots!" To her dismay she saw the Archduke John, half-dressed before his looking-glass, shaving. What was to be done? After a moment's hesitation, she reopened the door, saying, "Entschuldigen, Durchlaucht!" (Excuse me, Your Serene Highness!) picked up the boots and fled.

Afterwards meeting at breakfast in the *Speisesaal*, His Royal Highness laughingly referred to the incident, and looking at my beautiful mother said: "I only wish that I had been in Herr von Baring's shoes, and he in mine inspecting the gold-mines of Nagy Bánya." Nagy Bánya is in Transylvania.

My father looked glum. He was never alert in understanding a joke, a failing attributed by the Yankees to most Englishmen. They tell a story of how the music of heaven was once jarred by an outburst of laughter from a recently-arrived John Bull. When asked the cause of such unseasonable merriment, his reply was, "Oh, I have just found the point of a joke I heard five-and-twenty years ago."

The Archduke John-Baptist-Joseph-Fabian-Sebastian was born in 1782, and died in 1859. He was persistently "snubbed" by his eldest brother, the Emperor Francis, who disliked his frank and homely tastes. The Tyrolese were devoted to him, so the Emperor forbade his living in Tyrol for thirty years, from 1805 to 1835, when the Emperor died. Hormayr wrote of him as one of noble and generous nature, with a treasure of historical and military knowledge, an open mind, and a passionate love of nature and of art. John von Müller wrote to Gentz in 1808: "The Court has in the most unpardonable manner scandalously sacrificed him, and strives to stultify him." And again, later, "A splendid youth, at whose development you would be astounded, for he ripens every three or four weeks, so as continually to excite one's admiration. Oh! if he were only free, or rather, if he were allowed the power, what would this prince achieve." But he was the victim of mistrust and intrigue by the whole Court party that dreaded his liberal views, and his abilities. "Look here," said the Emperor Francis, "it doesn't do to know too much; it gives headaches."

In 1818 the Archduke was morganatically married to Anne Blochel, daughter of a postmaster near Gratz, to the great wrath of his brother the Emperor. Not till 1849 was she elevated to the state of Countess of Brandhofen, and in 1850 to be Countess of Meran, with the title to descend to her son Francis, who was a Major in the Austrian army. The Archduke died in 1859.

A morganatic marriage is one that takes place between an "immediate" or a royal prince or sovereign and one of a lower rank. There are a considerable number of princesses who have thus fallen out of rank, as ladies of the families of Arco, Bentheim, Bismarck, Fürstenberg, Hamilton, Leiningen, Pless, Thurn and Taxis. The *Almanach de Gotha* for 1885 gives seventy-two *mésalliances* of royal and mediatized princes. The offspring of these unions like to come to England for recognition which would not be accorded them in their own land.

The King of Saxony is a convinced Roman Catholic. Before he came to the throne, when Hereditary Crown Prince, he vowed a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. His father, the King, forbade the journey. The King himself was old and infirm, and his son must not run the chance of being abroad in the event of the father's death. The Prince was in perplexity. His vow was made to God. But he owed the duty of obedience to his father: and, further, there was risk of a revolution and his throne being menaced should he be away from Dresden at such a time. So he consulted his Confessor. "It can be managed," said the priest. "You shall keep your word to God, and obey your father at the same time. Paste up at the end of your gallery a placard on which the word *Jerusalem* is inscribed in capital letters, then ascertain the proportion which your long gallery bears to the distance from Dresden to Jerusalem, and pray God to accept your walking up and down the requisite number of times as a fulfilment of the vow." This was done, and it was found that by pacing the gallery three hours a day for four years would be enough. The Prince had been walking for two years when a scruple suggested itself. Between Saxony and Palestine occurred seas to traverse and mountains to be crossed. Again he had recourse to his Confessor. "Set your mind at ease," said the priest. "Put a pan of water on the floor, and place chairs about. Jump the water and clear the chairs, and that will suffice. The pan of water shall be the Mediterranean, and the chairs will serve as the Carpathians, the Alps, the Balkans, the Alma Dagh and the Lebanons."

"But," said the Crown Prince, "a pan may be rather large to clear, if like my hip-bath."

"A slop-pail will do," said the Confessor, "for into the Mediterranean are emptied the dirty waters of the Tiber, the Nile—that torrent of mud—the Rhone, finally, the Po. But mind and have painted or enamelled on it the name *Mediterranean*."

The story was of course well known in Dresden, and told with great mirth by the pastors. That there was some truth in it is certain, for M. de Circourt in the French Embassy at the Court of Saxony, who had been intimate with the King and Prince, witnessed the latter often on his pilgrimage, jumping over the chairs. He told this to Mr. Nassau Senior. Circourt does not mention the substitute for the Mediterranean; that may have been an improvement of the story by the pastors. If I am not mistaken, the Confessor was Father Schneider, whom the Pope created Bishop of Athos, where there exists not a single Romanist. For this favour the King of Saxony paid twenty thousand thaler.

King Frederick Augustus II met with a fatal accident ten years after our meeting him in the Saxon Switzerland. On August 9, 1854, when aged fifty-seven, he was driving in Tyrol, on a botanical excursion; when near Imst, in the valley of the Inn, the carriage was upset, and one of the post-horses in its fright kicked out, and struck the King on the back of his head. He did not recover consciousness. He was carried into the nearest tavern, where he died of lesion of the brain. The body was taken to Augsburg, where it was embalmed and then transported to Dresden, where it was buried in the Court church.

I was but a child when I visited the Wartburg, in which Luther remained in concealment after the Diet of Worms.

I can remember how that I stood in the room where Luther had his fight with the Devil, and threw the ink-pot at him. I was puzzled even then. I was sure that Luther was in the right in breaking with the Papacy, but he went beyond that; he broke, as became evident in his own day, and as I learned later, with Christian morality. Passing as I did as a child superficially through different forms of religion, Zwinglian, Roman and Lutheran, I acquired repugnances without in any way knowing the why and the wherefore of these feelings, but possessing a groundwork of the sense of reverence for the things of God; it was on this account that insensibly from an early age I turned away from certain religious dogmas and observances, as I did instinctively from bad smells.

Mary Howitt, the Quaker, was in Dresden much about the same time as we were, or a little before (1841), and her opinion of religion in Saxony was very much the same as that which my father and mother formed, and as I did at a later period. She wrote in her autobiography: "The piety of the Moravians struck me forcibly, after the very little religious belief which we had met with amongst the Lutherans, whom we found full of sentiment and human affection, yet very cold in their love of Christ and His holy Faith. They had, in fact, become philosophised out of their religion. . . . Of the Catholics we knew but little. I had, however, from our first arrival in Germany, been much touched by the wayside shrines and crucifixes. They seemed to me like religious thoughts on the highway—true guide-posts to heaven."

How little influence religion has on morals among Lutherans may be judged by the statistics of one year, 1857, in Mecklenburg-Schwerin; in 200 parishes the illegitimate births numbered nearly one-third of the whole; in 100 parishes, they were one-half; in 79 *all* the births were illegitimate. The Lutheran doctrine of Free Justification by Faith only would seem to breed immorality.

Luther himself seriously believed that he had disputed with Satan in person. He gave a detailed account of the meeting, and repeatedly, as well, referred to it. He does not, however, specify where the encounter took place; but, from internal evidence, it would appear that it was in the Wartburg, in 1521; for he says that the Evil One charged him with having said Mass during fifteen years; and Luther was ordained priest towards the end of 1507.

Probably the incident was due to a waking dream, and that Luther, in brooding over it came to suppose that the contest had actually occurred. He began his account of it thus: "I happened to awake suddenly at midnight, when Satan commenced debating with me." And this is suspicious.

Luther's character is vastly easy to blacken, and it will never do to accept as facts the scandalous tales told of him by his opponents. There were two sides to the man, as there are to all of us with hardly an exception. S. Paul admitted it of himself. On the one hand, it is possible to read many pages of the *Table-talk* without meeting with anything offensive; indeed, without being edified. In *The Liberty of a Christian Man* may be found passages of the deepest spirituality. On the other hand his conversation, and his writings too, often display incredible grossness. When an ex-friar has laboured for years by pen and by tongue to convince both sexes that a pure and chaste life is impossible for any save an angel or spirit; when he proclaimed that a visit to a house of ill-fame was more tolerable in the sight of God than to go to a church to hear Mass; when he advised every clergyman to "marry the cook secretly," or even to form an illicit connexion, it is hardly to be expected that he himself should be supposed the rare exception to his own rule. However, he claimed to be this, though "ferveo carnis libidine," and one cannot doubt that in this he spoke the truth. Nietzsche praises Luther in that he "possessed the courage of his sensuality, in those days tactfully described as Gospel freedom."

We went for the time, till shortening days and growing cold warned us that it was the season for hibernating, to enjoy the change of the leaf and the autumnal after-summer, to Homburg. It was not the gambling saloons that attracted my father, but the range of the Taunus, which though not extensive, nor the height attained at all considerable, yet present many scenes of great beauty. Moreover, the grounds about the Casino, and the park of the Schloss afforded very agreeable walks. Homburg then pertained to the Landgraves of Hesse-Homburg, a Calvinistic family. There was at that time no settled English church provided for the gamesters, and service was held in the *Speisesaal* of one of the hotels. The Germans never could understand why English folk clave to 11 a.m. as the hour of Divine Service: they generally perform their church-going at 9 a.m. This is the hour for High Mass in the Catholic churches, and of the preaching-bouts in the Protestant places of so-called worship. It was amusing to see, on Sunday morning, as our English service drew to a close, the army of waiters hanging about the dining-room door, occasionally peeping in to see whether there were any prospect of the chaplain drawing to a close, and when the English trooped out they encountered a wave of *Kellner* rushing in with knives, forks, table-linen, dishes, hastening to dress the tables for *Mittagessen*, whilst the German lodgers in the hotel paced before the windows, growling like bears at the English chaplain for giving so long-winded an address, for which nobody cared a straw, whilst the wolves within themselves were ravening for sausage, raw ham, *Schnitzel* and *marinirte Häring*, let alone bottles of Rhein and Mosel wines.

My father took me occasionally to the gaming-tables, but they presented to neither him nor myself the smallest interest. On the contrary they repelled me, and, little urchin as I then was, I vowed that I never would play for money, and I never have, save once at Tavistock, when I won sixpence. The expression of the countenances of the players filled me with repulsion.

The Landgrave of Hesse-Homburg then reigning, and in residence at the Schloss, was Philip, a very remarkable man, grave of countenance, and with an expression of sadness on it that was never dispelled. The occasion of this was as follows. He had served in the army during the European wars since he was a boy of eighteen. In the summer of 1803, the Prince received orders, at the head of a division of his regiment, to execute a sentence of death decreed by court martial upon a young Hessian private who had thrice deserted. Prince Philip interceded in vain with the Colonel on behalf of the soldier who was, so to speak, his compatriot. On the morning when the youth was to be shot, Prince Philip received a summons from the commanding officer, Johann von Darwich, who informed him that the life of the man would be spared, on condition that the Pardon was not announced till the last moment. In great relief and joy Prince Philip rejoined the detachment and went to the place of execution. The unfortunate soldier was placed, blindfold against a wall, and those who were to fire stood with laden muskets ready, when the shout of *Pardon* was uttered. The men either did not hear and understand or else in their nervousness drew the trigger unconsciously, and the man fell with bullets in his heart and head. At the same moment Prince Philip dropped senseless from his horse. He suffered for several weeks from nervous fever, confined to his bed, and the shock so affected him that he never wholly recovered his spirits.

He was morganatically married to Anthonia, the widowed Baroness of Schimmelpfennig, whom the King of Prussia created Countess of Naumberg. The Landgrave was much inclined to be courteous and hospitable to such strangers as visited Homburg, but some English ladies never would accept invitations to the palace, not really understanding the position of a morganatic wife, and it went against the grain with them to be received by the Landgrave of Hesse-Homburg and the Countess of Naumberg. She died before her husband in 1845, he in the ensuing year.

The brothers Blanc of Paris ran the gaming-tables, and these men, out of the plunder, provided assembly-balls, reading-rooms, laid out public walks and gardens with bands that played in the open every day; and it was they really who were, or conducted themselves as if they were, sovereigns in the land, as may be judged by the following incident.

The bank had obtained an order from the Landgrave that the highest stakes should be limited to 4000 gulden. In the year 1853, Charles Louis Bonaparte, Prince of Canino, appeared at the tables and invariably staked the maximum and won. On the evening of the second day, the bank feared that another run would break the bank, for Prince Bonaparte had already reaped 200,000 gulden. But when he entered the gaming-hall on the morning of the third day he was confronted with an order signed by the Landgrave, that henceforth the maximum should be reduced to 2000 florins. In disgust, the Prince left Homburg with the 200,000 gulden in his pocket. No sooner was his back turned than the maximum was reinstated, by order of the Landgrave, at 4000 gulden.

The Landgrave was able to quiet his conscience by forbidding his own subjects to stake at the tables. Anyone of them who did so was fined for the first offence fifty gulden, for the second, one hundred, and for the third offence was sent to prison. The informer received half the fine. It was the same at Schwalbach, Schlangenbad and Wiesbaden. The Duke of Nassau generally managed to put a man with a title at the head of the gambling-tables; at Schwalbach was the Baron Fechenbach, and a Baron Wellins ran those at Wiesbaden. There were gambling-tables also at Wilhelmsthal and Neuheim. It was tempting to the subjects of Hesse-Homburg and Nassau to see strangers pocket gold napoleons, and there was generally a Jew at hand to negotiate an evasion of the law. Some of the subjects of these benevolent princes came to ruin by such underhand means. Predestination was a comforting doctrine. The English, Russian and French gamesters would not come to Homburg, Schwalbach or Weisbaden unless they had been foreordained, before the foundations of the earth were laid, to lose their money at these tables, the money to come into the pockets of their Transparencies the Duke and the Landgrave, and not a little into those of the brothers Blanc, and the Barons Fechenbach and Wellins.

We went on to Mannheim, which we reached on October 14, 1843. My father's object in going thither for the winter was that he had heard of an English school there for boys conducted by a Mr. Lovell. And there I made my first acquaintance with Northern Gods and heroes, through a book on general mythology we had to read. The Gods of Aasgard laid hold of my imagination at once; classic mythology little interested me. Thus originated my devotion to Scandinavia, never to leave me.

My mother wrote on January 5, 1844: "We have not as yet made our *début* at the Palace, though things are in rapid progress to that desirable end; perhaps through the perversity of my heart, the ratio is exact between the proximity of the honour and my unwillingness to avail myself of it. Mr. Strangeways (the Vice-consul) at first refused to give the needful introduction, saying that he could not interfere with the etiquette at the Baden Court or its Mannheim reflexion. But Edward was not to be put off, and he wrote to Sir George Shee, our Minister at Carlsruhe." The hitch, of course, was due to my father and mother not having been presented at the English Court, the need for which had not occurred to either when starting for a sojourn abroad. "However, we find that a letter has arrived from the Grand Duchess's chamberlain, authorizing our acceptance as *hoffähig*; and accordingly Edward has to-day left his card at the Palace. We are too late now to see the Prince royal of Russia, who has been here with his young wife, but has just left. She is the neglected daughter of the Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt, who has been fêted; but we shall be in time for the grand ball, the only thing worth attending; for the midday levees, which last about twenty-five minutes, must be vastly stupid; and, considering you have to dress for them as you would for a ball, is a great bore. I hear so much of the rudeness of the German nobility here to the English, that I feel little inclined to put myself in their way, I can assure you. They give themselves great airs, even those who are untitled seal their letters with a coronet of strawberry leaves; and yet they are but boors in their manners—you should see them eat! putting their knives into their mouths, and hear how loud and vulgarly they talk, you would say that an English yeoman is a gentleman beside these Grafs and Barons. They leave the English completely to themselves, at all parties, so that these latter have to entertain one another, which they can do with good breeding, whereas these German nobles in another *salle*, or part of the room, are making as much noise as fishwives at Billingsgate. I have bought a wreath of flowers for my hair, and must needs go and show it."

The ball came off; and my father and mother attended it. My father wore a silk brocaded waistcoat, well-flowered, as was then the fashion. I saw my mother dressed to go, and thought at the time that I doubted whether one more lovely, graceful and highly-bred could be seen at the Palace. I do not think that my father cared one straw about admission at Court, but he was determined that my mother should take her proper place among or above the English residents at Mannheim, the Smiths and the Phytle-Tootles, the Joneses and the Bakers.

The Grand-duchess referred to was Stephanie (Beauharnais), adopted daughter of Napoleon Bonaparte, who had married Carl, the second Grand-duke, grandson of the first who owed his elevation and title to the Corsican adventurer. He had died in

1818. The year previous to the writing of the letter of my mother just quoted, i.e. on February 23, 1843, Marie, daughter of the Grand-duchess had been married to William Alexander, Duke of Hamilton and Brandon, and of Châtelherault, a nobleman of real metal and not one of the pinchbeck manufacture by Napoleon.

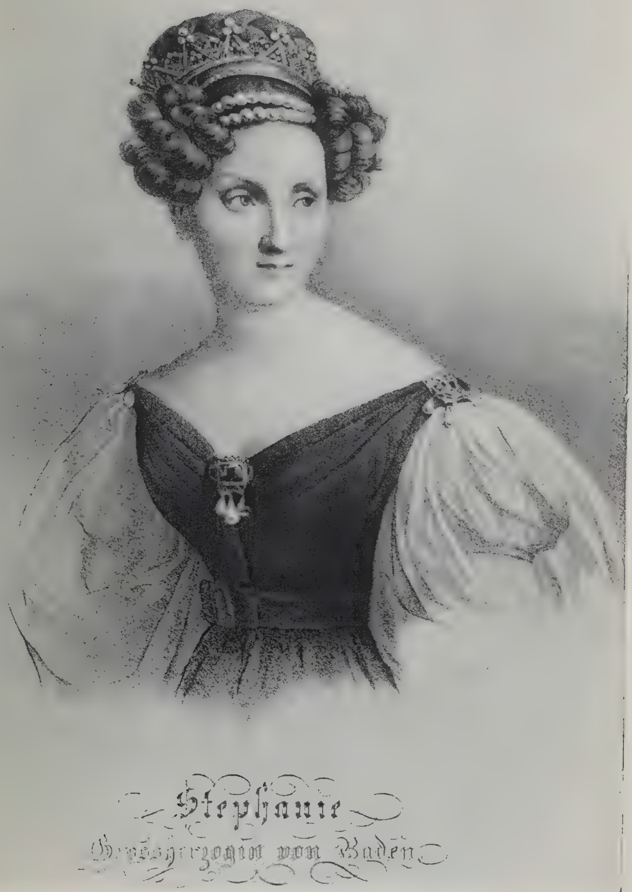
The Grand-duchess never acquired even a smattering of German, so that at Court all conversation was carried on in French.

Another daughter, Louise, in 1830 had been married to Gustavus, Prince of Wasa, but was divorced on August 14, 1844.

The late Grand-duke Carl had been a most disreputable character, sunk in debauchery and drunkenness—a born blackguard, incapable of rising out of the slough in which he was immersed. Napoleon had said of him : " Ce prince est indécrotissable." His chamberlain, Baron von Erde, had figured in the trial of Queen Caroline, and had been stigmatized by Lord Brougham in terms as true as they were discreditable.

The Grand-duchess Stephanie had been singularly beautiful, and as we saw her in her old age had a strikingly noble appearance. With the polish and grace of a French woman she must have felt herself to have been relegated to the society of clowns when made to associate with the nobles of the Court of Baden. Her face was full of intelligence, and there was on her countenance the softening and sweetening token of suffering and sorrow having been gone through.

The Palace is a very dreary structure, and looks as though no number and size of stoves could bring warmth into it ; but the Grand-duchess brightened and warmed it by her presence. Rachel wrote of her, that she had " the only philosophical head she had ever met with among women, that in everything she was reasonable and capable." She was all *esprit* and intelligence, and her husband all flesh and stupidity. At the outset she and her husband lived together in passable content. Napoleon wrote in his *Memorial of St. Helena :* " Elle vécut avec son mari à peu-près comme la reine Hortense avec le sien, montrant des caprices, affichant l'indépendance, ce que Josephine blâmait fort." Later, after the fall of Napoleon, when Carl was broken in health through his debauches, she nursed him tenderly to his death. Neither of their sons lived to succeed.


Stephanie
Großherzogin von Baden

THE GRAND-DUCHESS STEPHANIE OF BADEN

The first opera I ever was present at was at Mannheim, when taken to hear *Oberon*. I can recall how that in one scene a fairy was to ascend in a cloud. The ropes got twisted, the cloud turned round and exposed to the audience a young lady seated on a slip of board against the wood and canvas backing of the cloud. I have since seen a good many reverses of very charming pictures.

In the spring of 1844 we drove to Bamberg and thence to the Franconian Switzerland.

Bishop Philpotts of Exeter was sitting at table by his hostess, who said to him: "Don't you think, my Lord, that Devonshire is very like Switzerland?"

"Very much so," replied Henry of Exeter, "but in Devonshire there are no mountains, and in Switzerland there is no sea." Much the same might be said of the Fränkische Schwyz. There are no mountains at all; it consists of an elevated Jura limestone plateau that has been fissured, and down the rifts flow limpid streams fed from subterranean reservoirs. These ravines are picturesque, with spires and needles of rock rising out of woods; or with bare scarps pierced with caves. These caverns have been the haunts of extinct animals, as also of prehistoric men. Some, but by no means all, have been explored.

We took up our abode at the *Krone* in Muggendorf, a quiet little village. I was then aged ten, and my great amusement consisted in forming a collection of fossils that abounded in the rocks. One huge ammonite was as large as the roof of our carriage, and my father was sorely grieved at not being able to take it away with him. As to my collection, it was all thrown away before we started to leave Muggendorf.

At the inn we occupied was a little Franconian girl named Gretchen, wearing a scarlet kerchief about her head, black bodice with white linen sleeves, and a bright blue skirt. She was aged eight. We naturally became playmates. On rainy days we amused ourselves making paper houses for flies, with windows of muslin; but we likewise built an ark of cardboard, which we filled with flies of various colours, kinds and sizes, along with a blue-bottle that represented the elephant, a bumble-bee for Noah, and moths for his family. The ark when complete was launched and sent down the River Wiesent, and we watched it swimming downstream till lost to sight.

Being in Bavaria, the religion of the Protestant parishes was Lutheran, and at Muggendorf the church is furnished with a crucifix and candles on the altar, as well as with processional crosses and faded banners that are never used, and have no significance to the worshippers. At Nürnberg the churches are a veritable Pompeii of Mediævalism. Although the religion is changed, there has been no iconoclasm, and, happily, no invasion of Rococo or Baroque. Every church is left as it was when the last priest said his last Mass at the altar.

At S. Lorenz, the crucifix is on the altar, and six candles always lighted for the Lutheran service ; angels as well stand on the supports of the ridell curtains sustaining more candles. From the vault sustained by chains is a huge sculptured, gilt and coloured Assumption of Our Lady. Above the side altars are reliquaries still containing bones. Every altar is spread with white linen ready for Mass, which is never said. Of these side altars there are eighteen. The bells call every morning to worship, but the doors are locked, and are only opened by the sacristan to show a stranger round, for a fee. At S. Sebaldus the perpetual light still burns before the *Sacramentshäuslein*, but the Tabernacle contains nothing but cobwebs.

The sole church in Nürnberg given up to the Catholics is the Liebfrau Kirche, and in that the crowd is so packed that it is almost impossible to obtain standing room unless one goes to it half an hour before Mass begins, whereas the Protestant churches are all but empty. What congregations gathered there consist mainly of children and their attendants, and a few old women.

The Lutheran service is much like our English Ante-communion. The pastor is in black with a ruff about his neck. He stands in the midst before the altar, and proceeds with prayers, collect, epistle and Gospel, to the sermon, and that concludes the performance.

The Franconian Switzerland presents the—to English visitors—extraordinary spectacle of adjoining villages being occupied by inhabitants of different religions. Each little territory, at the conclusion of the Thirty Years' War, was required by agreement to conform itself to the religion of its feudal lord. A walk up the Wiesent from Muggendorf brings one to Gössweinstein with a castle on the high tableland above the gorge. Here the church and the parishioners are Catholics. Farther up the valley is Tüchersfeld, Protestant. Next parish above that is Pottenstein. That place is Catholic. Some forty years later when I visited it, the statues of the saints in the church had been refurbished, gilded and silvered, and the metal glazed over with transparent crimson and blue paint to make them look like coloured foil.

The Catholic churches are tawdry, the Lutheran village churches are shabby.

The castle surmounting a spire of rock, which when I first saw Pottenstein was a ruin, forty years later had been bought and restored by a Nürnberg apothecary. It has puzzled people how those living in such eagle nests were supplied with water. This was done by catching the rain that fell on the steep-tiled roofs, and conveying it by pipes into huge tanks cut in the rock under the castles. The roofs are so picturesque, and so characteristic a feature, that we fancy they were designed for artistic effect. Actually they served a most practical purpose.

But to return to Muggendorf.

In 1873, twenty-nine years later than that early visit to the Franconian Switzerland, I went with my wife to Muggendorf. We left the *postwagen* at Ebermannstadt and walked on. As we approached the village, I recalled how that on the left hand was a gooseberry hedge. Now my father and mother, being very fond of gooseberry-fool, desired to obtain some of the fruit. But, *Ach! Du lieber Gott! es ist straflich verboten.* Government, in its solicitude for the governed, forbade the selling and the eating of unripe gooseberries. So we had to induce the owners to look another way whilst we gathered the fruit, and then to hold their hands behind their backs and look intently at the cock on the church-spire whilst some money was pressed into their palms.

As we approached Muggendorf, there, sure enough, were the gooseberry bushes. At that time a storm of rain came on, and we had to run for it, and plunge into the *Krone*. A girl came to the door and inquired what we desired. I asked to be taken in for a night or two, and stated that I had lodged there twenty-nine years before.

"*Möglich*," said the stolid damsel. "But as I am aged only twenty-four, I do not remember the circumstance."

I inquired whether the old host was still there. He came out in brown knee-breeches and jacket and cap over his white hair, and I told him of our former visit. Without a word he went for the visitor's book, and turned back to 1844, and pointed to the entry: "Mr. Baring-Gould and Family." Only one other Englishman had visited the inn since, and he was not an Englishman but a Scotchman, Sir Matthew Begbie, who had gone to the *Krone* at my father's recommendation.

After having visited old scenes, my wife and I went to Nürnberg, and next morning I started off in quest of Gretchen, who, I had learned, was married to a grocer named Pichelmeyer. I found the shop, but the day being one of market it was half full of Franconian peasantesses making purchases. I waited awhile, till a middle-aged woman behind the counter turned to me and asked how she could serve me. "Only with your memory," said I. "Do you remember a little boy of ten, when you were aged eight, at Muggendorf, to whom, on his leaving, you presented a pinchbeck ring with a bit of blue glass in it?"

"*Herr Je!*" she exclaimed. "Do you mean to say that it is your very self?"

So my wife sat down on a sack of split peas, and Herr Pichelmeyer on one of coffee-grains, and they looked sadly at each other, while Gretchen and I recalled old times. Then, suddenly, she dashed forth to fetch her little daughter Anna, and presented her to me. The child was the living image of what her mother had been nigh on thirty years before, and I seemed to have slipped back into the past whilst looking at Gretchen's child. I did not tell Frau Pichelmeyer that I had long ago lost the pinchbeck ring that she had given me when I was an urchin of ten and she a little maid of eight. I have some reason to suppose that my wife found the air fresher outside the shop, and I think that I heard the Herr Spezereihändler Pichelmeyer draw a sigh of relief when my back was turned.

At the end of the summer, in August, 1844, we left Germany and returned to England.

That Christmas of 1844 witnessed the issue of Charles Dickens' *Christmas Carol*. It had an enormous sale. Six thousand copies were disposed of at once, and there ensued six further editions yet the receipts of the author amounted to no more than £726. This led to a rupture with Chapman & Hall, as his publishers, and betaking himself to Bradbury & Evans. The book exercised a great influence for good.

Dickens suffered severely from piracy. He brought an action against the pirates who had printed and issued on their own account both *Martin Chuzzlewit* and *The Christmas Carol.* He won his case easily, yet he had himself to pay all the costs incurred in his own behalf; and when, a couple of years later, he was advised to take proceedings against renewed piracy, he refused, writing: "It is better to suffer a great wrong than to have recourse to a much greater wrong in the Law. I shall not easily forget the expense and anxiety, and horrible injustice of the *Carol* case, wherein, in asserting the plainest right on earth, I was really treated as if I were the robber instead of the robbed." In fact, he lost heavily by the *Carol.* His receipts had been little over £700; and the legal expenses amounted to something like double that sum.

My father, without the excuse of Charles Dickens, entertained a like great prejudice against lawyers.

One of his remarks was to this effect: "Last century, English travellers suffered risks and provocation from highwaymen. But they enjoyed the privilege and satisfaction of being entitled to shoot the footpads who would rob them of their purses. The highwaymen are gone, but the lawyers remain—and we are not allowed to shoot them, more's the pity."

My father entertained a high opinion of Peter the Great. When asked his reason, he replied: "Peter came to London and saw Westminster Hall swarming with attorneys and barristers. 'In Russia,' said he, 'there are but two of these men, and on my return, it is my intent to hang them both.'

"There is one thing about lawyers," continued my father, "that I cannot understand. Go to a solicitor and ask the simplest question, and his reply will be, 'We must obtain a counsel's opinion.' Do not these attorneys know their proper business? I say to a mason, 'I want a course of bricks laid to raise my pig-sties a few inches,' and he does not say, 'We must get the opinion of an architect before I touch a brick.' Do not these solicitors act the part of jackals to the barristers?"

My father entertained strong prejudices, often to an irrational degree ; and I cannot see that he himself had suffered at the hands of the men of the law ; but neighbours had, and so had my grandfather. Yet in all these cases, the victims by their folly or laxity had laid themselves open to be spoiled. Moreover the fault, if any, lay with the Law itself, which was excogitated to entangle flies like a cobweb, not to do justice, but to feed those who lived by the law.[1]

He never had any grievance against those who did his business for him in law.

Another of my father's prejudices was better justified ; it was against the company promotors of Cornish mines. My grandfather had been nearly ruined by investments in these tin mines. I was wont to dread the visits to Lew House of a certain Captain Davy, with white hair, and face blazing red as a poppy, knowing that he was there to inveigle my grandfather into some fresh ruinous speculation. The first thing that my father did on entering on the property was to get rid of all these investments.

In our own neighbourhood, in the parish of Bridestowe, it was announced that gold was to be found. Our neighbour, Mr. Calmady Hamlyn, thought that his fortune would be made, as the gold was found on his property. There was a sale of machinery for the extraction of the ore, but, in the long run, it was discovered that the gold dust was put into the water that was subsequently used to wash the crushed stone, and after a year the whole scheme collapsed, as a swindle that had been promoted by the makers of the gold-washing machinery.

Many years later, I was at Fowey, song collecting, and I went into the Lugger Inn, where I found an old miner who sang me a song, or fragments of one on " The Keenly Lode." I recast it, and here it is. It is typical of Cornish mining speculations :

" Old Uncle Pengerric a Captain was,
 And ower shrewd was he ;
Who feathered his nest from the Keenly lode,
 That ruined you and me.

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[1] " Hodie juris coctiores non sunt, qui lites creant,
Quam sunt hi, qui si nihil est litium, lites serunt."
Poenulus, Act III, Scene 2.

The Captain was traversing Brandy Moor,
With hazel-twig in hand.
The hazel twisted and turned about
And brought him to a stand.

Chorus : Oh ! the Keenly lode
Of bâls the best, my boys ;
Old Uncle Pengerric very well knowed
How to feather his nest, my boys.

Old Uncle Pengerric, so big did brag
Of ore in Brandy Bâl,
'Come, fork out your money, my Christian friends,
Your fortunes treble all.'
Now Uncle was reckoned a preacher stout,
A burning and shining light.
The people all said, 'What he has in head,
Will surely turn out right.'

Chorus : Oh ! the Keenly lode, etc.

The Company floated, the shares paid up,
The gold came flowing in.
He set up a whim, and began to sink
For the Keenly lode of tin.
He had not burrowed but five foot six,
Ere he came to a buried hoss.
Said Uncle Pengerric, 'No fault of mine,
Tho't turn out someone's loss.'

Chorus : Oh ! the Keenly lode, etc.

The shaft descended, but ne'er a grain
Of ore was brought to ground ;
And presently Uncle Pengerric too,
Was not in Cornwall found.
But, wherever he goes, and wherever he talks,
He says : 'The rod told true.
It brought to me luck, but it turn'd and struck
At naught but an old horse shoe.'

Chorus : Oh ! the Keenly lode, etc."

Keenly means "promising," and bâl is a mine, Uncle is a title accorded to any elderly man. Mr. Bussell was with me and he took down the air.

There is, as became in later days more and more apparent to me, a sad defect in the German moral sense, due to the teaching of Luther, which has displaced the sense of moral obligation, and for it has given expediency as a guiding principle. Germans are quite ready to accept Christianity if not too exacting a religion, and not interfering with honesty in business or with their *menus plaisirs*. This has been exemplified in the late war, in which all the principles of fidelity to promise, humanity, and honesty were laid aside, utterly disregarded, as inexpedient.

The story is told of Frederick the Great that he heard tell of one of his officers writing poetry ; and at a review he suddenly demanded an appropriate verse. Promptly came :

> " Gott sprach in seinem Zorn,
> Du, Herr von Lilienborn,
> Sollst stets auf Meinem Erden
> Nichts mehr als Lieutenant werden."

Whereupon Friedrich growled : " Gott hat nichts mit meinem Regiment zu schaffen ! " May not that word of the Great Prussian be taken as characteristic of German conduct throughout the war, waged with poison gas, sinking of hospital ships and liners, with utter unscrupulousness ? But it applies personally as well. A German in business, in his pleasures, in his domestic relations, says, " Gott hat nichts mit meinen Sachen zu schaffen." And he considers that he himself is the best judge how to regulate his conduct in every branch of life, commercial, social, political, domestic.

ONTARIO

CHAPTER VII

1845–1846

AT the close of the summer of 1844, in August, we had returned to England. My father took lodgings at the head of Albemarle St., and I was sent to school at King's College.

A more depressing set of buildings could hardly have been contrived. The College and School form the east wing of Somerset House, and were built by Smirke in 1828, fossilized ugliness. We had to descend stone stairs and pass through an iron gate into the basement to our schoolrooms, opening out of a passage in which the gas was always burning. The windows, however, did look out into the hard paved playground, surrounded by high stone walls, in which not a blade of grass showed, and not a tree leaf quivered in the air. The place exercised a depressing effect upon the spirits, and the boys in the playground appeared destitute of buoyancy of life, crushed by the subterranean nature of the school and the appalling ugliness of the buildings.

Next year my father and mother departed for Warwick, and I was put as boarder with a Mr. Hayes, one of the masters at King's College School, in a large house at the corner of Queen's Square.

We had for supper bread and scrape, and sky-blue—i.e. diluted milk. On one occasion the boys discussed whether there existed butter enough on the slabs of bread to make them adhere anywhere. "I will try," said I, and flung my piece against the ceiling, and, lo! it stuck! The footman was obliged to get a broom to bring it down. Mr. Hayes was informed of what I had done, and sent for me to receive a reprimand. "Please, sir," said I, "I proved to the boys that we are not skimped in butter. They will all write home on Sunday and praise the way in which the butter is laid on." "Well," said Mr. Hayes good-humouredly, "I only hope that the instruction you have received here will stick as well." "Better, sir, I hope," I retorted, "or any mop will bring it down."

For the Christmas holidays I went to Highgate to Mr. Malet, son of Malet du Pan, a native of Geneva who came to England in 1798 and died at Richmond in 1800. Louis Malet had married my grand-aunt, Lucy Baring; she died in 1815 and then he married one of the Merivales, by whom he became the father of Sir Louis Malet, afterwards Permanent Secretary for India, knighted in 1868. He was the first man who ever gave me a "tip," as a schoolboy, of half a crown. He died in 1890. One day I met him at the Duke of Bedford's at Endsleigh, and reminded him of the circumstance, but he had forgotten it. It is a rare thing for anyone to forget his good deeds; what we do forget are our misdeeds.

We attended a hideous little church at the corner of the Square, of the very vilest design of the late eighteenth century ecclesiastical architecture. I cannot recall whether we had any music, but I suppose we had, as there was a girls' school in the opposite gallery to that in which we were seated. But, if so, it has left no impression on my mind. If good, I should have remembered it; if excruciatingly bad, I should have remembered it. Probably it was mediocre and characterless, like the sermons. These latter ran in the usual groove. How well I came to know that groove. We began Trinity season with an Apologia for Jael the wife of Heber. "Blessed above women shall Jael the wife of Heber the Kenite be: Blessed shall she be above women in the tent"—that was the inevitable text. I turned to the boy sitting next to me and whispered: "That woman was a sneaking murderess. I would give all my pocket-money to be in a room with her for a quarter of an hour; I'd kick her round it till I had kicked the toes out of my boots, and then have thrown her out of the window." On a subsequent Sunday we had the saying of Ahab to Elijah, "Art thou he that troubleth Israel," and the prophet's reply; or else "The still, small voice." I have always thought that the story of Elijah in the cave and the vision of the Almighty passing by was infinitely poetical. But, oh, what slops of thin twaddle did the preachers annually pour over the tale! Soon after, we had, of course, Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus; or, "Is it a time to receive money, and to receive garments, etc.," applied to the present, when the pastor was expecting the tailor to try on the new suit of broadcloth his reverence had been measured for in the preceding week. Then we had Hezekiah spreading the letter of Sennacherib before the Lord—which needed no comment at all. Of course the preacher annually sawed away on that naughty Jehoiakim with his penknife cutting the roll; and on Felix trembling, and so on. Oh, the tediousness of those dull sermons on topics the very refuge of commonplace minds, vulgarizing what is beautiful in its original simplicity!

How I did get in time to dread those Sunday chapters, and shudder as I entered the church doors, knowing so well that I would encounter the same stuff, droned out in dispassionate tones, relative to Gehazi, Jehoiakim and that impudent Felix.

I have told the story elsewhere, but it will bear repetition, how that once, some years later, I was visiting my uncle, Edward Bond, at Filleigh, where at the time he was curate, when our conversation turned upon sermons. I said to him: "For goodness' sake on Sunday do not give us Felix trembling. We had him trembling in Hurst Chapel a few Sundays ago, next Sunday he was trembling till his teeth chattered in a church at Brighton. Then when I went to Teignmouth, who should turn up, like Jack-in-the-Box, but that old shivering rascal, Felix again."

A year later, whilst staying at Belmont, near Exeter, with my grand-aunts, we went on Sunday to S. David's Church. As the preacher passed the Belmont pew, I recognized my uncle, and, what is more, he recognized me, and gave a slight start.

When the service was over, I went into the vestry to shake hands with him, whereupon he gripped me by the shoulder, and said: "You rascal, you nearly put me in a quandary. I was going to preach on Felix trembling, but I saw your face peering out of the Belmont pew, and recalled what you had said last year at Filleigh. I had Felix trembling in one pocket. Happily I had Blind Bartimæus couched snugly in the other. So I pulled him out and shot him off; as to Felix, he must wait for a more convenient season."

What man, woman or child has ever got any good out of these sermons other than their having superinduced a doze? How have these noble stories, so exquisite in their simplicity, had their freshness and gloss blurred by sheer stupidity.

What has been wanted in England has been definite teaching, and for illustration incidents in the daily life of the people, taken from their work, their experiences, or from the preacher's own remembrances. Instead of good, nourishing, fresh teaching in the early Victorian period, we had mere wish-wash.

And the style ! No action, no swell and fall of voice, no flash of the eye, no quiver in the tones, as though what was spoken came from the heart. Such might be found in the Evangelical churches. Everywhere else, drab, drab, drab. Deans and bishops as well in their allocations, drab, drab, drab.

I am by no means sure that an ordinary congregation does not appreciate most highly drab, not merely as the prevailing, but as the sole tint in a sermon, and that it resents the introduction of a touch of pure colour, much as a man objects to be hit between his eyes, or a drowsy man to be shaken into wakefulness. Religious people generally like to be stroked down, and dislike being roughed up. One of the most popular of the early popes was Damasus, who, because his female audience had itching ears, so dealt with them as to acquire the designation of "Ear-scratcher to the ladies."

In one of the *Spectator's* is given an account of a young lady greatly addicted to licking chalk. It did her no harm, but it certainly did her no good. I think that those who court preachers of pious inanities may be classed with the chalk-licker. Yet, it must be borne in mind, that to seek after and relish Ideas, demands a mental receptivity all do not possess, and that those lacking such qualification have to be fed on what they appreciate and can digest. You do not give a sheep a bite off a beef-steak, but grass, grass only.

I believe that an ordinary congregation resents such an introduction as a living idea, just as a man would beat off a spark from his pipe that fell on his coat or trouser ; or as a seasoned churchgoer resents hearing the lessons read from the Revised Version.

A congregation of the usual type really enjoys a Barmecide banquet of words without substance, where emptiness is served up in choice porcelain, and void cups of gold are presented to the banqueters ; so far from resenting warm water, when the covers are removed, as in the feast of nothingness provided by Timon of Athens, they lap up the slop with eagerness and gratitude.

Ideas no more cut into common minds than do skates into ice, the utmost they can do is to scratch them superficially.

The inducement to my father to go to Warwick was that a friend made at Vevey was settled there, named Mackenzie. There was another family we had known abroad settled there, the parents strong Calvinists. I cannot express the loathing I had for the children on account of their obscene talk.

The winter of 1845–6 saw me ill with congestion of the lungs, in town; when I was somewhat better, I was removed to Warwick. My leaving was much like that of Paul Dombey from Dr. Blimber's. Mr. Hayes was very kind to me, and whilst recovering I was had down from our attic bed-chamber to his drawing-room. He made me a present of R. Wilson Evans' *Tales of the Ancient British Church*, and that was my introduction to take interest in, and later to the study of, the old Church in pre-Augustinian days and in Wales.

When fully recovered, I was sent to the Grammar School as a day scholar. The head master was named Hill, and his wife was a Southey. I forget the exact relationship to the poet. My mother wrote: "Sabine has been much enjoying his lessons with his young Worcester College tutor. They have made great friends by this, and he asks Sabine constantly to take long country walks with him, which is a kind of compliment to Sabine's companionable powers. An amusing, entertaining boy he certainly is, though a funny one in many ways. Strange to say, he is far more communicative to others than at home. If we want to hear anything he has done, read, or been about, we must pump very hard indeed to squeeze out any information. He is very affectionate to me, dear child, so I hope to make him a friend, and induce openness by every means in my power."

The great delight of the inhabitants of Warwick was the annual horse-racing week. There was no acknowledged holiday at the school; but as none of the day-boys occupied their accustomed forms, and were to be found on the race-course, Mr. Hill was constrained to shut up school and even let loose the boarders. I think that I actually saw him myself on the Grand Stand, but without a betting-book in his hand.

There were some of the parents of the scholars who were stern Evangelicals; amongst these were those of the family with which we had become acquainted abroad. These resisted entreaties of their sons to let them go to the races; that is to say, if they were so indiscreet as to ask for such a thing. Usually, at breakfast they growled and expressed themselves freely in condemnation of Mr. Hill for having school on that day. The parents were by this means deluded into the belief that their sons would be working on their benches all day, and let them depart without scruple. So the boys marched off, with their satchels, as if on their way to school, but when out of sight from the windows of the parental house, deposited their bags of books at the nearest "tuck shop," and sped direct to the race-course. Their sisters were not so lucky; they also longed to see the horses run, and they knew what their brothers purposed; so, as these latter departed, the girls clustered at their windows, flattening their noses against the panes, till they looked like dabs of putty.

Some of these youths thus harshly repressed, whom I heard of later, turned out badly in after-life.

On 31st October, 1846, my grandfather died, and my father and mother removed to Lew Trenchard, leaving my brother and myself at Warwick, under the supervision of my sister's governess, Miss Richardson. My sister stayed with my grand-aunts, the Misses Snow, at Belmont, near Exeter.

During the winter I went to a class for dancing-lessons, and, as I was somewhat delicate, was conveyed to and from the public-rooms engaged for the lessons in a sedan-chair. I was probably the last, or almost the last in England to ride in such a conveyance.

I believe it was at this time that the potato disease first manifested itself in England. Simultaneously there was an outbreak of cholera, and we had to walk the streets sniffing lumps of camphor in little silk bags. There was, however, no connexion between the disease of the potatoes and cholera.

At the back of our house athwart the garden in another house was a woman dying of cancer, and her moans sounded all night long. This gave me great searchings of heart as to why God suffered His creatures to endure so much pain. I lay long awake puzzling over the question. The result of my thoughts came out many years later in *The Mystery of Suffering*. Thoughts, questions, incubate, do not die, but work themselves into prominence later.

My grandfather, William Baring-Gould, was born in 1770, and was the son of Charles Baring and of Margaret, daughter and heiress of William Drake Gould, of Lew Trenchard and Pridhamsleigh in Staverton. He came into the property when aged twenty-five, and married Diana Amelia, daughter of Joseph Sabine of Tewin, Herts, when her father and mother were staying at Teignmouth. They were married at Littleham, in 1801.

By royal licence, William Baring assumed the name and arms of Gould in addition to those of Baring, in 1795. Unhappily he supposed that he possessed the Baring capacity for business, and he launched forth in speculations, and was much in Spain, France and Russia. But he made no money, lost a good deal, and eventually had to give up being a merchant. He was at Cattaro in Dalmatia when the news arrived of the execution of Louis XVI and of Marie Antoinette, and I have a letter from him to his brother-in-law, Samuel, afterwards Sir Samuel Young, Bart., expressing his horror at the tidings.

But a single letter of my grandmother to him has been preserved; he received it when at St. Petersburg, and in it she rated him in no measured terms for his squandering money, and prophesied that he would bring himself with her and the family to beggary. He put the letter away in his red leather pocket-book, forgot it—and so it has come down to the present day.

He was a very handsome man with lustrous blue eyes like sapphires, a ruddy complexion and white hair, as I knew him. When living at Larkbeare, near Exeter, he went by the name of the Devonshire Adonis. He was sweet-tempered, genial and possessed the gracious manners of the old school. My grandmother was somewhat embittered by his pecuniary losses, and also by having to live in Lew—then much out of the world. Sir Edward Sabine said to me one day: "If I were God Almighty and made a world, I would create all men like William Gould, and then it would be a happy and a perfect world." I asked, "What about the Eves? Should they be like your sister?" In his quick way the old General answered: "Too sharp a tongue"—then after a pause he added: "I never saw a man swallow capsicum and vinegar with such a smiling countenance as did your grandfather."

When at Lew he embarked in mining speculations, and he lost so much that at one time he was obliged to have the old buggy hoisted into the hay-loft over the stable and concealed there, lest it should be taken for a bad debt.

On 18th December, 1813, my grandfather wrote to my father from St. Petersburg. The times were precarious, half Germany was flooded with French soldiers; the Peace that had been concluded on June 4th came to an end on August 10th. Napoleon, in May, had gained the battles of Lützen and Bautzen, and had occupied Leipzig and Dresden; and it was not till October 16–18 that the Battle of the Nations at Leipzig broke Napoleon's power.

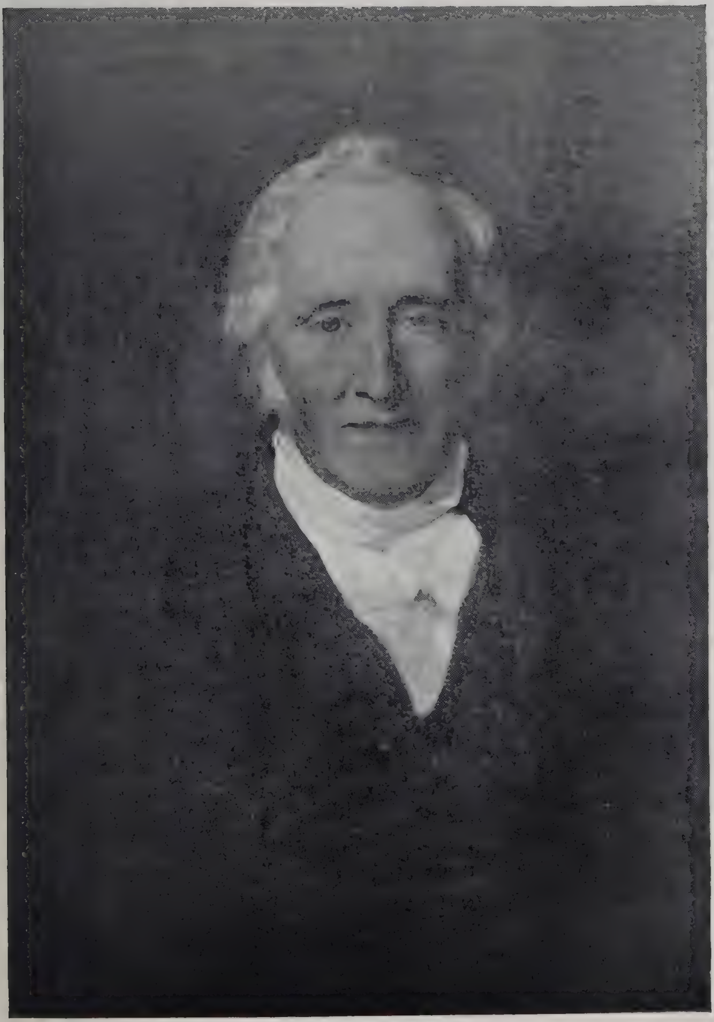
Whether my grandfather was returning by sea or land is uncertain. Anyhow he was doubtful as to the result. Accordingly on August 18th he wrote:

"My dear Edward,

"Tho' I am now well in health and with the happy prospect before me of returning once more to my dear wife and family, yet life is so precarious, and as the situation of your excellent mother and brothers and sisters would be, in the event of my death, dependent in a great measure on your love and affection for them—allow me, my dear son (in this moment of doubt respecting my future fate) to recommend you to follow the ideas I have expressed in my Will, about what little property may with your aid be appropriated to their use. I have no doubt from the natural goodness of your heart, and principles of gratitude to the best of mothers, you will do everything that is in your power to be done to supply the loss of your father if Heaven should so ordain it; but, to receive it as my last request and that with the consciousness of executing it conformable to my wishes, I am confident, will add much to the satisfaction of doing that, which you would otherwise conceive to be your duty. Persevere always, my dear son, in this line of conduct, and you must be happy in this world or the next. Wherever we are to meet again let us have that never-failing source of consolation. And that Heaven may bless and protect you is the sincere wish of, Dear Edward,

"Your affectionate father,

"W. Baring-Gould."



WILLIAM BARING-GOULD

My grandfather's sisters were remarkably beautiful women—all save one, who became Mrs. Jackson. Jacquetta, born in June, 1768, married in May, 1791, Sir Stafford Northcote, Bart., and was consequently the ancestress of the Earl of Iddesleigh. Emily, born in August, 1775, in April, 1796, married Sir Samuel Young, Bart., of Formosa, in Berks. Eleanor, born in July, 1771, married Thomas Redhead, of Snare Hill, Suffolk. Lucy, born in October, 1778, married T. Louis Malet, son of Malet du Pan, Minister of King Louis XVIII, and Caroline, born in August, 1782, married the Rev. William Coney.

Darton, the painter and gilder at Tavistock, has told me that he heard his father say—the father had practised the same profession in Exeter as did later his son—that when the lovely Misses Baring drove through the town, people were wont to rush to their doors to see the Beauties go by.

Of my grand-aunts I remember only Lady Northcote and Mrs. Jackson. The former, in her old age, was a martyr to bronchitis; though aged, she retained traces of her former beauty. I stayed at Pynes occasionally. Sir Stafford and she had three sons, Henry Stafford who died before his father, and Hugh Stafford who was in the army. The third son was Stafford Charles, whom his father forced to enter Holy Orders, so as to be able to take the living of Upton Pyne, where he was no credit to his cloth. He married Elizabeth Helena Robbins, a woman harsh and ungracious, who had conceived a violent dislike for the family at Pynes, and during many years that she was at the Rectory would never cross that threshold. Her daughter Selina, however, was often at Pynes and was my playmate when I was there. She was high-minded and vehement in character, and was thwarted in everything by her mother. She became engaged to a nice but rather prim young gentleman. Whilst walking with her fiancé one day she pulled a ferret out of her pocket to show it to him. He was so offended that he broke off the engagement.

Old Sir Stafford was wont to say that there were two things which filled him with regret. One was that he had compelled Stafford Charles to take Orders, the other was that he had not kept a carriage for his mother. His father had been a wastrel, and after his death the widow, by the strictest economy, by putting down the carriage and pair, and reducing the staff of servants, had succeeded eventually in bringing things round.

The habit of taking snuff was now in rapid decline. I suppose my ancestor, William Drake Gould, was a snuff-taker, as we possess his tortoise-shell snuff-box, with inserted in the lid *on the inside* the miniature of the Young Pretender, and when he took a pinch, he raised his thumb and forefinger to his head to salute it.

There must have been a vein of loyalty in the Lew branch of the family, as we possess also the gold ring of Henry Gould, who died in 1636, set with an enamel portrait of Charles I. But he died previous to the Great Rebellion ; Henry Gould, born in 1637, planted the numerous Scottish pines about the house and was on very bad terms with the rector, John Truscott, who was a stout Whig and very loyal to William of Orange ; and he it was who planted the lime avenue to the church porch.

There was an old gentleman who came to balls at Lifton in a blue swallow-tail coat and brass or gold buttons, and knee-breeches, who was an inveterate snuff-taker. My uncle, Thomas George Bond, and his snuff-box were inseparable, but snuff-taking had almost gone out of fashion with the ladies, although my grand-aunt, Mrs. Jackson, born in 1769, whom I well remember, was credited with taking a pinch in private. My grandfather took snuff, but not immoderately.

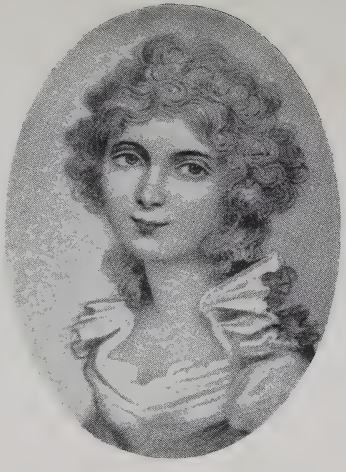
At one time snuff-taking among the ladies was quite fashionable. Queen Charlotte had a train of snuff laid on her bare arm and ran her nose along it sniffing it up from one end to the other.

In the *Spectator* for April 4, 1712, is a letter complaining of the prevalence of snuff-taking among the ladies.

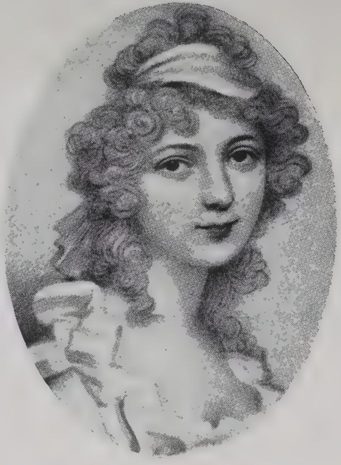
I presume it was my love of mischief that induced me to put some finely cut horse-hair into my grand-aunt Jackson's snuff-box, which produced a hurricane of sneezing, that she left me not one penny by her will.

I wonder whether the habit of women smoking will go out as did snuff-taking. If they were aware how their breath smells after a cigarette and how discoloured become their teeth, perhaps they would be more chary of smoking.

Not very long ago an acquaintance got engaged to a pretty young lady, who, however, one evening after dinner was rash



LADY YOUNG



LADY NORTHCOTE

enough to take out her cigarette-case, light and smoke her miniature cigar. He, who had been talking to her with considerable vivacity up to this moment, suddenly became silent. She turned on him after a while and asked what was the matter with him. "Merely," he replied, "that I consider our engagement must end in *smoke*." And accordingly it was broken off.

"Good Lord!" said he afterwards, "I was well out of that. A woman who smokes will become a woman who drinks, and I do not want a wife who will begin with whisky and end with cocaine; and, by the way, whisky now is deuced dear."

The "smoking" lady is a spinster still; her former admirer is married to a sensible non-smokeress, water-drinker, and is the happy father of three lusty children, and there is a promise of more, as I am informed in a low voice. The smoking lady has only a pug and a parrot to spoil.

My grandfather had inherited Lew Trenchard from his grandmother, who passed over her son-in-law, Charles Baring, and her daughter, in his favour. Charles Baring held Socinian religious opinions. He built a chapel at Lympston and maintained a preacher there. Finally he and his wife were buried outside the chapel.

Margaret Gould, "Old Madam" as she was called, had lost her husband, William Drake Gould, in 1766, and the estate of Lew as well as that of Staverton had come to her only son, Edward, who was a rake, and lost all the Staverton property except a moiety that had been secured to one Joan Gould, an old maid. He would have sold Lew as well had not his mother taken it out of his power, on a ninety-nine years' lease. Edward died in 1788, and the heiress should have been Margaret Baring; but she could not enjoy the property for ninety years, or thereabout.

On one occasion Old Madam was invited by Charles Baring and his wife, her daughter Margaret, to stay with them at Courtlands, their house near Exmouth. She drove thither, and arrived on the Saturday.

On Sunday morning the carriage of the Barings came to the door, and took Mr. and Mrs. Charles Baring and Madam Gould—not to church, but to the meeting-house. The old lady sat through the service, grim and stony, and would take no part in it, no, not so much by opening her lips for an "Amen." Nor would she speak on the way back to Courtlands. Her daughter was in a flutter of alarm. By the tightening of the lips, the stiffening of the nostrils, and the hard whistling tone of the old lady's breath as blown off, it was obvious that a storm was brewing. How it would break she hardly knew.

On entering the hall at Courtlands, Old Madam turned to her daughter, and said:

"Margaret, order my carriage at once."

"But, mother—what is the meaning of this? You are going to stay with us some weeks."

"Order my carriage at once."

"Stay at all events for our early dinner."

"Order my carriage, I say."

Not another word would she utter till the carriage arrived; then, as she stepped into it, she turned to Charles Baring, and said:

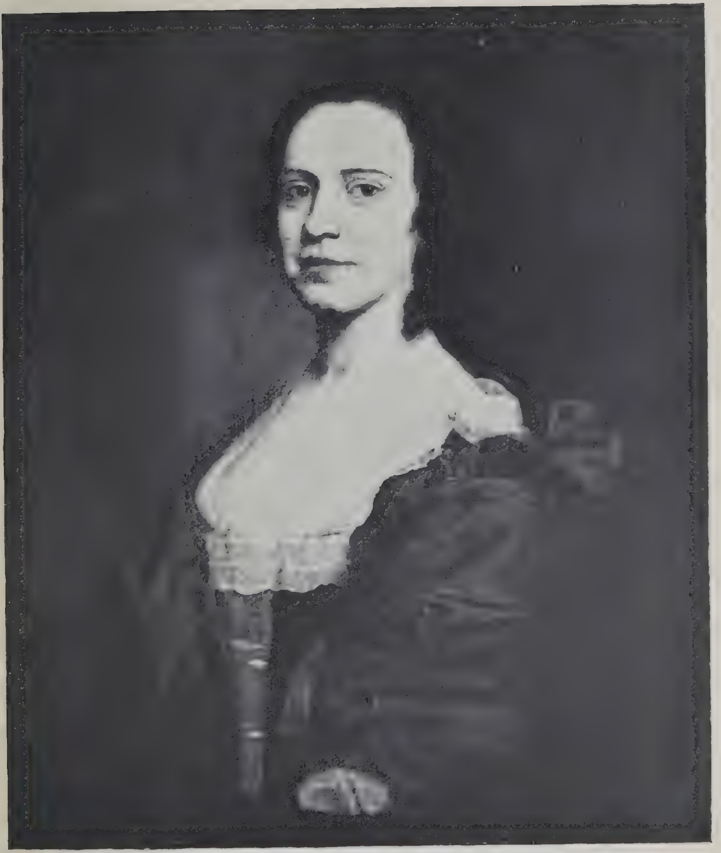
"Mr. Baring, never, so long as I live, shall you set foot in Lew House! A pony and groom, a seat at my table, *and a pew in the parish church*, and a bedroom shall be entirely and heartily at the disposal of my grandson, William. To him will I bequeath the estate. Not to you."

Then she drove away and she and Charles Baring never met again.

The old lady died in 1795, and her grandson, William, at once came into the estate as well as what remained at Staverton by bequest of Joan Gould.

When Old Madam heard of the death of her son, unmarried, at Shaldon, and without issue, she sat up in an arm-chair with high back, once upholstered with stamped and gilt leather, and which we still preserve, brooding over the question whether she should go to Bath and amuse herself there with cards, or remain at Lew and do her utmost to recover the family fortunes. The sun rose and shone in her face while still seated. She had made up her mind to the latter alternative. But that she had intended to spend her last days at Bath is apparent from the number of the little purses she had knitted, to contain the guineas she intended to venture every evening. These we still have.

In the ballroom now hang two full-length portraits that



THE OLD MADAM
PAINTED 1751

at one time were suspended on the staircase, and later adorned the dining-room. They represent a Mr. Petty of the Lansdowne family and his wife, one of the Sabines. The portraits were painted in Naples, and in the background are represented the Temples of Paestum. When my father was about to fill the dining-room windows with plate-glass, he had the two paintings placed against the frames to keep out the rain and wind, till the glass arrived. A stormy night ensued, and the picture of Mr. Petty was blown in, across the back of a couple of chairs, tearing it in great holes. When I came to Lew I had the tattered portrait of Mr. Petty copied full size, as the original was so hopelessly spoiled. We have another portrait of Miss Sabine as a young girl seated on a garden-roller in the grounds of Tewin, along with her father and mother and brother ; and Tewin house is in the background.

The Temples of Paestum are of a special interest to me, as it was on a visit to them that two cousins, Hunts of Boreateon, were murdered by brigands, in 1845, the very year of which I am now writing.

Young Mr. Hunt was on his wedding tour, and from Salerno drove to visit the famous temples, the most perfect in Italy and Greece. He stayed the night at the miserable little inn at Eboli, and the landlord, observing that he had silver-mounted cruets and silver-backed brushes in his dressing-case, a wedding present he had received, communicated with a band of brigands that infested the neighbourhood. Accordingly the carriage was stopped on the way to Paestum by these ruffians, who presented pistols at his breast. Mr. Hunt at once drew out his pistol, but his young bride threw herself between him and the robber, who fired at and shot both.

Mr. James Whiteside, in his *Italy in the Nineteenth Century*, 1849, III, p. 66, says, relative to the tragedy : " The landlord of the inn at Eboli caused the murder of a newly married English couple on their way to Paestum from his house, where they had rested the previous night. The landlady related the particulars of this horrid catastrophe to the writer and his friend a few months afterwards, and took them to the refectory to see her murderous lord and master. This man had obtained the King's pardon by making all speed to the Royal presence to convict his accomplices ;

and he happened to leave the palace at the moment when the British Minister was entering it for the purpose of demanding justice upon the perpetrators of the atrocity, of which he had just been informed. The delinquents, except this wretch, were all executed." The visit of Mr. Whiteside was made in 1846.

In 1847 my brother and I caught the whooping-cough, and it was supposed that my lungs were affected. I am confident that such was not the case. I was taken to London to be examined by Sir James Clarke, who advised a winter in the South of France. Nothing could have suited my father better. Arrangements were at once made for a visit to Pau in the Basses Pyrénées ; and a Mr. Williams, a Cambridge graduate, was engaged as my tutor, he being a good mathematician, which with my father was a *sine qua non*. Of this arrangement more in the sequel.

It was unfortunate in one way that I was taken from public-school life, as my father had three theories with regard to education, which by this means he was able to indulge without counteracting influences. One was that every child's mind is a blank, on which it is possible to write whatever the parent desires. Acting on this principle, I was educated to be a mathematician. At the present day I cannot do a compound addition sum. An ordinary addition I work out on my fingers. His second theory was that the memory should not be cultivated, but that the intelligence should be stimulated. "Do not grow up to be a parrot," he was wont to say. Consequently we were not suffered to learn any poetry or dates by heart. The result has been that at the present moment, and, in fact, through over seventy years of my life I have been able to recollect but one single date, that of the Conquest, 1066. For some years I hugged the idea that I was acquainted with the year of Creation, which was One, till I had it pointed out to me that this was a mistake, it should be Nought, and that the year One did not begin till the end of the first twelve months.

As to accuracy in the acquisition of any portion of literature, I never obtained it. But what I did obtain, and for which I am grateful to my father, was a faculty of reading a book or a chapter or a paragraph, and getting hold of its purport and the main facts it contained.

Our memories are injured by the amount of daily reading of newspapers and magazines. An uneducated carrier who can neither read, cipher, nor write, I have known with a most exact and retentive power of recollection of commissions entrusted to him and of prices paid. One reads of men in old days who could recite the Psalter by heart. I have a difficulty in repeating accurately the 117th Psalm: that consists of two verses only. No one ever had a well-trained memory without afterwards having good reason to entertain profound gratitude towards those who secured him the boon. No one ever studied and thought in after life without perceiving how indispensable is a retentive memory. No man of mind but must rejoice in the power of knowing things by heart—a power, however, which will hardly come afterwards to those in whom it has not been cultivated at an early age.

What my father aimed at was the development of the faculty for obtaining a general impression, and forming a précis of any book read. And this is a most valuable acquisition. This I did acquire. I admit that it has been to me of inestimable value. But what has been with me a corresponding drawback has been an inability to remember anything read or done *exactly* as read or as transacted.

A third point in my father's system was the depression of the imagination. He particularly objected to fairy tales, and it was only by luck that I came across them. Never can I forget the delight afforded me by Simrock's *Rheinsagen*. To the present day I see before my eyes Charlemagne looking dreamily into the waters into which the Ring of Fastrada had been cast; and the Lorelei on her rock luring boats over to destruction. That book, read whilst I was but a child, impressed my whole life with delight in historical and legendary lore. Another book read in Germany that filled me with exquisite pleasure was Hauff's *Märchen*. These stories opened to me a world of the past in which I loved to revel. But these books were taboo, and we were expected to satisfy our minds with *Sandford and Merton*, and, above all with Dr. Aikin's *Evenings at Home*.

The childish mind soars after the unseen, and loves to revel in what is of the past, in spiritual influences at the present, and to chain the imagination down to what is merely material stunts it.

With regard to definite religion, my father had none, having been never taught any. He had learned none at Addiscombe, where was his schooling, none in India, and very little, if any, when he came home. But he had deep in his heart that natural religion which will hold many a man true, honourable and just. He was distinctly a religious man, without knowing why he was religious. He disliked definite theological statements, and when about to read a sermon to the family and domestics on Sunday evening he went over it first, and with a pencil scored out every passage that related in any way to dogma.

These sermons, as may well be imagined, were dull. I can recall a certain evening when my father was reading one of these moral discourses, that it was brought to an abrupt conclusion, before the reader had reached the "third, and lastly," by the footman's head declining in sleep upon the ample bosom of the housemaid.

The character of the sermons of that period was solely the inculcation of morality. My dear mother often asked the page-boy what the sermon he had heard was about, and the invariable answer was, "Please, mum, it was about being good."

My father's favourite reading was the *Westminster Review*, to my mind the ablest of the quarterlies, and I read it diligently. It broadened my mind.

When I was with my tutor in 1850 at Bayonne, I worked at Euclid, and I saw clearly that what were leading truths in the Elements of Geometry were dogmas upon which all progressive mathematical knowledge reposed. The three angles of every rectilinear triangle are altogether equal to two right angles. In right-angled triangles the square of the hypothenuse is equal to the squares of the remaining sides. On these truths vast sciences have been reared. What the first principles of Euclid have been to geometry, astronomy, etc., that the dogmatic statements in the Nicene Creed have been to Christian theology. We cannot build up a religion save on certain affirmations as bases. The Mohammedans have their Koran; the Jews the Torah; the Latter-day Saints their Book of Mormon. We can rear no religion on a fog-bank or on shifting sands. That seemed clear to me, not at once, but arrived at gradually.

My father had a strong belief in the efficacy of corporal punishment. Corporal punishment was administered with either a slipper, the back of a hair-brush, or a ruler. Of rulers there are two kinds, the round and the square. The latter was reserved for aggravated cases.

There is, as already said, a full-length portrait in the ballroom of a Mr. Petty who married one of the Sabines. Then it hung in the dining-room between the two windows looking into the court. One evening I laid a pipe along the side of the room, turned up in the rear of the painting, and I lurked in hiding behind a curtain at the further end of the room, with one end of the pipe to my mouth.

Presently one of the maidservants, carrying a lamp, came into the room, and was passing through it, when, as she was in front of the painting of Mr. Petty in his scarlet coat, I spoke through the tube and made the voice come, as from the picture : " Mary ! Mary ! This night thy soul shall be required of thee ! " Down fell the girl in a faint, and broke the lamp. This caused the application to my person of the *square* ruler.

The only other occasion of this intimate acquaintance with the square ruler was as follows. My Aunt Emily found me seated one day on the doorstep. Somewhat surprised at my being so quiet and subdued she asked :

" Why are you sitting there, on the stone ? You'll get chilled."

" I want to be. I'm burning hot."

" Hot ! you don't look red and heated."

" Not the face end of me."

My aunt, being a woman of penetrating ability and great readiness, at once grasped the situation, and asked further what was the occasion of this treatment.

" I put a long cripple last night into Miss Richardson's bed."

" Mercy on me ! " exclaimed my aunt, staggering back. " There is only one cripple in the parish, and that is poor Tooke. You do not mean——"

" No," said I, shifting my position to a cooler part of the doorstep. " You do not understand. A long cripple is the Devonshire name for a snake. I found a dead one on the Ramp, and put it in her bed, because I don't like her. She's a sneak."

I do not recall the application of the square ruler on any other occasions. Of all the implements designed, by application, for the culture of virtue I prefer the slipper.

My father said that it was impossible to disbelieve in a Providence, in that it had furnished boys with a portion of their person not covering any important nervous ganglions, nor harbouring arteries, but overspread with a dainty tissue of nerves, rendering it sensitive to pain, and to which chastisement might be administered without danger. My father remarked that Providence had provided a vibratory drum to the ear to arrest sound, which was conveyed to the brain by a special nerve ; so had Providence furnished man with a bulbosity to act as the special organ of Morality : he considered that a very convincing Bridgewater Treatise might be written on this theme, for it gave evidence of *Design*, and design with a *Purpose*, and that purpose was the inculcation of Virtue. Every organ that a human being possessed had its special purpose : one provided that he should see, another that he should hear, a third that he should smell, and a fourth that he should taste ; and all these organs conduced to, and were intended to conduce to, his well-being. So was he supplied with a drum-like organ to ensure that he should be Good. Every spanking he received was an inculcation of Morality. Just as a hyacinth springs out of a tuber, and fills the room with fragrance and the eye with delight, so does this tuber in the human system, if properly treated, throw up the flower of Virtue.

My father had a philosophic mind, and although in poetry he appreciated only Crabbe, yet the above observation shows that he was not destitute of an imaginative vein.

Under the impression that my lungs were affected, and that it was advisable to remove to a warmer climate, as already said, my father resolved to go to the South of France, to the equable temperature of Pau, where the north winds blow over the town drawn to the great Sahara, and leave the air still in the valley of the Gave. Often have I seen the clouds flying overhead, whereas at Pau the air was unruffled.

I will here subjoin some little account of my Uncle William, and of my Aunts Harriet, Emily and Margaret. I have described my Uncle Alexander elsewhere.

My Uncle William was also in the service of John Company in India, where he married Maria Anne, daughter of Captain Joseph Leeson of the Earl of Milltown's family. He and she died of cholera in India, and left no issue. She was buried at Meerut. The old Indian Cantonments have in many cases fallen to ruins, the bungalows to wreckage, the graveyards desolate and neglected, the headstones broken or carried away. Some years ago it was proposed to make a race-course where had been the old Cantonment, and for the purpose the cemetery was to be levelled, the monuments removed and thrown aside, and the course carried over it. Happily, Colonel Tinley was in command of the district, and he forbade the desecration. He did more; he tidied up that and other graveyards, copied the inscriptions and sent them to the Genealogical Society.

My Aunt Harriet died in the year 1857. She was one of the smallest, quaintest, most delicate little things I remember to have ever seen. She was not, and never can have been beautiful, but she had a lovely, clear complexion. I remember her wearing a white frilled cap with lilac ribbons, all very large and elaborate about her wizen little face, and small grey curls. She dressed in white with puffed old-fashioned sleeves, tight about the arm below the elbow, and adorned with lilac satin bows. She was ever chilly and sat crouched into the fire, with her gown turned up over her knees, lest it should scorch, and her petticoat singeing with proximity to the grate. Her sister said that her poor little shins were always red and roasted. She spread her delicate hands, with long transparent fingers, over the fire, and then placed the palms upon her knees, then opened them again, like a piece of mechanism, or like the swimming of a little silver whiting. She amused herself with painting small miniatures. She was not clever, but was a great reader, above all of the *Literary Gazette*, which she greedily perused. She had not much to say for herself, but when she spoke her voice was pleasant, like the cooing of a dove, with that old-world cultured modulation which is now well-nigh lost, but which went with Chinese vases and the odour of potpourri. My daughter Mary has it. My Aunt Harriet could not go out of doors in a strong wind; she would have been blown about like a leaf of Devoniensis rose. One day at Bude she was on the pier, when a gust actually swept her off into the water. The wave carried her back again, and my father, who had darted after her, caught her in his arms before the recoil of the wave ensued. She was hurried off, undressed and put to bed, and never ventured on the pier again.

On one occasion at Lew, the pane of glass in her window was broken, and Sam Dawe, the carpenter, was sent to mend it. He arrived early, and not knowing that anyone was in bed in the room came in and began at the window. Poor little Aunt Harriet held herself hid under the bed-clothes, and hardly ventured to raise her head above the surface to breathe and sneeze. Dawe, at the window, heard the sound, and turned slowly about. Aunt Harriet had dived again, and he saw nothing. So he resumed his work in his wonted leisurely way, but had not proceeded far before up came the little head again, and sneezed once more. Again Dawe turned and contemplated the bed and could discern no human being. So once more he resumed his work. Once more he was interrupted by a shrill sneeze. This was too much; he put down the lump of putty and knife, and walking to the bed, pulled down the clothes, and disclosed the little face surrounded by a halo of muslin and the lace frill of a night-cap. " Lord bless you, miss ! " said Dawe, " I didn't know you was here, or anyone. You see, you're as small as a flea. I'll have done the window presently—sneeze away."

My Aunt Margaret, born in 1803, was the beauty of the family, with the loveliest complexion imaginable. She had a disappointment in early life, and in pique accepted Rawson Bodham Gardiner, one of the ugliest men Nature ever turned out, and unamiable to boot. He took up with Irvingism, and was, I believe, promoted to be an angel. Certainly he was a libel on angelic beauty as dreamed of by painters and poets. She, gentle, sweet, and not having received any definite Church teaching complied with her husband's religious vagaries. She died in 1853. When on her death-bed, the Irvingites tried to perform a miracle and cure her. One of the soi-disant Apostles, Drummond, I believe, was summoned to her and in an authoritative tone bade her rise up and walk. The poor creature did rise from her bed, staggered round the room, sank on her bed again, and instantly expired.

The eldest son was Samuel Rawson Gardiner, the historian, a man with a marvellous memory for dates and facts. He quitted the sect after his father's death. He had married a daughter of Irving, the originator of the sect.

The Gardiners of Goring, Oxfordshire, are a good old county family. My uncle, Rawson Bodham, was a second son, so did not inherit Goring, but my aunt was buried there.

My Aunt Emily was the artist of the family, among the daughters. She painted groups of peasant girls and animals, with a great deal of skill ; but being self-taught, she lacked much of the technique acquired by experience of generations of painters.

She had a refined and sweet temper, and I owe much to her for her kindness to me as a child. She would take me into her painting-room and give me prints to colour, and supplied me with brush and paint-box, thus keeping me quiet and interested for hours. She was not a beauty like my Aunt Margaret, but she had a pleasing face beaming with kindliness.

I presume that the whooping-cough had left subsequent weakness in my lungs. Moreover, I was growing fast, long and lanky, and several eminent physicians were called in to examine me, as already said. They rapped me on the chest, hammered me on the back between the shoulder-blades, as though they were driving tin-tacks, they put trumpets to my ribs, counted the pulsations of my heart, their gold repeaters in hand ; they peered down my throat with telescopes armed with reflectors, they pulled out my tongue, touched my tonsils and uvula with caustic, and, shaking their heads, pronounced that I was not strong, that the utmost care must be taken of me, that I must be given abundance of nourishing diet and plenty of Devonshire clotted cream (here I perked up and nodded satisfaction), that I should be removed to some warm climate, away from the cold, the rains and fogs of England (here my father pricked up his ears, and manifested his concurrence by jerks up and down in his chair).

On going over the Lew Estate, my father had seen that it was in a forlorn condition, and would demand a heavy outlay to put all to rights. Now, considered he, to come into landed property is not, as one may say, all jam. The estate has been going back for some years, let it go back a few more, and then I will buckle to and do my best for it. So he resolved on absenting himself from England for awhile and enjoying himself. He had a cogent excuse for so doing in the judgment of the doctors on my lungs. So there was an end put to my public-school life. Lew House was let for three years, and a Cambridge man was secured as my travelling tutor. Horses and carriages were bought and the coachman put in livery.

I have no doubt that I was feeling the after effects of the attack of whooping-cough, for on one occasion I was struck down with pleurisy, could hardly breathe, and suffered acutely in my lungs. However, I was speedily relieved by the application of a mustard poultice, to which I felt such gratitude that when it was taken off I asked my mother to let me kiss it.

Over familiarity, however, interferes with ardour of affection, and the frequency with which my skin was made acquainted with mustard poultices made me cool towards them. I had them not only applied to my chest and to my back, but also on one occasion behind and below my ears. There the poultice was kept on so long that when removed it carried off my skin with it, and the fresh growth was brown as the hide of a West Indian. My feelings were much hurt when, on going up to Exeter, my grand-aunts reproached me for not washing my neck. Then I took to wearing high " gills " and chokers. The normal colour did not return for a couple of years.

In the intervals between mustard plasters I was usually supplied with large diachylon heart plasters, applied to the chest, where they clung like limpets to a rock.

Tempora mutantur, nos et mitamur in illis.

Not only did the windows of apothecaries display in those days outspread yellow wax-bedaubed chamois leathers, but also, what was more interesting, globes full of water, containing leeches. I have on my chest to this day the triangular scars produced by the bites of these blood-suckers. I doubt whether recourse is had to leeches in the present day.

What a radical transformation has taken place in the character of the night-light. When I was a child this consisted of a thin iron cylinder perforated with many round holes. Inside was placed a rush-light and the whole stood in a basin or a soup plate full of water, on the floor.[1]

If the object of the night-light was to super-induce sleep, it failed in its purpose completely. A rush-light was most capricious in its process of burning, sometimes it flared, then died down to a glowing core, then started up again in flame, at other times it flickered perversely. The rays issuing from either the top or the side orifices shared in the vagaries of the burning rush. There was the full moon on the ceiling, but that waxed and waned and pulsated with the productive flame. The discs of light through the sides did the same: they danced, they frolicked, they winked at the patient lying in his bed, then ogled him with impudence. Anon they played strange games with the figured wall-papers, producing the most eccentric combinations. The same with the patterned chintz bed-curtains. There was no certainty whether or not some of these eyes of light were not hiding behind the valances of the bed, and the half-drowsy patient grew nervous lest they should steal from out their hiding-place and stare him out of countenance. Anything more provocative of wakefulness could hardly have been devised.

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[1] A representation of one is in the plate, " The Middle-aged Lady in the Double Bedroom," in *Pickwick.*

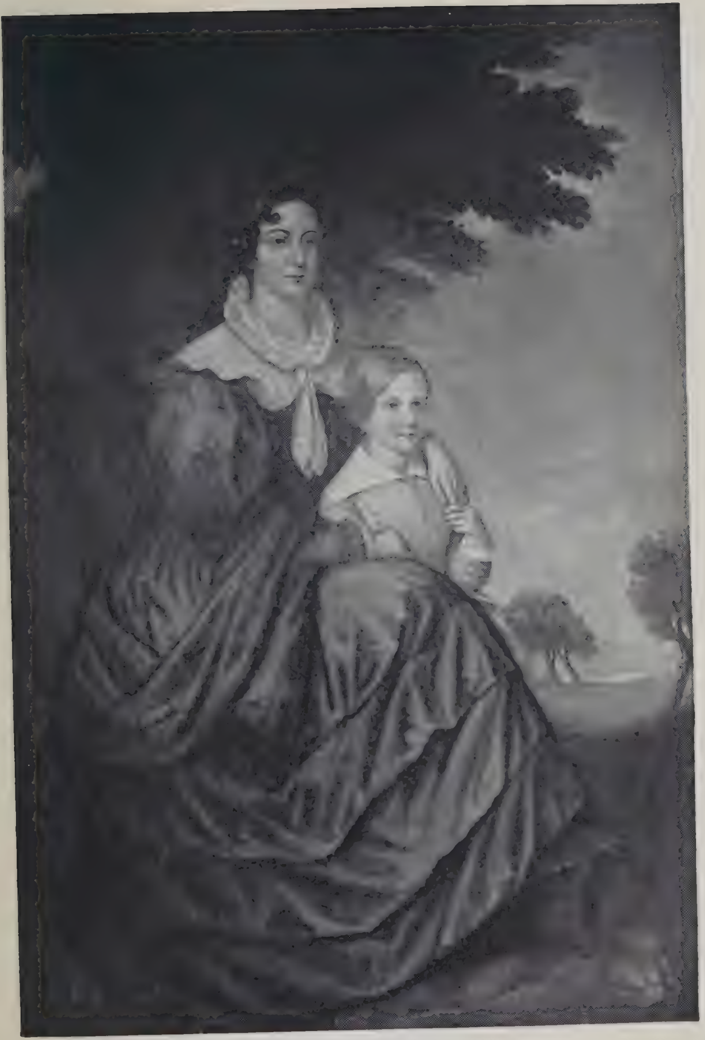
Some fifty years later, when I was rummaging in an attic that contained an accumulation of superseded and disused kitchen and other utensils, I pounced on the identical cylindrical night-light-holder that had been my trouble and terror in childhood. I did not kiss it like the mustard poultice, but kicked it on to the ash-midden in the pigs' court and bade it rest and rust there *in pace*.

My constitution must have been robust, in spite of the opinion of the physicians, or I could not have survived the draughts of castor-oil, the blue pills followed by drenches of senna and salts, the powders basely disguising themselves in raspberry jam, the ipecacuanha doses, the gargles, the plasters, the blisters, the cotton-wool paddings before and behind the ribs, the leeches, the cuppings and the bleedings.

CHAPTER VIII

1847–1848

IN September, 1847, accompanied by Mrs. Bond and her daughters, we took our carriage, but not our horses, from Plymouth to St. Malo. At this latter place we put up at the Hôtel de France, the landlord of which was one to be known. Bell in his *Wayside Pictures*, 1849, has described him. " The Hôtel de France is the best in the town ; an old, scrambling place, with sentinels at the gate, guarding the adjoining house of a general, a merry set of servants scampering about like demons released for a holiday, and a landlord with a rose-coloured neckcloth, an English wife, and a volubility of tongue which could not be surpassed even in Brittany, renowned for feasting and roaring. This landlord was a character, and being perfectly aware of the fact, he made the most of it. With the dashing, negligent air of a wit and a *bon-vivant*, he managed to pay the strictest attention to business. I was not ten minutes in the house before I was in possession of his whole history, and his wife's history, and the names of her relations in England, and how it was she came to marry an innkeeper, and what it was they intended to do by and by, by way of vindicating their gentility. Our host had taken the hotel about the time of the Revolution of 1830, and made a fortune in the interval, and, being resolved to retire into private life, had now advertised the establishment for sale. He wished us clearly to understand, not only that he was about to become an independent gentleman, but that he had conducted his house all throughout on gentlemanly principles. Before his time, the hotel had admitted everybody indiscriminately ; there was no respect of persons, and men in check-frocks, with cigars in their mouths and bearskin caps on their heads, were as acceptable at the *table d'hôte* as the politest of guests. Our vivacious landlord set himself at once against this indelicate custom ; but



SOPHIA CHARLOTTE BARING-GOULD AND HER ELDEST SON, SABINE

in shutting his doors upon the mob of miscellaneous customers, he provoked the bitterest hostility amongst the townspeople. The revolution in the hotel was followed by a revolution in the streets. The house was besieged by insurgents; visitors were scared from its doors; and the innkeeper and his family were assailed with threats of vengeance. But he was not a man to be turned from his purpose, and he fought his opponents bravely for two years, sleeping every night with pistols under his pillow, to protect himself against the violence of the crowds that used to gather under his windows, shrieking and yelling with as much fury as if they were seeking for satisfaction upon some great political malefactors. At last he wore them out, and succeeded in obtaining quiet and exclusive monopoly of the travelling and local respectability of the town."

This landlord was in his place when we visited his inn on two occasions. He sat at the head of the table in the old accustomed style when the proprietor actually did receive his guests in person at his well-spread board and do its honours. This man stormed if the dishes were not precisely as he liked them. We certainly did find him as loquacious and as communicative as did Mr. Robert Bell a year or two later; but he was not genial. His wife had a cowed look, peeping timorously at him through her half-closed eyes. How he retained any servants was a wonder to us, but his bark was worse than his bite.

St. Malo is a fortified town on an islet, the streets very narrow, the houses pinching the cathedral so tight that it has to run up high to get out of the smells of stale vegetables and as stale humanity to catch a whiff of sea-breeze. An English colony was at St. Servan on the mainland, comprised of such as sought cheaper living than they could obtain in England; or such as for particular reasons, which they supposed were known only to themselves, but which were freely discussed by the other colonists, deemed it advisable to live away from their own country. They had a chaplain of this latter type. Later, at Paramé, bathing and gambling attracted a good many to this *plage*.

We drove from St. Malo to Rennes. This city was but then recovered from the fire of 1720, which lasted seven days and consumed the cathedral, eight hundred and fifty houses and all the public buildings. The ancient and massive clock-tower, calcined by the flames, crumbled into dust on the third day. The modern cathedral is surpassingly ugly, and in the rebuilt streets there is absolutely nothing to be seen. We were heartily glad to leave the place and drive to Châteaubriant, where the great industry consists in the culture and crystallization of angelica. It, like vanilla, has a special and unique flavour. We visited several of the fields where it was grown, and learned how it should be dealt with. Unless immersed in melted sugar when quite young, it becomes fibrous and unserviceable.

About seven miles distant on the Nantes road is La Meilleraye, noted for its ancient Cistercian abbey founded in 1145, dissolved at the Revolution, but repurchased in 1817 by the Trappists, who had settled at Lulworth in Dorsetshire during the troubles. At the time of the Chouan fiasco, the Government suspected these silent monks of agitating in favour of the Legitimists, and gave them much annoyance, so that their number was reduced to twenty-five. When we were at La Meilleraye, we were informed that there were thirty. My father was very curious to go over the abbey. As he expressed it, he wanted to see those who voluntarily condemned themselves to so useless a life. But, as there were ladies in our party, he knew very well that they would not be admitted. As the event proved, neither was he, but no objection was raised to his visiting the farm.

The abbey is on rising ground and commands a fine view as far as to Nantes ; there is much woodland about it. The reform of the Cistercians was due to the Abbé de Rancé, born in 1626, who died in 1700.

My father, though still regarding the monks as fools, was satisfied that they were not drones. They were the best agriculturists in all France, and introduced the English methods of managing stock and treating land. They imported horses from Dorsetshire, treated their cows and calves with *hay tea*, and astonished the natives with the perfection of their machinery and the neatness of all their arrangements, more especially the cleanliness of their *vacherie* and *laiterie ;* and this was a point contrary to received custom.

The Trappists are far from popular in the neighbourhood. The farmers complain that they spoil the market by producing better butter and cheese than they themselves can make.

An early traveller mentions the complaint made by an old woman who remembered the Cistercian monks before the Revolution. "When I was young," she said, "the good brothers did not think it beneath them to speak to a pretty girl." And she told of some of the tricks they played. "A young monk would tie a bell round his neck and run about in the wood. The girls, thinking this was a straying cow, would pursue it. Then he would start out of a clump of bushes and frighten us. When we ran away, he would come after us, and there was such screaming and laughing; and who was the worse for it, I should like to know?"

Now, among the Trappists, there is no going out and larking with the girls. Their food is of the most meagre description, neither meat nor fish, but vegetables, eggs and milk; and one meal alone in the day. Butter is forbidden, water is the sole beverage. Their soup is cabbage boiled in water; a few potatoes are allowed, and each monk receives half a pound of black bread. After such a meal, no desire could enter into any monk to play hide and seek in the woods with the pretty dark-eyed lasses.

We drove on to Nantes. In the neighbourhood was the château of Count Walsh, and as the Bonds were acquainted with the Walsh family these latter called on our party at the hotel, and some of ours drove out to lunch with the Count and Countess at their château.

The Walsh family is of Irish origin. The head of it was the Count de Sérant, who possesses a noble château on the Loire between Angers and Nantes, said to be one of the finest in France. The founder of the family came from Ireland with a regiment he had raised in aid of James II. For his services, loyalty and valour, he had the title of Count of Sérant conferred on him by Louis XIV in 1755. James is said to have created him a duke, but this title is hardly claimed in France. One of the family, a captain in the navy, conveyed James II to France, on his abdication; another fitted out a vessel for Charles Edward, the Young Pretender.

The late Count had been preceptor to the Duc de Berri; and the assassination of his pupil, February 13, 1820, completed the affliction of the Count, who had previously lost two sons on the field of battle.

The acquaintance of the Walsh family with the Bonds was due to the residence for some years at Nantes of Captain Thomas Bond, brother of Admiral Francis Godolphin Bond. He had two very beautiful daughters. Mary, the eldest, took the veil and retired to a Carmelite Convent, of which she became Superior. She had a great gift as artist, and painted her own portrait for the cloister. But it was so lovely that the Director ordered her to alter and somewhat disfigure it, lest she should be puffed up with self-conceit at her own beauty. The second daughter, Louise, married a M. Ratouis.

Sérant, in the parish of S. Georges-sur-Loire, belonged in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries to the family of Brie, and was bought in 1596 by Hercules de Rohan, Duc de Montbazon, and later, in 1636, was purchased by Guillaume Bautru. In 1749 it was purchased by James Walsh, and was created into a county in his favour in 1755. Eventually it has passed by descent to the Duc de la Trémoille. The castle stands in the midst of a noble park, and is for the most part a structure of the Renaissance period. In the interior the walls are hung with superb tapestries. Above one of the fire-places is a painting representing the Young Pretender, giving instructions to Anthony Walsh. The gardens contain many hundred orange and lemon trees in tubs, and the vines produce an excellent wine. A former proprietor sent his gardener to England, to learn his art at Arundel, Chatsworth and Blenheim. He returned amazed at the stateliness of our English noble houses.

" Mon Dieu ! " he exclaimed to an English visitor. " Vos nobles sont des véritables rois ! "

In 1832 the Duchess de Berri disembarked secretly in Provence, and, claiming the title and authority of Regent, reached the west, and issued proclamations in the name of her son, Henri V. But she met with small success. Neither the Vendéans nor the Bretons were enthusiastic Legitimists, and the Chouans who fought for her were a mere rabble of adventurers and brigands. Troops in great force were sent into the disturbed west ; and the Duchess, after having been sheltered for a while in a château belonging to some devoted Royalists, was forced to leave, as the quest for her was too keen. She departed, dressed as a milk-maid, carrying a pail and trolling a Breton ballad. Then she made her way to Nantes, and found shelter in the house of two Mlles de Guigny, No. 3 Rue haute du Château. This house is directly opposite the main entrance to the castle. Doubtless she thought that no one would suppose that she had had the audacity to take refuge under the very eyes of the préfet. There she might have remained had she not been betrayed by a Jew, named Deutz, who had been in her confidence.[1] Moreover, the ladies had received their dinner from a neighbouring *traiteur*, who observed that at the table there were usually placed *three* chairs and covers. Accordingly a party of gendarmes was sent to search the house. They explored it from the attics to the cellars, but could not find the Duchess, and would have departed, but for the positive insistence of the treacherous Jew that the lady certainly was somewhere in the house. Accordingly some of the gendarmes remained to watch, posted in a garret, and there they tarried a whole day around a fire that they had lighted, when on a sudden they were startled by kicks against the iron fire-back, and to their surprise, out scrambled four persons, the Duchess, a lady companion, and two gentlemen, who had spent sixteen hours in a secret hole, entered through an opening behind the fire-back, only 20 inches wide. The petticoat of the Duchess had been converted to tinder, and she was much blistered by the heat. This was on November 7, 1832.

The open fire-place, behind which she had been concealed, is built in the corner of a very small room with a tiled floor. The *cachette* forms the angle at the back. This recess is scarcely large enough for a man to stand up in with any degree of comfort, and the access to it is through a low iron frame, resembling the door of an oven, and is so contracted as to seem impassable save for a small child. How any man of ordinary height and size could have squeezed himself through, and maintained himself upright in this place along with three other persons, and two of them women, is indeed a marvel. When the whole party had succeeded in securing their retreat, and getting themselves shut in by some friendly hand, it is obvious that they could no longer stir, but must maintain their upright position till released.

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[1] This Jew, Hyacinth Simon Deutz, received 300,000 francs from Thiers for his betrayal of the Duchess. He retired to Algiers, changed his name, married, and had a family. In order to obtain the Duchess's confidence he had had recourse to the basest deception, even to pretending to become a Christian and Catholic. For a minute and most interesting account of the adventures of the Duchess, see *Souvenirs d'un Légitimiste*, Haus, Hof und Staats-Geschichten, by Julius Ebersberg, Prag 1869, vol. 2, p. 80 *et seq*.

The interior is sufficiently lofty, narrowing as it ascends, and two or three bricks plucked out by the prisoners afforded them sufficient air. Had it not been for the heat and constraint, they might have exhausted the patience of the gendarmes, till their friends could have hauled them out by ropes and effected their escape over the roofs.

The Duchess was at once removed to Blaye, where she was forced to confess to having contracted a secret marriage with the son of a Neapolitan prince, Lucchesi-Palli. Instead of pitying her, the French now laughed at her. After this she was set at liberty, June 8, 1833, and sailed for Sicily, which she reached after a voyage of twenty-four hours. She was a very vivacious lady, the daughter of Ferdinand I, King of the Two Sicilies. There remained in France a party that favoured her son the Comte de Chambord, or Henri V as they called him. Among these were the Walsh family. At Pau my French master was a hot and strong Legitimist, and made me read aloud with him sundry pamphlets advocating the claims of the Count to the throne of his ancestors.

The cathedral of S. Pierre, in the rear of the castle, is a huge pile with unfinished towers, but has a stately west front. The nave is fine, owing to its height, 120 ft. above the pavement. The windows are destitute of tracery ; there are no transepts and only an early and mean choir. I see by my father's diary that he attended High Mass there on the Sunday, but could make no sense out of the service. I was not permitted to go.

Anciently, on his entry into the city, the Bishop of Nantes possessed the privilege of being borne in a gilded chair by four *seigneurs*—he of Ancennis, the Baron of Retz, the Lord of Pont-château, and the Baron of Châteaubriant ; after which they attended at a banquet, and were more or less suitably rewarded by the prelate. But in 1338 these four supporters considered that they had not been adequately recompensed ; and having no respect for the bishop—whose name was Barnabas and was a man of no family—one of them, the Lord of Ancennis, helped himself to the silver cups and other pieces of plate on the side-board, which he carried off in his sleeves, to balance the reckoning. He was detected and ordered to make restitution ; but, so as to prevent recurrence of such a scandal, it was deemed advisable that the spoils of the table should be divided in future between the four supporters of the episcopal chair: the Lord of Pont-château had the table-cloth and napkins as his perquisite; he of Retz the silver dishes; he of Ancennis the drinking cups; and the Baron of Châteaubriant galloped off on the steed that had served as the mount for the bishop.

This is not the end of the story. Bishop Barnabas was so discredited by this little occurrence that he was compelled almost at once to resign and disappear after a brief reign of a few months; and Oliver Salahaddin was consecrated in his room.

We were in a nice old-fashioned hotel at Nantes, with a large courtyard in the midst, in which was chained a not over-savoury fox. The kitchens opened into this court, and we could watch the cooks in their white caps and overalls engaged in preparation of the meals, a preparation that went on from early morning till late at night, apparently without respite. But occasionally one or other of the cooks would lean out of the window and chat with one of the chamber-maids or a conversable guest, and if none of these were available, then with the fox. I venture to quote a dialogue between a visitor and one of these cooks, " a model for a painter—his looks full of sweetness and intelligence, even when he was employed in no higher office than that of shelling." The description is by a lady, and I will supplement it by a few words from the very " sweet and intelligent " scullion commemorated.

" Votre occupation est un peu fatiguante, elle ne finit jamais, car en France on est toujours à manger."

" Mais, Madame, ne mangez vous pas autant en Angelterre, que dans ce pays ci ? "

" Oui, peut-être ; mais on n'a pas si grand nombre de plats."

" Mais, pourquoi non, Madame ? Vous avez d'excellentes viandes ! "

" Ah, oui ! mais nous n'avons pas beaucoup de variété dans notre maniere de les presenter. De la soupe ou du poisson, un rôti, des legumes au naturel ; un boudin, ou quelques petit-pâtés, et voilà tout ! "

An air of concern passed over his countenance. " Mais, Madame, n'avez vous pas de mets à changer ? des entremets, des fricassées, ou des friandeaux ? "

" Mais pas à l'ordinaire ; si nous avons du monde, c'est une autre affaire."

" Sans doute, Madame ; mais c'est dommage, parce-que vous avez des viandes si excellentes."

" Ah oui ! mais *en Angleterre la cuisine n'est en géneral qu'une nécessité, en France c'est une science.*"

How humiliatingly true this is ! God gives the meat, and Ignorance sends the cooks. Consider our vegetables, boiled in water, flabby, flavourless ; the peeled potato utterly tasteless as boiled, the spinach insufficiently comminuted ; peas, French beans, boiled without any after treatment in a pan, with a little sugar and much butter. And meat ! veal cutlets *sans* pulped sorrel ; rabbit without black sauce ! And as to our soups, varied between clear and white, and both insipid. There exist in the world a thousand flavourings, utilized in France and in Germany, unknown to, despised by English cooks. I once bought an exquisite cabinet containing behind its carved and gilded valves a nest of little drawers that a hundred years ago had contained spices for the kitchen. Those drawers are redolent of them still, yet for a century have contained none of these ingredients. And what English housewife would dream of enclosing the flavouring materials for soups in a cabinet so honourable, of cedar, ebony, ivory and gilding ? Now for our sequel to a similar interview.

" En Angleterre le dîner est une nécessité ; en France c'est une science, un art, une poésie. Ce qu'est la musique—un opéra, pour l'oreille ; la peinture, la sculpture pour les yeux ; la rose, les violettes, les parfums pour les narines, est un bon dîner ou un bon déjeuner pour le palais."

I have read—I have the book still—a Frenchman's travels from Plymouth to Lynton. At breakfast in Plymouth he had ham and eggs. At Tavistock he asked for lunch, and was served with ham and eggs. He went on to Okehampton, where he dined and slept, and was served with ham and eggs. Next day he drove through Hatherleigh, where again he was served with ham and eggs. At Barnstaple once more, ham and eggs—on reaching Lynton for his supper, ham and eggs.

You cannot go into the smallest *cabaret* in France without receiving an excellent meal. For instance, I arrived hungry at S. Guilleume-le-Desert—mark it—Le Desert, and did not expect much at the very unpretending inn. I was given for *déjeuner* a delicious soup of gravy and various vegetables chopped up in it; crayfish from the river, trout boiled with a touch of vinegar to turn them blue and give them flavour, bouilli with *compote*, veal cutlets done to a turn, potatoes, spinach, a portion of roast goose, *foie gras*, sponge cakes, medlars, apples, cheese.

"Do you not understand," said the scullion, "that the gross matter of the meal may fill the belly, but the *cooking* appeals to the higher, the very highest element in man. It is not the block of Parian marble that pleases, but the Venus carved out of it by the hands, by the genius of man. Bah! you see the material brought from the market, it neither looks nor smells invitingly; but when Genius and Science take that material in hand, *voilà*! it is idealized."

But to proceed with our journey. And here let me say that on one single occasion only were we incommoded by rain in our month's drive from St. Malo to Pau, in October. On our return in May, not once were we obliged to close the carriage.

On one occasion we secured a couple of post-boys. One of these was very smart, with a new jacket and breeches, and fresh ribbons to his hat. He appeared to be greatly concerned at our persisting on proceeding. Our party, be it remembered, consisted of two families, the Bonds and ourselves, packed into two carriages. The postmaster could supply no other man to take his place, and he vented his vexation on the horses. As we drove from the post-station we passed a wedding party—the bride a charming brunette, with large liquid brown eyes that filled and overflowed as our carriage whirled by in an opposed direction. The post-boy waxed red as blood, lashed the horses savagely and exploded into *Sacrés*, and *Ventre bleu!* and *Sapristi!*

At the next station my father complained to him of his reckless driving.

"Mais, monsieur!" said he, "I dare say you would have been as mad under the circumstances. You have spoiled my marriage for to-day. I was to have wed this morning. That was my bride we passed. I cannot get back in time for it to take place to-day. Everything was prepared, the *déjeuner* and all. You saw my *chérie;* and she had tears in her eyes as she saw me drive by." Whereupon the postillion gave a great sob, and proceeded to put in execution an art, now wholly lost in England, though I can recall when it was in common practice, and our coachman, Pengelly, was an adept at it—I refer to that perished art of blowing the nose with the fingers.

My father was much concerned. " Why was I not told ? " said he. " Gladly would we have waited till all was over." And he pressed a *louis d'or* into the man's palm, who made a long-drawn sniff, reared himself, and saluted with an expression of complete reconciliation.

In those days the women, especially in festal costume, were vastly picturesque, but even on ordinary days they were careful to be well *coiffées*. And the *coifs* were marvellous, some even adorned with gold or silver lace. More about this presently. At Montaigu in the Bocage of La Vendée, my father chanced on a young woman running towards the River Maine. On inquiring the cause of her haste, she said that she was going to terminate her misery. She had been deserted by her *cher ami*, and was resolved on drowning herself.

" But surely," said my father, " you will not ruin that delicious head-dress you have on. Go home, take it off, then, jump into the river, *et finissez*."

" Vous avez raison, Monsieur ! Ce sera grand dommage."

I believe that he slipped a five-franc piece into her hand. She went home and did not remove her head-gear. We saw her standing, well *coiffée* next morning, with a roguish twinkle in her eyes, as we started from the inn-door and drove away.

My father was in a poor temper that forenoon, and very silent.

In La Vendée we saw men with bare legs wading in the shallow channels that intersect the low marshy fields. After a moment of immersion out was flung one leg and then another, to each of which clung several leeches. It seems that the collection of these creatures is a speciality in these parts. But it drains the men of much blood, though the leech is wiped off before it has sucked as much as it would like. The women do not go in after them ; and they are more rubicund, and indeed more lively. Leech catching is not conducive to hilarity.

" Avez vous des sangsues en votre pays, Monsieur ? " asked one of the leech-catchers as he swept the blood-suckers from his calf.

"Mais si ! nous avons les avocats."

But to return to the *coiffées*.

Not only were the head-dresses picturesque, but the faces of the girls under the fluttering white *coifs* were often very lovely, and their forms were graceful. It is a sad thing to see how quickly beauty withers, when women are made to toil in the fields. Owing to the men, when young, being called away to serve in the army, field work devolves in France, Italy, Germany and Austria largely on the women. In the seasons of harvest, wives and daughters reap, shear, lade; and too often the husbands, fathers, brothers and even lovers, content themselves with giving general directions, or loll about in comparative indolence.

I remember at Cortina d'Ampezzo overtaking a young couple, engaged, but not married; he carried a great load of hay on his back, and she walked at his side. A few weeks later they were married, and I overtook them again, coming from the same field —but she was then laden and bowed under her burden, while he sauntered at her side, smoking, and with his hands in his pockets. But it was an unusual bit of gallantry in the former case for the man to burden himself with the woman's load.

The French or the Tyrolese girl has no chance of punishing the man who has been uncouth or ungallant before marriage. It is an accepted idea, that "Women must work and men may play"; and they accept it as an ass accepts the burden laid on the back.

Xerxes wept when he saw his vast armament deploy under his eyes, to think how many of them after the campaign would be dead or wounded; and it fills one's own heart with an ache to see these charming and happy girls, and to know that in a very few years they will be withered flowers. The beauty is of slow development, and when developed is transient.

I was wont on our journey south to go to the village well when the girls were filling their *cruches* with water, for the pleasure it afforded me of seeing their pretty faces and lithe forms, and to hear their merry voices and ringing laughter. How I longed to be able to sketch the exquisite groups I so frequently saw; but I doubt whether, had it been then possible to take a photograph, one could have steadied those lively butterflies so as to click the camera on a group.

My tutor, Mr. Williams, afterwards became rector of Widecombe-in-the-Moor. He was a man of considerable ability, but was not calculated by nature or in mind to be a parish priest, least of all in the country. Possibly enough in a town he might have made himself useful as an organizer, and have left the spiritual work to be done by a curate. He was forced to take Holy Orders by his father, who designed to give him a family living, but died before he could present him to it. The result was that he was never more than half-hearted in Orders. He found it a bore to visit, and a bore to preach. His abilities, and these he had, found no vent. The living of Widecombe is in the presentation of the Dean and Chapter of Exeter. My experience of Dean and Chapter and, in the past, episcopal tenure of advowsons as well, is that these patrons were formerly ever on the look out for square men to thrust into round holes, or round men for square holes. Williams, at Widecombe was cut off from all society, pinched between tremendous hills, with no pursuits, no neighbours, few books. He had no interest in the people, the place, the church ; in the natural history, the antiquities of the Moor. " I feel," said he to me one day, " like Noah in the Ark, surrounded by beasts, but, unlike him, without a dove in it—only jackdaws, magpies, starlings—and," after a pause, " any number of geese."

The English church at Pau was one shared with the French Protestants. It had been built and endowed by the Duchess of Gordon, a Presbyterian. In it, against the walls, hung portraits of Calvin and Beza. The chaplain was a Mr. Hedges, of the Colonial-and-Continental-Church Society type. That suffices as a description. Over one of his sermons I might have won a bet of two francs. I said to my brother, as we were walking to church on the 13th Sunday after Trinity, " We are going to dip in Abana and Pharpar to-day. Hedges is sure to give us that." " How can you tell ? " answered my brother. " I bet you a couple of francs he does not."

Sure as a gun, no sooner was the chaplain up in the pulpit, than he gave out : " Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel ? May I not wash in them and be clean ? So he turned and went away in a rage."

I nudged my brother and held out to him my palm. But I did not take the two francs, for I said : " It was a chance. We might have had, 'Is it a time to receive money, and to receive garments, and olive yards, and sheep and oxen, and men-servants and maid-servants ?' It was a chance, but as I knew that Hedges had applied for an increase of salary, and was looking out for a fresh and pretty house-maid, I thought it probable he would choose the former text. I will let you off this time."

I knew a good deal of what went on in the Hedges establishment, for I was great friends with one Ben Woolfield, a pupil of the chaplain. As Hedges lived in a house on the further side of the Pont d'Oly, on the road to the Val d'Osseau, there was not much chance of Ben learning French there, and as to his acquiring any classics or mathematics from Mr. Hedges, it was most unlikely, as the chaplain was ill-furnished with knowledge. His wife was sorely afflicted with erysipelas over her face, greatly disfiguring her, so that quite harmlessly Mr. Hedges might look out for a pretty domestic servant, just as any man would like to have a rose in his garden as well as a poppy.

There was a small English library attached to the church. From it I drew Laing's translation of the *Heimskringla*, that wonderful chronicle of the Kings of Norway, compiled by Snorro Sturlason, who died in 1241. It is one of the most delightful and engrossing of histories, and that book gave to me an ineradicable craving to know Icelandic and to travel to Scandinavia.

It was probably due to the fact that through travelling and living abroad so much, I had few English books to read, but such as I did read laid a great hold upon me and influenced my after life.

Since the time when we were at Pau there have been two more English churches erected there, one a large structure frequented by the families of the jockeys from England ; the other, S. Andrew's, sets up to be "High Church." For some years it was a corrugated iron erection, and the French called it "Le Temple d'Enfer." It is now of stone.

The winter we were at Pau, Mrs. Trollope, the authoress, was there as well, a good-humoured, clever, somewhat vulgar old lady. She took much notice of me. The English residents were not a little shy of her, fearing lest she should take stock of them and use them up in one of her novels ; for she had the character of delineating members of her acquaintance, and that not to their advantage. Some one asked her whether this was not her practice. "Of course," answered Mrs. Trollope, "I draw from life—but I always pulp my acquaintance before serving them up. You would never recognize a pig in a sausage."

There was also at Pau a "Count" Russell, who had conferred the title on himself, and who wrote a pamphlet to explain to the French that an English Esquire was equivalent to a French Noble. He did not possess, I believe, an acre of land in England or Ireland; it is questionable whether he had any legal right to subscribe himself *armiger*, or *armigero* as did Robert Shallow, Esq. But, inasmuch as the King of Prussia crowns himself, why may not any Jack ennoble himself? He was a pompous little man who wore a plum-coloured coat and nankin waistcoat, and had his self-granted coronet on his visiting cards. The English at Pau fought rather shy of him, on account of his affectation, but he imposed on the French. His son inherited the title, and became famous as a climber in the Pyrenees. The Père Russell had managed to ingratiate himself with the best French families, who had heard that a Russell was Duke of Bedford, and supposed that the "Count" belonged to the same family.

The whole matter of *noblesse* had for many centuries before the Revolution been a matter of dispute. A distinction was drawn between a *noble* and a *noble homme*. The *avocats* claimed to be nobles, so also did the medical men, by virtue of their offices and functions. In the *Cour des Aides* in 1657, a statement was made that in the South of France the gentlemen had taken to call themselves *Ecuyers*, Squires, because the title of *noble* had become so common that it had lost all significance. On January 4, 1699, the Royal Council, after having appointed Commissioners to examine into the case of the assumption of nobility by the lawyers and medical men, passed a decree that such men had a right to be regarded as noble, but that the title was merely personal, and did not descend to their children, unless they were nobles by hereditary right.

Of late, since the Great Revolution, any man can assume whatever title he likes, Count or Marquess; few are content to call themselves Barons. A wine merchant, M. Pons of Bordeaux, buys a ruinous château, patches it up and figures as M. le Comte de Montdragon; or a well-to-do grocer builds himself a new and vulgar château, puts on his cards a coronet, and passes, when in the country, as le Marquis de Neufchâtel. So that Mr. Russell was quite in the fashion in raising himself to the rank of a Count.

Most of the old landed *noblesse* have sunk to a low stage, but not all; some have grappled with the difficulties of their position, adapted themselves to the times, and have raised their fortunes.

A friend of mine in the district of Périgord inherited a very poor remnant of his ancestral estate, which had all been taken from his grandfather, condemned to support himself by breaking stones for the roads. This gentleman belonged to a family whose possessions on the Causses de Languedoc extended from one *hué* to another, that is to say, the bounds to which a shout would reach. On the remnant of the recovered estate he planted oaks, and now does a flourishing business in truffles, and is in specially easy circumstances.

In Brittany and Normandy, the landed *noblesse* have taken to keep huge dairy farms, or to growing many acres of vegetables for the London and Paris markets, mainly the former.

Another resident at Pau was Mr. Nugent, of the family of the Earl of Westmeath, with his wife. He came to marry her in rather an odd way. He was staying in a house in Ireland, when, one evening the young folk were playing boisterous games, one of which consisted in their running after and trying to catch one another. The girl of the house was flying from Mr. Nugent, and as he pursued, she dashed through a doorway and flung the door to behind her. Mr. Nugent had his head down, and the door-knob struck him on the skull and fractured it, so that it had to be trepanned, and a silver plate let in over the hole thus made, and the skin drawn across it. When he recovered, he proposed to her. "Sure," said he, "you broke my head, and ye won't be so blood-thirsty as to break my heart as well." The plea was irresistible. She married him and wore the bone extracted from his skull in a brooch ever after.

Another gentleman, whose name I forgot, lost his wife at Pau. He had the body sealed up in a lead coffin, which he kept in the dining-room under the sideboard, upon which stood the whisky-bottle. In the cemetery he had a double-walled grave constructed, so that on his death he and the beloved might be buried together, side by side. But after five months he fell in love with an English girl at Pau, and, as the intended bride positively refused to enter the house till the first wife was removed, the lead coffin was consigned to the double grave ; and then, but not till then, did he conduct home his second wife. The whisky-bottle remained and was replenished periodically.

The French Protestant preacher at Pau was a M. Buscarlet, who had married an English woman. He was under a cloud at the time with the Consistory, as his views were regarded as heterodox. In a word, he had doubts relative to the Plenary Inspiration of Scripture, as well as some of the fundamental verities of the Christian faith—such as Calvinism still condescended to retain. Since then, French Protestantism has come very much round to his disbelief ; and has abandoned even the Confession of La Rochelle. We were on calling terms, but were in no way intimate.

Abd-el-Kader was then a prisoner in the castle. He had there his wives and attendants, to the number of sixty. Their habits were so dirty that it was found necessary to remove the rich furniture and roll up and stow away the splendid tapestry. English and French were not allowed to visit him, but I managed to see him several times. We lodged in Maison Gautier on the Jurançon road beyond the bridge over the Gave. M. Gautier was a nurseryman, and he obtained leave to take flowers and fruit to the caged lion, and on such occasions I accompanied him. The Arabs spent their time in pacing up and down the rooms, and I do not think ever troubled their heads to look from the windows at the splendid prospect of the Pyrenees.

My grandmother and aunts occupied a flat in the Basses Plantes called Maison Marchadlier. On another flat was the Count de Montebello with his family. He was a son of Jean Lannes, who from a stable-boy at Lectours rose in the army to be a marshal of France and was created Duc de Montebello by Napoleon. He died at Vienna, having had both his legs shot away at Essling, on May 31, 1809. Lannes, before his elevation, had married a girl named Méric, and had by her a son ; but later he procured the annulment of the marriage, and then he married one of a higher, gentle class, a demoiselle de Guéheriene, who survived him and died in 1854. After the death of the Marshal, the son by his first wife laid claim to a portion of what fortune he left, but the Court decided against him as illegitimate.

As we were about to leave, a peasant woman with a pleasant open face came to see my mother, bringing her little son with her. She was most anxious that we should take the lad with us as page. According to her assurance, he would look well in livery, "like a veritable angel." Moreover he was docile, good-tempered, obliging, and—he had been taught a little English.

"English! where did he learn it?"

"In the streets, Madame; he can say Godam."

Is it not strange that Froissart, in the fourteenth century, should state that it was by this name that the English soldiers were distinguished from the French. At Pau, and at many other places, the street urchins would shout, as we passed: "Voici les petits Godams."

The poor woman burst into tears when it was explained to her that this was a profane oath. She had to retire disappointed, on the assurance that our travelling carriage was so packed that it could not receive her "petit bon homme."

On February 24th, 1848, broke out the Revolution that drove the incapable Louis Philippe from the throne. People of all classes had become weary of his undignified reign. He in no way appealed to the imagination of such a nation as the French.

An event of a tragic nature that occurred in Paris on the night of August 17–18, 1847, and its consequences, had stirred the passions of the Parisians to their depths.

The Duke of Choiseul-Praslin was the head of the third ducal branch of the ancient House of Choiseul. He had been one of the aristocratical supporters of the Orleans family on the Throne. Louis Philippe esteemed him highly, not perhaps personally, but for his influence, and urged his frequent attendance at Court. He was married to the daughter of Marshal Sebastiani, who had given him ten children. On the aforesaid night, the Duke murdered his wife. They had quarrelled over the education of their children, and in a fit of passion provoked by her unreasonable opposition to his measures for their good he dealt her more than one death-blow. It was generally thought that there existed a criminal intrigue between the Duke and the governess of his young children, and that jealousy on the part of the Duchess had caused her dismissal. But of this there existed no evidence worth consideration. The quarrel was due to the mother's obstructive policy, that threatened the interests of his children, to whom the Duke was warmly attached. As to the fact of the murder, of that no doubt whatever existed, nor as to the fact that it had been committed by the Duke ; but that which roused the excitement and wrath of the people of Paris was, that the Duc de Praslin was so insufficiently guarded that he was enabled to obtain arsenic and to poison himself, and so deprive the populace of the sight of one of the first peers of the realm expiating his crime on the scaffold.

Not six weeks had elapsed before the peers, along with their Chamber, and all their claims and titles were swept away, past recovery.

A banquet of the Opposition deputies was announced to be held in the 12th arrondissement, the lowest portion of Paris, where seethed all the elements of discontent. The Ministry forbade the dinner. Attempts were made to hold it in spite of the prohibition. Some squadrons of cavalry trotted up the street, a gun went off among the rabble, the military fired, and fifty civilians were shot. At the sight of the corpses carried away, cries were raised of "They are assassinating our brothers, let us revenge them"; and the people flew to arms. The King could count on the army commanded by General Bugeau. This energetic officer had taken all his dispositions to repress the rising, when he received orders from the Ministry to withdraw to the Tuileries. Rather than obey this foolish command, he resigned, and resistance was paralysed. The mob created barricades and yelled for a Republic. Louis Philippe quailed and abdicated, slipped out of the palace garden and took to his heels. His sons, equally cowardly, changed clothes with some workmen and slunk away. The Duchess of Orleans, generally respected, but a foreigner, alone showed courage. Taking her son with her, she presented herself, calm and undaunted, before the Chambers, and pleaded the cause of the orphan prince, although hundreds of muskets in the hands of a furious rabble were pointed at her head. A voice from the Tribune exclaimed, "It is too late!" And the Republic was proclaimed, with a provisional

Government composed of Dupont, Arago, Lamartine, the Jew Crémieux, Ledru-Rollin and Garnier-Pagès.

The news of the outbreak reached Pau, and the mob there rose and paraded the town, smashing windows that were not illuminated in honour of the Republic. We put a few dips in our windows, and heard the tramp of the wild bloods through the streets and along the road, bellowing the Marseillaise. We were not molested. A few trees of liberty were set up and some red caps were worn, but no harm was done to life and property in Pau.

It soon became manifest that the Provisional Government was unable to control the people, and inspired no confidence. My father, foreseeing that there would be fresh disturbances, resolved on returning to England.

On the 16th and 17th March there had been fresh riots in Paris. The National Assembly met on the 23rd after a renewed manifesto of the revolutionary party which was put down on April 16th; then a Feast of Fraternity was held on April 21st which reconciled none.

We left Pau in the second week of June, and had not proceeded far before we heard that there was fighting in the streets of Paris. On the 22nd barricades had been thrown up in the faubourgs and in half of Paris. The executive had at its disposal only twenty thousand men, the *Garde mobile*, and a portion of the National Guard.

We had not chosen a happy time for our journey home.

The National Assembly, aware of the egregious blunder that had been made in establishing the National Workshops, was resolved on closing them. The treasury was drained to support a host of idle men and to encourage idleness. The Assembly ordered the men to join the army or to leave Paris and seek work elsewhere.

The people at once set up the cry of "Bread or bullets," and the most terrible street fighting ensued that Paris had ever witnessed. Mr. Nassau Senior tells how boys armed with guns hid in houses, and firing through the windows shot down the officers. The streets of the districts inhabited by the artisans were again torn up to form barricades, and from Friday, June 23, until the following Monday a desperate conflict raged.

General Cavaignac, Minister of War since May 18th, planted his troops between the Assembly and the Hôtel de Ville. On the 24th a furious battle was engaged, in which some legions of the National Guard fought the other legions, and the *Garde mobile*, composed of the sons of the people, did battle against the workmen. The Assembly concentrated all authority in the hands of Cavaignac. On the 25th General Bela was murdered whilst he was addressing the insurgents at the barricades of Fontainebleau. General Daméome was killed in an attack on the Pantheon, General Négrier at the assault on the barricade of the Bastille. Two representatives of the people were also killed. The Archbishop of Paris, Monseigneur Affre, in the hopes of appeasing the conflict, went to the Bastille to urge peace on the revolutionaries of the faubourg Saint Antoine. He was suffered to pass the barricade, but the conflict continued, and a ball from an upper window struck him, and he fell a martyr to his patriotism and zeal for peace.

Victory was inevitably on the side of the Government troops, who were well disciplined and well equipped, whereas the insurgents were not fully armed, possessing only the guns stolen out of the armour shops, and were short of powder and ball. The Government, determined to crush the rebellion, transported four thousand of the insurgents to Africa. Thirty-two newspapers were suppressed, and their editors imprisoned. Order was restored, but the carnage of the "June days" left a heritage of hatred between the working men and the bourgeoisie.

Mr. Nassau W. Senior, who was in Paris at the time of this Revolution, says, truly enough: "The theory to which we attribute the revolution of 1848 is a disguised Socialism. It is the theory which almost every Frenchman cherishes, as respects himself—that the Government exists for the purpose of making his fortune, and is to be supported only so far as it performs that duty. His great object is to exchange the labours and risks of a business, or of a profession, or even of a trade, for a public salary. The thousands, or rather tens of thousands, of workmen who deserted employment at which they were earning four or five francs a day, to get thirty sous from the *ateliers nationaux*, were mere examples of the general feeling. To satisfy this universal desire, every government goes on increasing the extent of its duties, the number of its servants, and the amount of its expenditure. . . . It pays and feeds 500,000 soldiers and 500,000 civilians! For these purposes the 500 millions of expenditure, which were enough during the Consulate, rose to 800 in the Empire—to 970 under the Restoration—to 1500 under Louis Philippe—and to 1800 millions under the Republic."

To meet the demands of the Socialists, as urged by Louis Blanc, the Government had established *ateliers nationaux* in the outskirts of Paris, to which the workmen flocked in such numbers that factories in which they had been doing serviceable work before had to be closed down. In these national workshops the men were not paid high wages, but in addition to their pay in coin, their families were provided with food by the State, and in the workshops they did no more than they liked. They talked, argued, smoked, drank, and armed for a prospective riot. M. Emile Thomas, who has written the history of these *ateliers nationaux*, tells us that in one *mairie*, that containing the faubourg Saint Antoine, a mere supplemental bureau enrolled, from March 12 to 20, more than 1000 new applicants every day. The number who had been enrolled on May 19 amounted to 87,942, and a month later it amounted to 125,000 persons.

These national workshops not only encouraged the employed to do as little work as they chose, for they could not be discharged on account of idleness or incompetence, or docked of their pay, but further they furnished a huge army of men determined to force their will on the Assembly, ready at any moment to fly to arms, throw up barricades, and turn the streets of Paris into a field of battle.

Fifty years after the outbreak of the Revolution and the establishment of the Second Republic, I found the temper of the average Frenchman much as described by Mr. Nassau Senior.

"La politique," says the peasant, shrugging his shoulders, "n'est que la chasse aux places."

A Monsieur de Borredon, son of a great cultivator of truffles in Périgord, was staying with me in 1894, and was greatly astonished when he learned that I had put my second son to work as a common engineer on the S.E.R., and that my third son was labouring as an ordinary miner in one of the great arsenic works on the Tamar. He exclaimed: "*There* is the great difference between you English and we French. You work and push your way into competence wherever you are; but we are continually on the look out for employment under Government. My brother is in the army, an officer in Tonquin, and he writes home that all the trade in the province is falling into the hands of the English, because a Frenchman who goes out there saunters about and besieges the Government to find him a place and a salary."

I found in Périgord that the peasants had no respect for their deputies. "They go to Paris as needy *avocats*," they told me, "and come home with their pockets full of money."

"But how do they make the money?" I inquired.

"Oh, there be various ways; one is by selling State secrets to the Jewish bankers; by creating panics, and so on, to help these Jews."

It is interesting to observe how that in England during and after the great European War of 1914–18, we have adopted many of the measures advocated by the Socialists in 1847–9; and these perhaps the most mischievous.

The Socialist party, though split into sections each with its special panacea for social evils, was united on these points. It was agreed that poverty and excessive toil were the result of human institutions, and could be prevented by a more equitable distribution of wealth, and by restricting the hours of labour; that the only lawful source of revenue is manual not mental labour; and that rent and profit are abuses; that steps should be taken towards the suppression of these abuses. The steps advocated were: (1) The abolition of the National Debt. (2) The abolition of rent of land, the occupier being converted into the owner. (3) A progressive income tax levied on the rich, the labourer and artisan paying nothing, and the entire burden of expenditure of Government being derived from the well-to-do classes. (4) In order to free the artisans from subservience to the manufacturers, it was proposed to supply the workmen with capital, machinery and material, at cost price. (5) To fix a minimum wage, and to provide old age pensions, hospitals and schools supported by the Government out of the pockets of the rich. (6) In every town magazines to be established from which operatives might obtain the necessaries of life, food and clothing, at cost price. (7) That every department of human activity should be under the control of Government through salaried officials.

What the Socialists did not take into consideration was that by throwing the whole burden of taxation on the wealthy and the comparatively well-off, and at the same time checking and killing private venture in trade and manufacture, the sources would inevitably be soon dried up. In the peninsula of Sinai are huge reservoirs which in the time of the Pharaohs stored vast supplies of water that was conducted by rills to fertilize the country. In later times these reservoirs were neglected, broken, choked, and consequently the fields they once nourished were parched up and became desert.

By the minimum wage, the Socialists sought to kill endeavour. The stupid, clumsy, bad workman not worth his salt, even the man crippled in hand and foot was to receive the same wage as the adroit, intelligent, and experienced artisan. In a co-operative workshop the inefficients would receive as much as the efficient, and the idle as the industrious. By converting every fifth man into a Government salaried official, the country would be covered with a beaureaucratic net. Incompetent and uninstructed men would be appointed to superintend work of which they know nothing. We see this now among ourselves. Nor is the Government alone to blame in this way. Our County Councils appoint these noodles to manage the highways, to superintend nuisances, to value land, to kill rats, etc., without exacting from them capacity for the tasks imposed on them. Mr. Nassau Senior says, that after the Revolution of '48 a Poor Law was as much needed for the relief of the *ci-devant* rich as of the poor. None had money to spend in the shops, and the shopkeepers accordingly had to put up their shutters.

The great mass of the discharged workmen from the *ateliers nationaux* remained discontented; all they really cared for was sensual gratification and pay for doing no work. If they could be drafted into the body of agents for looking after branches of industry, of which they knew nothing, they would be content and not trouble about political schemes. The Government knew this, and employed as many as they could, and so pacified and silenced some of them.

The Baron de Billing gives a good reason for the place-hunting so inherent in the Frenchman. "Money has far more influence in France than in England. The Englishman wishes for it in order to spend, the Frenchman in order to save, and the desire of accumulation is a more constant and a more intense stimulus than that of expenditure. Money, too, is more necessary to the bulk of our people than to yours. An Englishman cannot starve—the Poor Laws prevent that. This is one of the reasons of our universal place-hunting. Every one is anxious for a permanent income, however small. This is the reason, too, why our marriages are made so constantly for money. An English commoner, if he does not marry for love, marries for connection. He hopes to rise into a higher circle. A French *roturier* has no such hope. Nothing will place him on a level with the *gentilhomme*."

Another of Billing's observations bears on the same topic, and was very true at the time. "One of the principal causes of the turbulence of Paris is the absurd education which the middle classes give to their children. They have been told for the last sixty years that all employments are open to all Frenchmen. They see journalists, schoolmasters, tradesmen, and tradesmen's clerks made Ministers and more than Ministers; they will not send their children to commercial schools, or teach them habits of business by keeping them in their own shops. They resolve to fit them for the high offices to which the Constitution, according to their interpretation of it, declares them entitled. The children, therefore, of the grocer, and of the tailor, receive the same education as those of the duke and of the millionaire. A little Latin, rather less Greek, and a good deal of mathematics, and then they come into the world unfit for business, and indeed despising it, join the crowds of candidates that besiege every public office, and in despair turn demagogues, journalists and *émeutiers*."

We drove through France while all this was going on; the peasants in the villages crowded round our carriages clamouring for news, which we were unable to give them. In some places, tokens of hostility toward us as foreigners and aristocrats appeared, and we were forced to stand up and cry *Vive la République!* before we were allowed to proceed.

At Rochefort, the English Consul sat on the box of our carriage to protect us, as a mob of fanatics was rushing through the town shouting death to the aristocrats and bourgeois alike.

There was residing outside Nantes the Comte Walsh, already mentioned. On our way south we had visited the château and had lunch with the Count and his family. They could not speak a word of English, nor was there any look of other than French blood in them.

My father had written to the Count to inquire whether it were safe to proceed, and the young Count very kindly rode out to meet us a stage before reaching Nantes, and urged us most strongly not to proceed that evening, but remain there. The town was in agitation, there had been on the preceding day a fight with the soldiery, and a general had been torn off his horse and killed. By his advice we remained where we were in somewhat rough quarters, and next day drove through Nantes in the early morning and proceeded to Châteaubriant.

The insurrection in Paris had been driven back into the faubourg Saint Antoine. General Lamorcière summoned the insurgents to lay down their arms, under pain of a bombardment, and they yielded. The four days' battle had cost the lives on one side and on the other of 5000 men, among whom were seven generals, four others had been severely wounded, two representatives (no great loss) had been killed and three wounded. Twelve thousand prisoners made during the insurrection or after the conflict were deported to Algeria.

There were two candidates for the Presidency of the Republic, General Cavaignac, head of the executive since June 24th, and Prince Louis Napoleon Bonaparte. The latter was elected by an overwhelming majority. This despised adventurer, who had evoked the pity of his countrymen by his attempt on Strassburg in 1837, and their laughter by his expedition to Boulogne in 1842, had now planted his foot on the first step of the ladder leading to the throne.

We got without any serious contretemps to St. Malo, and thence by Plymouth returned to Lew.

Never, probably, did any King fall so lumpishly and was so little regretted as Louis Philippe. He was thought to be avaricious, and to treat his kingdom as a good speculation; he was not regarded as a man of principle, but as one ready to adopt any watchword that would suit the time, as one who courted the mob, which despised him; as one who used corruption without scruple; as one who adopted low means to attain mean ends.

But actually that which alienated the French people from him was that he did not strike their imagination. He was not picturesque. Possibly he may have fancied that he could impress the people as George III had done, by his simplicity as "Farmer George." But that is not what they wanted. They had been dazzled by Napoleon—and they desired some one at their head who could sparkle and flash. No home-spun sovereign for them !

NOTE ON THE NOBLESSE.

Mr. Nassau W. Senior in his *Conversations with Distinguished Persons*, 1880, gives words spoken to him by M. de Circourt, that are true still, as in 1862.

"There are about 3000 families in Paris, noble, or received as noble, and they are almost omnipotent in society. In 1789 there were about 220,000 persons in France *censés* to be noble. At least nine-tenths of these families perished in the Revolution and became extinct, or sank into poverty so abject as to be now unknown. In my country, Lorraine, there were then about 250 families of recognized nobility. In 1815 only eleven were left; now there are only six.

"The creations by Napoleon, by the Restoration, by Louis Philippe, and by *Celui-ci* (Napoleon III) have not been enough to affect much the number. If there are now in France 22,000 nobles, it is the maximum ; at three to a family, they form 7333 families, of whom about one-third or 2444, inhabit Paris."

And Prince Napoleon said : "There is no aristocracy except the aristocracy of office, which gives influence but no respect, and the small aristocracy of military and civil talent. Our officials, and generals, and orators, and *littérateurs*, are something while their office or their talent continues, but their influence is transient.

"As for titles, they are worth nothing, and birth—which has some little value in a few circles—is seldom authentic. Not one family in a hundred in the Faubourg has any right to the name which it bears."

CHAPTER IX

1849

THIS chapter shall be devoted largely to recollections of the customs, superstitions and legends with which I became acquainted at Lew in youth, nearly every one of which has now become a fancy of the past, the very memory of which has faded away.

A prevalent superstition when I was a child was that a flame from the churchyard would travel along the lanes to the house of one who was about to die and tarry there till death occurred, when two flames would go side by side to the graveyard. This same belief is, or was, very common in Wales, and well authenticated, or supposed to be well authenticated accounts of it exist.

One evening, the Rev. Dr. Bussell, late vice-principal of Brasenose, Oxford, was dining with me. After he had left, he returned in great perturbation, because, as he said, he had seen a bluish flame dancing above a grave in the churchyard. I advised him to go to his mother's house across the fields, and not pass again by the church, and this he accordingly did.

The following ballad I wrote, on the theme, but it is original, and not a traditional ballad. It was written to a beautiful and touching Devonshire air wedded to a very gross set of words.

"All under the stars, and beneath the green tree,
All over the sward, and along the cold lea
    A little blue flame
    A-fluttering came,
It came from the churchyard for you or for me.

I sit by the cradle, my baby's asleep,
And rocking the cradle, I wonder and weep,
    O! little blue light,
    In the dead of the night,
O! prithee, O! prithee, no nearer to creep.

Why follow the church-path, why steal you this way ?
Why halt in your journey, on threshold why stay ?
 Why flicker and flare ?
 Why dance up my stair ?
O ! I would, O ! I would, it were dawning of day.

All under the stars, and along the green lane,
Unslak'd by the dew, and unquench'd by the rain,
 Of little flames blue
 To the churchyard steal *two*,
The soul of my baby, now from me is ta'en."

When I began collecting West Country ballads and their tunes, I found that some of the most exquisite melodies were coupled to either foul or silly words. I made no scruple in such a case to write fresh words to the traditional tune, so as to save the latter from extinction. It may be remembered how that Lady Anne Barnard by this means rescued the tune of " Auld Robin Gray " from being lost for ever, because it was, as she heard it, knitted to filthy words. Mrs. Alison Cockburn wrote the words of " Flowers of the Forest " at the request of an old man who played to her the air of a forgotten ballad of the name.[1] Robert Burns was also the means of rescuing some of the finest Scottish melodies from extinction, which, but for him would have been dragged down to forgetfulness, as being coupled to words too foul for Christian ears to hear and Christian lips to utter.

There was an incredible amount of superstition among the people in the days when I was a child, and I heard such stories of ghosts, spectral flames, pixies and goblins, that it took me a good many years to clear my head of them. It is really wonderful how that all this superstition has been dissipated in recent years. I am not, however, quite sure that it is wholly gone ; only not mentioned.

I am going to fill up this chapter with reminiscences of odds and ends, as they occur to my memory.

Like Philto in the *Trinummus* I can say :

" Multa ego possum docta dicta et quamvis facunde loqui :
Historiam veterem atque antiquam haec mea senectus sustinat."
Act II, scene 2.

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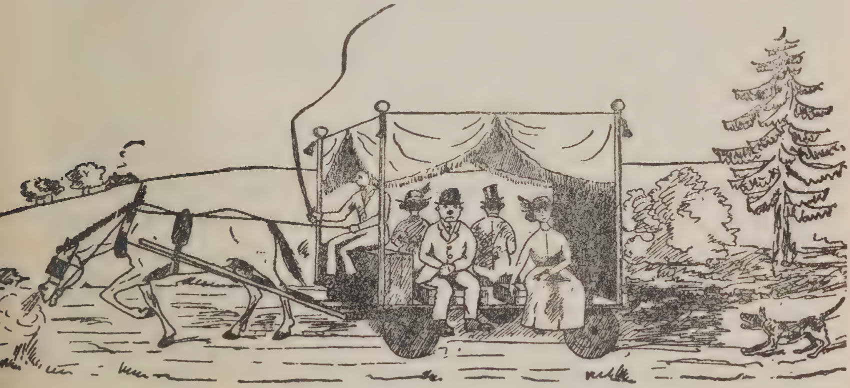
[1] He probably pretended that the verses were forgotten, as unfit for recitation to a lady.

In our rides about the neighbourhood we were generally in company with some of our cousins from the Rectory. But presently it became obvious to us that for picnic purposes we needed a four-wheeled conveyance. Accordingly we procured what is locally termed a *truckamuck*, i.e. a platform on four low wheels to sustain a barrel for watering the flower-beds. On this platform I placed and fastened three boxes, two long, and one short and higher than the others. The boxes were affixed at the edge of the platform, leaving a well or trough in the middle to contain provisions, a kettle and such other articles as we would be likely to need. Four posts at the corners sustained a top and back of bed ticking, and the front and sides were draped with blue curtains fringed with yellow, that could be let down and close up the conveyance, constituting of it a blue box. The occupants of this carriage sat back to back, with the trough between, their legs hanging out at the side. The driver was provided with a horn and a whip. Although, officially, the conveyance was called " The Baring," yet in the neighbourhood it went by the name of " The Runaway Bedstead." Unhappily for us, at the turnpikes we were charged a shilling, as much as would be levied on a carriage and pair. On passing through a village, the driver sounded his horn, when, in spite of the objurgations of the schoolmaster, the scholars dashed forth, breaking up their classes, and abandoning their desks and copy-books, to have a sight of the Runaway Bedstead as it passed the educational establishment.



One great inconvenience we sustained was from the dogs, which exhibited a marked disapproval of the conveyance, and a desire to try their teeth on the legs that dangled right and left. This obliged us to constitute one of my cousins as guard, to arm himself with stones, and to run about the " Baring," when passing a farm or village, to keep the brutes at bay.

Once or twice we got into trouble with farmers driving their gigs or dog-carts. Their horses took fright at our carriage and either bolted or upset the vehicle to which they were harnessed. On one occasion on driving along the Roman road over Lew Down we encountered Wombwell's Menagerie in vans, and an elephant marching before. On this occasion it was our pony that took fright, and bolting up the bank sent us all sprawling in the road. We did not observe that a panic took hold of the elephant at the sight of our conveyance.

The drawing of the load was exhausting work for the pony, and after an expedition it required extra feeds of corn, and two days' rest to recuperate; accordingly we usually had a second pony with us to relieve the other, when tokens of exhaustion of power became manifest in the beast between the shafts. As our tires were hoop-iron, they rapidly wore out and had to be repaired on every expedition, at least once.

The rising generation know nothing of one great nuisance wherewith their fathers and grandfathers were afflicted. I refer to the turnpikes. These were most ingeniously planted on the high roads to prevent their being ridden or driven over for any but two to three miles without the travellers being pulled up and a toll exacted. There were three between us and Tavistock, but two payments alone were demanded. The intermediate barrier might be passed in freedom on the production of a ticket from one of the other gates. The nuisance was very great at night and when it was raining, to have to dive with a sodden glove into a wet pocket to extract a moist purse, and therein to grope with chilled fingers for the sum demanded. Often, moreover, one did not possess the exact sum required, and one had to wait in cold, darkness and rain, till the toll-gate keeper had gone within to fetch the change. The condition of tolls was, as I well remember, much worse in Germany, and there, moreover, the roads were in bad order.

In England the toll-gate was let to the highest bidder, and the man who rented it had to stand the risk of loss by his bargain. But this encouraged him to overcharge when able, or to give wrong change ; especially was this possible at night. Although it flattered our vanity to be charged for the Runaway Bedstead the same as for a coach and four, because we had four wheels, we felt it a heavy drain on our pockets, that were not too well filled. We sought where possible, when riding, to evade the turnpike. This was manageable for certain distances, but no town could be entered without the exaction of a toll. There were old pack-horse lanes that could be utilized, but, as these were not kept in repair, it precluded galloping, cantering or trotting on them, and so deprived a ride of more than half the pleasure expected, and as to the Bedstead travelling on them, that was impossible.

After all, the exaction of tolls was more just than the present extortion of way-rates, for those paid who used the roads, and paid in proportion as they used them ; whereas by the rates many have to pay who have no conveyances, and trollies, and waggons charged with heavy burdens that tear roads to pieces pay no corresponding charge. Traction engines rip a newly metalled highway to pieces in a very short time.

About this time I began to collect the scraps of the old rood-screen and the oak bench-ends that had been turned out of the church by my grandfather when he revolutionized the interior in 1832 to make it spick and span for my Uncle Charles, on his appointment to the living. The screen had been wholly swept away, and the carved benches displaced to make room for deal pews, painted mustard-yellow, and a pulpit to match. Altar-cloth and pulpit-hangings were blue fringed with yellow, as being the family colours, and the carved oak ribs and bosses of the waggon-head roof of the north aisle were similarly painted. I found the benches, some piled up in the tower, some with scraps of the screen in the wood-house, to be used as fuel in the hall. I collected what I could, and I positively loved every fragment so recovered.

One evening late, our coachman came to the house in a nervous condition, and told my father that there was a bluish light in the church.

"Well," said my father, "here, hanging up, is the church key; go and see what it is."

"*I* go and see!" exclaimed Pengelly, staggering backwards. "I dursn't do it. What would Susan say?"

Susan was his wife.

So my father sent me. I confess to having felt nervous. I took the key and went to the church, the coachman hanging at a respectful distance behind. There, sure enough, was a faint light shining through the windows. I admit that my heart beat rather flutteringly as I ascended the avenue leading to the porch and when, looking over my shoulder, I saw Pengelly very leisurely and uncertainly mounting the steps at the churchyard gate. However, I turned the key in the lock, threw open the door and went in. Then the mystery was solved. My cousin Emily at the Rectory had been having a choir-practice that evening, and had forgotten to extinguish the candle at the organ. This had burnt down till now the flame was capering, blue in tinge, above the last drops of molten wax.

At that moment I looked back, and saw the face of Pengelly, ghastly with fear and with the light from the expiring candle, peering in at the church doorway—afraid to enter, till I gave the word that all was right.

But even then superstition was dying out. I scooped out a turnip, cut holes in it for eyes, nostrils and mouth, inserted a candle and put it on a flat grave-stone, and waited in concealment to ascertain what effect it would have on passers-by. Presently an old woman went past the churchyard gate, halted, looked at the illumined turnip, calmly mounted the graveyard steps, removed the candle, and threw the turnip over the hedge. "Pity to waste a candle," said she. I was disappointed with the result of my experiment on old women's nerves.

A remarkable expression employed by our Devon folk for the publication of the banns of marriage is "Throwing out of the pulpit." I never heard of banns being announced anywhere except from the reading-desk, after the Second Lesson, but possibly it may have been so done in Puritan times, when the pulpit was all-in-all, and when, as one learns from the correspondence of Dean Grenville, the Puritans, instead of visiting the sick, read out the Visitation Service from the pulpit to the hale congregation.

Singularly enough, in Sweden, the calling of banns is entitled "falling out of the pulpit." It was customary on the occasion of the final call to present the bridegroom with a crutch and stick. Charles XI wrote to Field-Marshal Aschelberg: "Your son fell out of the pulpit last Sunday. I think Count Gustaf will recover without the administration of either black draught or bolus, for the Frue Beata Thorstensson is the best plaster he can obtain to recover him of his bruises."[1]

There was a pew in front of the reading-desk at Lew reserved for women who desired to be churched.

One Sunday, two young and blooming females, strangers, entered this pew, entirely unconscious of the object for which it was reserved. My uncle, taking it for granted that one of them at least was a mother desiring to return thanks after a safe delivery in child-birth, proceeded to read the appropriate service. Great was their consternation when the clerk approached them with a pewter bowl for the customary offering. This led to an explanation by the two young women: "Us b'ain't mothers, nor us b'ain't married." "Don't foller," replied the clerk, and then: "Why did you go into the Churching pew?" "Us didn't know no better," was the reply of the blushing girls. The congregation listened with keener attention to the colloquy than they did to a sermon. "Then you ort," said the clerk sententiously. "But"—relaxing—"never you mind! Such purty maids as you be, blushin' as rose-buds, you'll be sure before long to get 'usbands, and then you'll want to be churched. So you can give thanks afore that takes place."

At the trial of Bishop Wren of Norwich, impeached before the Houses of Parliament in 1640 for "setting up idolatry and superstitious practices," among the twenty-four articles wherewith he was charged was one concerning the Churching Service. A Norwich tradesman being pursued down the street by a bull took refuge in a shop. He asked the bishop to be allowed to make a public act of thanksgiving for his escape. Wren adapted the Churching Service for the purpose, altering "safe delivery in child-birth" into "safe delivery from a bull." The unfortunate man had a sorry time of it after that in Norwich, being pointed out as the man who had been safely delivered *of* a bull.

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[1] The same expression "throwing out of the pulpit" is employed in the Catholic Churches of the Black Forest to describe calling of banns.

There was at first a west gallery in which was a barrel-organ that played four chants, of which the Grand Chant and Lord Mornington's were two, and half a dozen psalm tunes. We children also possessed a barrel-organ. One of the tunes was entitled "The Devil's Hop." My father changed the title to "De Ville's Hope."

In the adjoining village of Stowford a small organ had been installed, and an announcement was made to the parishes round that on the following Sunday the organ would be "opened." Accordingly a large congregation assembled. But when the voluntary was being played at the entry of the clergy the organ uttered a gasp and became silent. After some fumbling, and many whispers, the clerk stood forward and said: "This here is to give notice, that the entertainment with the orging is persponed to next Sunday, as her bellies (bellows) be bust."

I can recall an occasion on which, before the sermon, a stranger stood up and announced: "I be here to collect one 'undred fourpenny bits, from six parishes; for and becos my darter her has eppepilickstick fits." And he stood in the porch, the service ended, with his hat extended collecting the offerings.

As a very little fellow I was given Butler's *Analogy*, with injunctions to cut the pages with an ivory paper-knife during the Sermon. I did half of the book, and on the following Sunday before going to church, asked to be allowed *Butterflies' Agony* that I might finish what I had begun on the previous Lord's Day. Usually I was supplied with a volume of Sir William Jardine's *Naturalist's Library* with its coloured plates, to engage my attention and check restlessness whilst the parson prosed from the pulpit. When I had gone through the volumes of Birds, Moths and Butterflies, there remained one on Monkeys. "But," said my mother, "we must draw the line somewhere, and we will draw it at Apes." So, to my regret, the volume was taken away. But when Christmas Day arrived, as that was *not* a Sunday, I was suffered to take the book and peruse the portraits of ourang-outang, chimpanzee, gibbon and baboon, without risk of Sabbath-breaking.

I fear that I was a bad-tempered urchin in early days. On one occasion for some misdemeanour or other I was shut into the small parlour. After a period of screams and howls ensued a tract of silence. My mother said to her sister, "You may depend upon it, he is after some mischief."

They opened the door and found that I was actively engaged in tearing down the wall-paper as far as I could reach.

Nor was I sympathetic, nor particularly reverential. One day, when we were at Bratton my father drove my mother over to Lew House to see his mother and father; and I was seated at their feet in the gig. In descending Lew Hill, the horse trod on a rolling stone and fell. Thereupon my father and mother shot like a pair of rockets over my head and the splash-board and fell into the road. I burst out laughing. My father was very angry with me, and my mother looked distressed. When reproached, I said:

"I could not help it, you both looked like rooks taking flight from a field where you had been feeding."

"You bad, unprincipled boy," said my father wrathfully, "we might both have broken our necks."

"Oh, then I should have cried and not laughed."

"But, my dear," put in my mother, "it was so rude of you to say we were like rooks."

"I love rooks," I said.

I have gone back many years. At the time when this accident occurred I was but five or six years old.

Just fifty years after this I was driving my wife down the same hill in a dog-cart, when I told her this story. I had hardly concluded, when—bother it!—at the same place down went the horse, and I shot out.

No bones were broken, but the knees of my trousers were horribly lacerated. None who have not formed such an attachment can comprehend how lovable an old pair of trousers may be to one. As I was contemplating the rents, I heard my wife laugh, and I looked up half-reproachfully, half-angrily.

"You really looked like an old crow taking flight," said she mischievously. But, observing that I was not placated, with one of her pleasant smiles, she added: "I love an old crow."

There were sights and sounds of country life at this period that have passed away, never to return. One of the sounds was the whetting of the mower's scythe. Often on a June morning when I was in bed, I could hear the swish of the scythe through the dewy grass, followed presently by the musical note produced by the whetstone and the blade, as the whetstone was drawn along the latter and made it vibrate. Now the lawn-mower with its mechanical rattle has usurped their place.

A happy, joyous time again was the hay-making. The village girls and lads turned out to toss the hay, and their voices rang in merry laughter, and in snatches of song. A favourite joke it was for a lad to " make sweet hay " with his favourite wench. This consisted in his twisting a rope of grass, suddenly flinging it over her shoulders, and drawing it to him with her head, till he could kiss her cheek. Of course there were struggles and exclamations and laughter.

There was a pretty song sung to a rugged early melody concerning hay-making.

" The golden sun is shining bright,
  The dew is off the field :
To us it is our main delight,
  The fork and rake to wield.
The pipe and tabor both shall play,
  The viols loudly ring,
From morn till eve each summer day,
  As we go hay-making.

As we, my boys, hay-making go,
  All in the month of June.
Both Tom and Bet, and Jess and Joe
  Their happy hearts in tune.
O up come lusty Jack and Will,
  With pitchfork and with rake,
And up come dainty Doll and Jill
  The sweet, sweet hay to make.

O when the haysel all is done ,
  Then in the arish grass,
The lads will have their full of fun,
  Each dancing with his lass.
The good old farmer and his wife
  Shall bring the best of cheer,
I would it were, aye, odds my life !
  Hay-making all the year."

Now, alas, that is at an end, banished by hay-tossing and hay-raking machinery!

A sound rarely heard now is that of the flail with its rhythmic throb on the thrashing floor. It is now only to be heard when some "reed" is being thrashed for thatching. The grain at this day is driven out of the husks by a steam thrashing machine.

I suppose the plough-boy still sings or whistles when driving his team, but I do not hear him now. It was otherwise formerly; and our folk-songs abound in plough-boy ballads.

A pretty little lay of the plough-boy was sung to me by Samuel Gilbert, who for fifty-two years had been landlord of the Falcon Inn at Mawgan; he was aged eighty-one in 1891. But I got the same song from J. Old at S. Eval, from John Dingle, Coryton, and from R. Hard at South Brent.

> "The lark in the morning awakes from her nest,
> She mounts the white air with the dew on her breast.
> O! the lark and the plough-boy together they can sing,
> She returns to her nest in the ev-en-ing.
>
> One morning she mounted so high and so high
> She lookéd around her, and at the dark sky.
> In the morn she was singing, and this was her lay,
> There's no life like the plough-boy's in the sweet month of May.
>
> When the day's work is over that he hath to do,
> O! then to a fair or a wake will he go.
> And then will he whistle, and then will he sing,
> And thence to his fair love a ribbon will bring.
>
> Good luck to the plough-boy, wherever he be,
> He'll take a sweet maiden to sit on his knee.
> He will drink the brown beer, he will whistle and sing,
> O! the plough-boy's more happy than Noble or King."

A curious custom now entirely lost was the "Crying a neck." At harvest time the reapers left one portion to the last.

Mrs. Bray in her *Borders of the Tamar and the Tavy*, writing to Robert Southey on June 9, 1832, said: "One evening, about the end of harvest, I was riding out on my pony, attended by a servant who was a born and bred Devonian. We were passing near a field on the borders of Dartmoor, where the reapers were assembled. In a moment the pony started nearly from one side of the way to the other, so sudden came a shout from the field which gave him this alarm. On my stopping to ask my servant what all that noise was about, he seemed surprised by the question, and said 'It was only the people making their games, as they always did to the *Spirit of the harvest*.' Such a reply was quite sufficient to induce me to stop, as I felt certain here was to be observed some curious vestige of a most ancient superstition; and I soon gathered all the information I could wish to obtain upon the subject. The offering to the 'Spirit of the harvest' is thus made.

"When the reaping is finished, toward evening the labourers select some of the best ears of corn from the sheaves; these they tie together, and it is called the nack. Sometimes, as it was when I witnessed the custom, this nack is decorated with flowers, twisted in with the reed, which gives it a gay and fantastic appearance. The reapers then proceed to a high place (such, in fact, was the field on the side of a steep hill where I saw them) and there they go, to use their own words, to 'holla the nack.' The man who bears this offering stands in the midst, elevates it, whilst all the other labourers form themselves into a circle about him; each holds aloft his hook, and in a moment they all shout, as loud as they possibly can, these words, which I spell as I heard them pronounced, 'Arnack, arnack, arnack, we*ha*ven, we*ha*ven, we*h*aven.' This is repeated three several times; and the firkin is handed round between each shout, by way, I conclude, of libation.[1] When the weather is fine, different parties of reapers, each stationed on some height, may be heard for miles round, shouting, as it were, in answer to each other."

I shall fill up this chapter with some stories of Old Madam both in this life and out of it.

Margaret Belfield was married to William Drake Gould in 1740.

William Drake Gould was aged sixteen when he lost his father; he was but eight years old when his mother died. Unlike his father, Henry Gould, who also came into the property as a boy,

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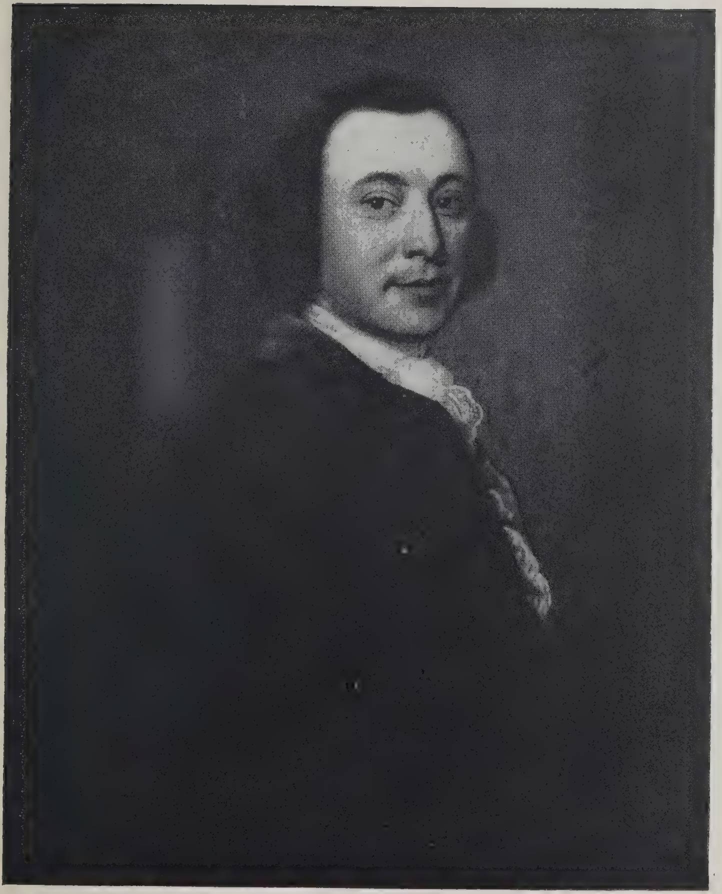
[1] In Bavaria the same procedure is followed, but the last sheaf is raised on high with the shout "An Oswald!" Oswald or Aswald was an old name for Odin.



WILLIAM DRAKE GOULD
1751

he did not become extravagant and reckless. He was a very quiet, sensible and well-conducted man.

To him Edward Gould, the last of the elder branch at Staverton, left his estates by will in 1736, when he was but seventeen. It was whilst at Pridhamsleigh in Staverton that he made the acquaintance of Margaret Belfield, daughter of John Belfield, serjeant-at-law. She was eight years older than himself, but a beautiful woman. He died at Lew Trenchard in 1766. The portraits of himself and of her were painted by Hudson in 1761. Sir Joshua Reynolds in his notebook records how that she sat to him for her portrait, and when and what he was paid. But this picture has passed away from the family, and cannot be traced.

She had but two children, Edward and Margaret. Edward was a great scamp and got rid of the Staverton property. Happily, he died unmarried. Old Madam then resolved to do her best to recover the estate, and for this purpose she took farm after farm in the parish into her own hands, farmed it, and succeeded so well that when the family of Wood of Orchard fell into difficulties, she bought their estate and said: "Now I can die happy, I have got the Wood's out of the parish." She bought Orchard in 1790.

When she had received her rents, she filled her saddle-bags, mounted a horse, bade a manservant ride on another horse, with a couple of holster pistols, and went up thus to Exeter to deposit the money in the bank.

One day she was riding on the Exeter road, when she was overtaken by the carriage of Mr. Harris of Hayne. Both stopped, and she inquired whither Mr. Harris was bound.

"To Exeter," he replied.

"I will ride there with you," she said.

On the way Mr. Harris inquired of her what she was conveying in her saddle-bags.

"Money," she replied. "I am taking all my rents to the bank."

"Good God, Madam, are you not afraid of highwaymen?"

"They have more reason to be afraid of me than I of them," she replied, pulling forth a loaded pistol.

She was often heard to say, extending her skirt, that her son Edward had cost her as much gold as she could carry in her lap.

The old rector, Mr. Elford, did not live at the Parsonage at Lew, but in Tavistock, whence he rode over on Saturday, slept and had his meals at the house, and returned on the Monday. The Bishop remonstrated with him for non-residence.

" My Lord," said he, " how can I live in a place where there is no barber to curl my wig ? "

That was satisfactory, and residence was no further pressed.

On one occasion, when visited by her granddaughters, Lady Northcote and Lady Young, they found the old lady on the top of a hay-rick. She came down to them, looked them over from head to foot, and exclaimed :

" What do you mean, coming into the country and our miry lanes, with gloves on your feet ? "

Madam Gould had a famous black bull. The Duke of Bedford sent over repeatedly offering a large sum for it. But no —she would not part with it. Then the Duke sent : " Tell Madam that if she will sell me the black bull, I will ride full gallop down Lew Hill without saddle and bridle, and with my hands in my pockets.

That hill-road is now abandoned to become a pathway. It is a break-neck descent. She was so pleased with his offer, that she sent the bull to his Grace as a present.

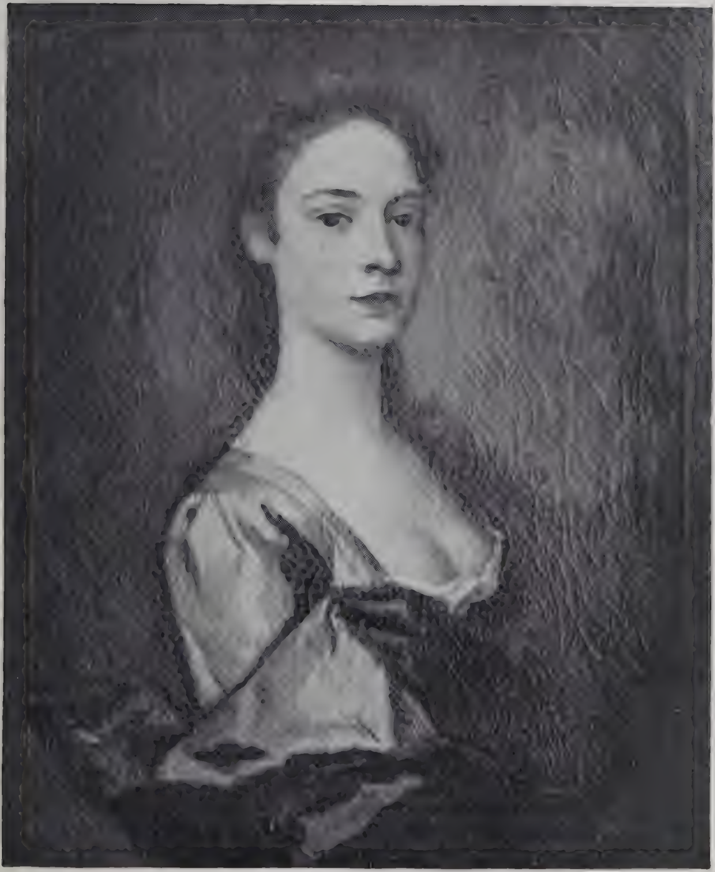
A burglar and his crew were about and managed to get into houses by descending the chimneys. She had iron bars put across the hall chimney, with spikes upwards, that the man descending rapidly might impale himself thereon, should he attempt that mode of ingress. For the other chimneys she had sheet-iron extinguishers made to be put up the chimneys inverted. Should a burglar descend into one of these with his own weight he would bring it down.

" Then," said Old Madam, " all we will have to do is to invert the extinguisher and hold the man down till the constable comes."

" But," said the footman, " like that, the rogue will be imprisoned heels over head."

" So much the worse for him," replied Madam. " If a man puts himself in a difficult position, he must take the consequences, and remain heels over head."

The contrivance for the hall chimney I removed, and it is still preserved in the house.



MARGARET GOULD (NÉE BELFIELD)

In church, Old Madam and the clerk were the only members of the congregation who could read. So, when a psalm was given out, the clerk said: "Let Madam and I sing to the praise and glory of God."

In church she would stand up, look round and see who were there, and take account of those who were absent. The absentees were sure to hear of it in the week from her.

When Old Madam retired for the night, the footman stood at the bottom of the staircase with an apple and a glass of water on a salver.

She died in her high-backed chair, refusing to be put to bed, like Queen Elizabeth, on the 10th April, 1795. A groom was at once sent to Courtlands for her daughter, Margaret Baring, and she returned with him to Lew, sitting on a pillion behind him. The strap that a groom wears to this day about his waist is a relic of the pillion-days and was provided so that the lady behind him should hold on to him by it. Charles Baring did not attend the funeral.

We had, when I was a youth, a servant in the house, Maria Hierne, who had heard many tales of Old Madam from her grandfather. As a boy I had talks with an old Betsy Baker who remembered her.

When Madam died, the shutters of the house flew open, and the hind who was in the kitchen, thinking there must be burglars breaking in, ran forth, when he saw Madam Gould standing by the walnut tree at the back of the house.

One cold day Madam was out and nearly frozen. She saw workmen engaged on the farm and pitied them. She went in and told the cook to heat them a jorum of cider. Then she sat in her winter fur coat by the fire, gradually became warm, then very hot. "God bless me!" she said. "The weather has changed. Tell the cook not to heat the cider. Let the men have it cold."

In those days, according to Maria Hierne, whose married name later was Beere, the women came to church with folded bright-coloured aprons in their hands, as then peasant women did not wear bonnets or hats. These aprons they put over their heads in the porch, and tied them under their chins.

I have not given, as yet, stories of Edward Gould, but I subjoin a few.

The late John Perry had several tales of him. The Perrys lived at Staverton at the time. John Perry of Priestaford said: " Edward Gould lived at Pridhamsleigh with an old housekeeper. He was a bachelor, and in his younger days had served with distinction in a cavalry regiment in the wars against the French. He was subject to fits of ungovernable passion, which at times took the form of foolhardy bravery. As an instance, in one of the battles in the Low Countries he dashed suddenly into the enemy's lines, seized the regimental colours, cutting down the ensign who bore them. He then cut his way through the astonished enemy, and brought the trophy back in safety, to receive high commendation from his General."

I have heard another version of the incident. According to this he put his glove under the collar of his favourite dog and swore to follow it whither it led. The dog dashed into the enemy's lines and was killed at the feet of the ensign. Edward cut down the man, recovered his glove and returned with the flag.

John Perry continued :

" When he retired from the army, he had the shoes removed from his famous white charger, and allowed it to end its days in peace and plenty, roaming at large in the Pridhamsleigh meadows. It is reported that on one occasion a gipsy passing in the road saw the old horse, and called at the house, where he found the master sitting by the kitchen fire.

" ' What's your business, my man ? ' asked Edward Gould.

" ' Oh,' replied the gipsy, ' I've zeed an old 'ors in the mead down there. If 'tis yours, I'll give ee a pound a leg for un. 'Tis as much as 'tis worth, I assure you.'

" ' Susan ! ' shouted Edward Gould to his housekeeper, ' Bring me my horse-pistol at once. I'll load it to three fingers, and shoot the rascal ; he has insulted me by offering a pound a leg for my charger.'

" The gipsy saw the passion rising in Gould's eyes, and took to his heels, chased by Edward Gould, pistol in hand, through the meadows. He was in one of his tantrums, and would certainly have shot the gipsy if he had got up with him."

This was taken down from John Perry by the Rev. J. B. Hughes, Vicar of Staverton.

One day the bailiffs came into the house at Pridhamsleigh, to arrest him for debt. They found him seated on a keg, with a pistol in his hand.

"See here," said Edward, "this barrel contains gunpowder, and is full. Unless you clear out of this house in two minutes, I will discharge my pistol into it, and blow you and myself to the devil, and d—— me if I care."

One of Edward's achievements was to throw down a guinea on the ground, and then, galloping past as hard as his horse could go, swing himself round head downwards, pick up the guinea and recover his seat. He is said to have taught Astley, who was in his company, to perform sundry daring feats on horseback, and Astley afterwards became the head and proprietor of the Royal Amphitheatre, London.

One day a sturdy beggar came to the door at Lew and whined for charity in food and money. "You shall have some," said Edward. "Food and drink you shall have, but you must eat the meat and lap the ale like a dog." He drew him within, presented a pistol to his ear, forced him to kneel down, and then bound his hands behind his back, in spite of the fellow's struggles. He then called for a dish of broken meat and a soup plate full of ale, and obliged the man literally to eat the meat and lap the ale on the floor, like a dog, while kneeling.

One day he saw a poor woman with her babe. He went up to her and said: "I will give you ten guineas for that child," and he pulled the gold out of his pocket. After some demur the woman accepted the money. Then Edward strode off and strapped the babe to the top of a gate-post. Next he measured twenty paces, and levelled the pistol at the child. The woman rushed at him and struck the pistol up.

"What be you firing at my babe for?" she asked.

"It is not yours any more. It is mine. I bought it, and am going to put a bullet into its mouth to stop the squealing."

The woman threw the guineas down, ran to her infant, unbound and carried it off.

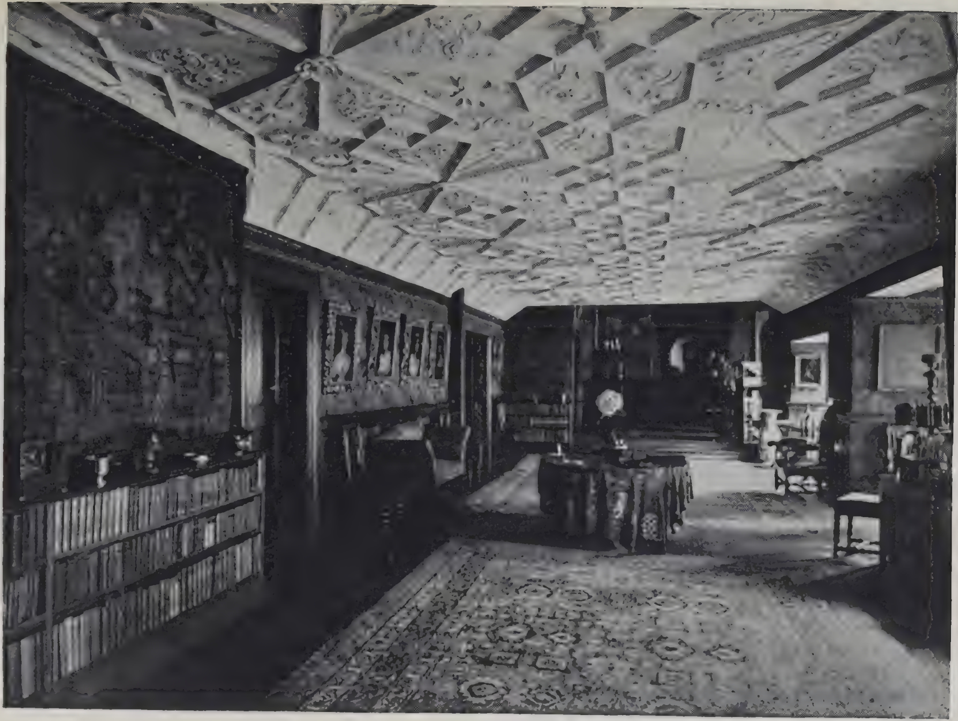
I may now give some of the ghost stories relative to Old Madam picked up by me as a boy, and happily written down by me as received.

There is a long corridor extending upstairs from the main staircase at the west end to the secondary flight at the east end. Along this a White Lady has been supposed to walk at night.

Murray in his *Handbook of Devon* says: " N.W. of Lydford is Lew Trenchard, so named from the family which at one time held it; but before the close of the seventeenth century it became the property of the Goulds, an ancient race which is honoured by the attendance of a true ' White Lady.' This is held to be the spirit of a certain Madam Gould; but she appears always in white, with long hair, and sparkling as if covered with water drops. She haunts the avenue of the old house, and was often seen in a long gallery which has been pulled down." There are several inaccuracies in this account. We came into the property at the beginning, not before the close of the seventeenth century; and the gallery has not been pulled down; it was divided up into three bedrooms by my father, but is now restored to its original condition.

My mother has often told me how she had heard the steps at night, as though proceeding from high-heeled shoes, walking slowly along the corridor; and, thinking it might be my father coming to bed, she has opened the door to admit him, but on looking out, she has seen the light through the windows illumining the gallery down which she heard the measured tread, but could discern no person. On one occasion she followed these steps. They led into a room at the western extremity, which is now the boudoir, but saw no one.

My sister frequently expressed her desire to hear the steps of the spectral lady, and was disappointed though she sat up on purpose. One summer night, however, she was sitting in her room, with window and door open, writing a letter, and thinking of anything but the Old Madam, when she heard steps along the corridor. At the moment she thought it must be my father, and she rose, took up her candle and went to the door to speak to him, as she supposed he would scold her for sitting up so late. To her surprise she saw no one, but the steps passed her, and went on into the lumber-room, now boudoir. Being a resolute and courageous young lady, she followed the sound into the room, but could see no one. She also opened the only other door beyond her own and which gave admittance to one of the servants'



THE GALLERY, LEW TRENCHARD

apartments, to ascertain whether the noise could have proceeded thence ; but found the two maids fast asleep.

RATS—that is my explanation of the tread along the gallery.

Barbara, now Mrs. L. F. Burnard, used to say as a child that she often saw a lady in *blue*, who would visit the nursery, stoop over her, look at her, and sometimes sit beside her bed.

When Diana, now Mrs. H. M. Batten, was dangerously ill, we had a trained nurse to attend her. One night the nurse had dozed off, when a tap came at the door, and a female voice said : " It is time for her to have her medicine." The nurse started up, ran to the door and opened it. No one was there, and my wife had not gone to warn the nurse. Another servant, doubtless.

When little Beatrice was ill, cutting teeth and with whooping-cough, I did not think that the nurse-girl was sufficiently alert to attend to her, and so advised my wife to go into the bedroom, and sleep with Beatrice. I was then in the room in which Old Madam died, above the drawing-room. I was awoke about the middle of the night by my wife, who came in and said : " I cannot sleep. I hear people tramping, carrying something down the stairs."

I sat up and argued with her. It was a windy night, and the noise might be caused by the gale. As I was speaking there sounded three heavy strokes as if made by a clenched fist against the partition between the bedroom and the dressing-room.

" It is only the starting of the timber," said I, and I induced my wife to go back to her bed.

Next day, so little did we think that Beatrice was in a serious condition, that we went off to make a call in Launceston. On our return I was sitting in the drawing-room, and my wife fetched the child, who was dressed, and took her down into the library. I heard a cry, and ran in, and found that the child had died on her mother's knees. Her coffin was carried down the staircase, as my wife had heard on the night before her death.

In 1918, the last year of the war, my youngest daughter, Mrs. Calmady-Hamlyn, with her two children and a couple of nurses came to live with me at Lew, as her husband was in Palestine and Syria. Both nurses gave notice. They had been frightened by seeing a female form at night walking in the nursery, and stooping over the beds of the children. After that she engaged a superior Swiss nurse, who saw nothing—not being able to hear the tales of the *revenant* told by the other domestics.

Mrs. Sperling, now of Coombe Trenchard, which was the old rectory, had her brother staying with her, Alister Grant, son of the Hon. A. Grant of Grant. He did much fishing in Lew water. We had then a very pretty governess, Miss Wilson, and Alister Grant was much smitten with her. One night he went to Lew Mill to see how the pheasants were getting on, that the keeper was rearing, and sat on chatting with the keeper till late. As he returned along the road at the rear of the Avenue, parallel with it, and the moon was full, he saw a figure of a woman in white or grey, he could not say which, walking in the Avenue. Thinking it might be Miss Wilson, he leaned over the low wall, and spoke to her : but the figure passed on between the boles of the trees. He spoke again—but there was no answer. Then it occurred to him that we were away at Bude, and that Miss Wilson was also away for her holiday. He became frightened, and ran as fast as his legs could carry him, till he had passed Lew House. He knew well enough that not one of our servants would venture to walk in the Avenue at night.

In 1877, a friend of mine, Mr. Keeling, a solicitor at Colchester, was staying with me at Lew. He was sitting one evening in the settle, and I in the arm-chair opposite him, in the hall. It was night and late. All at once we heard a sound as of steps issuing from the door into what is now the ballroom, behind the settle, walking the length of the hall, with a dragging sound as of a trailing silk or satin dress. We both heard it. Keeling sprang to his feet and exclaimed : "Good God ! what is that ?" I remained standing, for I also had risen, and thinking that possibly a drift of rain had swept the window, I ran to the door, opened it and looked out at the pavement before the window ; it was perfectly dry.

On the confines of Orchard is a gloomy valley, called the Deep Way, through which trickles a rill of water, under the shadow of a plantation and wood. The Bratton-Clovelly road plunges into it—it is the ancient Via Regia—crosses a little bridge, and scrambles up the opposite side through the gloom of the overhanging trees. The gradient recently has been reduced by cutting down the hill and raising the road over the stream. On the side of the highway is an old mine-shaft, formerly some seven feet above the road, now level with it, and filled up. It is, or rather was, confidently asserted by Lew and Bratton people that on dark nights Madam Gould was to be seen, dressed in white, standing by the side of the stream, and that she stooped and took up handfuls of water, which she allowed to trickle down in sparkling drops through her fingers. Sometimes she combed her long flowing hair with a silver comb; and many a Bratton man, *returning from market*, has seen her and has been nearly frightened out of his wits by her.

In 1864, my wife and I drove over, by invitation, to have a high tea with the rector of Bratton, Rev. E. Seymour and his wife and family. There was some difficulty about the meal, and Mrs. Seymour had to apologize. Her cook had struck. She said that she would neither boil the kettle nor cook anything for us, as Old Madam had been the cause of her brother breaking his leg. As he was returning from Tavistock at night he had seen Old Madam at the mouth of the mine-shaft, all in white; and in his alarm, he had scrambled over the opposite hedge and had fallen and broken his leg. *Nota bene.*—There are two public-houses between Tavistock and Lew Down; till recently there were *three*.

A young man, named Symonds, living at Holdstrong, but who had kinsfolk at Galford, left home for America during Madam Gould's life. After some years he returned, and hiring a horse at Tavistock he rode to Galford. It was a clear, moonlight night, and as he rode through the Lew valley he noticed to the left of the road a newly ploughed field, in which a plough was standing. On this was seated a lady in white satin, with long hair floating over her shoulders. Her face was uplifted and her eyes directed towards the moon, so that Mr. Symonds had a full view of it. He recognized her at once, and taking off his hat called out, "I wish you a very good night, Madam."

She bowed in return, and waved her hand. The man noticed the sparkle of her diamond rings as she did so. "She wears her years marvellously," thought Mr. Symonds.

On reaching Galford, after the first greetings and congratulations, he said to his relatives: "What do you think? I have seen that strange Madam Gould sitting on a plough, this time of night, looking at the moon."

All who heard him stared, and a blank expression passed over their countenances.

"Madam," said they, "was buried seven days ago in Lew Church."

I heard this story from Mr. Symonds of Holdstrong, and it was confirmed by those at Galford.

Now the moon set about 2.44 a.m. on April 29th, and it was at its highest about half-past seven p.m. on April 28th, 1795, which was Tuesday after the 3rd Sunday after Easter.[1]

Mr. Symonds of Holdstrong was wont to affirm that the old Madam walked nightly between Galford and Warson over Galford Down, passing through Holdstrong farm, by the old Church path and beside a Dew pond on the down. Symonds said that he had never actually seen her, but that over and over again he had heard the rustle of her garments as she passed him. She had been seen by some of the men at Galford standing beside the Dew pond for a moment and then sweep on her way. Doubtless the fog that gathers over the water and replenishes the pool.

An old woman who entered the orchard, seeing the trees laden with apples, shook some down and filled her pockets, keeping one in hand to eat. She turned to the gate into the road, but suddenly there flashed before her in the way the figure of Old Madam in white, pointing to the apple. The poor woman, in an agony of terror, cast it away and fled across the orchard to another exit, a gap, where a slate slab formed a bridge across the stream; but the moment she reached it, the figure of the White Lady appeared standing before the bridge, looking at her sternly and pointing to her pocket. It was not till the old goody—but she was a girl then—had emptied it of the stolen apples, that the spectre vanished. This woman I knew: her name was Patience Kite, and she often told me the story, and assured me of its truth.

A carpenter who was employed to effect the alteration of Lew Church in 1832 worked late; he was alone, and before leaving one evening, out of curiosity, opened the vault or grave in the church, in which had been laid William Drake Gould and his lady.

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[1] On April 28th the moon was seven days old and set at 1.35 a.m. next day approximately.

Finding the lady's coffin-lid loose, he proceeded to raise it that he might take a look at the redoubted Madam. Immediately she opened her eyes, sat up and rose to her feet. The carpenter, who was an elderly man, frightened out of his wits, ran from the church, which was filled with light from the risen lady. As the man darted down the churchyard avenue, he turned his head back, and over his shoulder saw her gleaming in the porch and preparing to sail down the path after him. He lived in the Dower House—or rather in part of it, at Lew Mill, and the road passes nearly all the way through woods. He ran as he had never run before, and as he ran, so he told me, his shadow went before him, cast by the light that shone from the spectral lady that followed him. On reaching his house, he burst the door open and dashed into the bed beside his wife, who was infirm and bedridden. Both of them saw the figure standing in the doorway, and the light from it was so intense that, to use the old woman's words, she could have seen a pin lying on the floor.

We gave a ball on the occasion of my second daughter, Margaret's coming out. When callers came after the ball, several of them asked who was that strange lady in a dark dress with lace, and grey hair, whom they had seen, who spoke to no one, and was addressed by no one. One gentleman said that he saw her standing under the portrait of Margaret Belfield, and he was struck with the resemblance, though the strange lady was older. The likeness was so great that he thought the lady must be a relation.

There was no old lady at the ball.

A friend of mine, R. Twigge, was staying with me, and one evening he came down dressed for dinner, and opened the side door into the drawing-room, when he was surprised to see in the arm-chair with his back to him an old gentleman with either a white wig or with powdered hair, and opposite him an elderly lady in satin. He drew back surprised, and went round through the dining-room, and asked who those persons were in the drawing-room. I went at once in through the door into the hall, and found that the room was empty. The two figures were seen occupying the seats on opposite sides of the fire-place where once sat Parson Elford and Old Madam Gould on Saturday and Sunday evenings.

My own impression is that there has been a transfer of the

White Lady from Susanna Gould to Madam Gould. On 19th March, 1729, Peter Truscott, Gent., of Lew Trenchard, son of the rector, John Truscott, married Susanna, daughter of Henry Gould of Lew Trenchard and Elizabeth his wife. There had been differences between the squire and the rector, political, I believe, as Henry was a strong Jacobite and Truscott was a Whig. Henry Gould strongly disliked the idea of this marriage, and it was probably due to trouble consequent on this that Susanna on her way back from the church to the house dropped down dead—in her bridal white—and was buried on March 23rd. She had been forgotten, and the spectral form was transferred to Old Madam, who had no real claim to be seen in white.

When Parson Elford was too feeble to come over to Lew, he engaged one Caddy Thomas to be his curate. He lived at the old rectory that was no better than a cottage, with a man called Adams and his wife in the kitchen to manage for him. He had a pupil with whom he was often quarrelling and came to blows. One day Adams heard screams of rage and blows in the library, and rushed in to find that Caddy Thomas had knocked the pupil down, and had him on the ground, and was pounding his head with his clasp-knife handle. Adams threw himself between them, wrenched the curate away and locked him into the study, carried off the pupil, locked him into his bedroom, went to the stables, saddled two horses and then brought forth the pupil, mounted him on one horse, mounted himself on the other, and rode away with him to his relatives. I heard the story from the son of old Adams, who has been in my service, a most faithful and conscientious and loyal servant.

Judge what was the spiritual condition of the place.

I regret to mention the loss of our parish-stocks. I am of opinion that the last place in Devon, perhaps in England, where they were employed was in Lew parish.

There was in our choir at one time a youth whose Christian name was Samuel. He had a very curly head of hair, of which he was vastly proud, and which he anointed with oil and bergamot every Lord's Day, so that it perfumed the whole music gallery. There was also in the parish and in the choir a mischievous lad named Roberts, who was fond of playing practical jokes. One Sunday, at the moment in the afternoon service when the prayer

" Lighten our darkness " was being said, the church was suddenly illumined by a blaze from the head of Samuel. The other had struck a match and had set it on fire. It burnt like a torch. Happily the blacksmith, who was also in the choir, threw his great coat over Samuel's head, extinguished the flame, but held the head so muffled in the thick coat as almost to suffocate the boy.

The culprit was let off with a reprimand. Later he played another prank. He was in the belfry while the ringers were practising, among whom was he, and so also was Samuel. In the midst of a peal he suddenly and unexpectedly made a loop of his rope and flung it round Samuel's neck. The result was that the young ringer was carried up to the floor above, bumped his head against it, and, providentially, was caught as he descended and the bell-rope arrested by a strong hand, before it could carry Samuel again aloft.

How it was that the lad's neck was not dislocated, nor his skull broken, was a marvel to the whole parish. It was, however, concluded, that Samuel was as stiff-necked as a Jew, and so escaped, and also had a head as thick as a skittle-ball, and that had also served to protect him from fatal consequences. Again did Roberts escape with a reprimand, and a warning that any further practical joke would entail severe punishment.

Roberts, however, was irrepressible. One evening he was drinking at the inn on Lew Down along with a mate called Reed. Whether in joke or in earnest I cannot say, but a quarrel ensued about this man's name. When they left the inn, Roberts flung his comrade over the hedge into a field, and having got possession of a flail, swore he would thrash all the barley-corn out of Reed. Now in this part of Devon, *reed* is straw that has been thrashed out carefully so as not to break the stalks, in order that it may be employed in thatching. Whether it was in flinging Reed over the hedge, or in the thrashing, I cannot say, but Roberts broke Reed's leg.

This was too much of a joke to be overlooked. He was sentenced to sit in the stocks for so many hours.

The sentence was executed. But the culprit was so treated with cider and Devonshire cream that his stomach was upset, with disastrous results.

My father was not at home at the time, and when he did return to Lew he was so incensed at what had been done that he had the stocks broken up and thrown over the hedge into a ditch behind the churchyard on the north side. Many years after I sought there in hopes of recovering the stocks, but what remained of them had rotted. I may add that the execution of the sentence took place in the graveyard, which was crowded with villagers who generally sympathized with the culprit, and who had no great regard for Samuel with his thick skull and stiff neck, nor with Reed, who belonged to another parish.

Roberts went into the army, and I heard no more of him for many years till he returned to live on his pension upon Lew Down, but not in Lew parish, and there he died.

I am bound to apologize for this chapter of early reminiscences.

In January, 1923, I shall enter upon my 90th year.

If now I recall days long past, customs and superstitions now forgotten, I must be excused. The memory of remote days is precious to the old man, and should he disregard the fact that what interests him may not at the present day interest others pardon must be extended to him. The recollection of early days is like the sounding in the night hours of some old tune heard many years ago, not heard since, gladdening the spirit and bringing tears, if not into the eyes, yet into the chalice of the heart.

CHAPTER X

1850

ON October 11, 1849, we again left England for Pau. The reason given was the weakness of my lungs that continued, or was supposed to continue. Actually, the thought of quitting Devonshire for the sunny South jumped with my father's wishes. He could not endure the prospect of a winter at Lew. We had few neighbours, and such as we had my father did not relish. Although passionately fond of horses, he did not hunt, and he was no sportsman with his gun. The neighbouring squirarchy were all hunters, sportsmen and magistrates, and the conversation over the port wine when the ladies had withdrawn turned on runs and shoots and on petty-sessional affairs. The clergy were still duller. They talked of old Betty's cough, and the legs of Polly that ran, or rather had sores in them that ran. Moreover, the roads were bad, so that going out to dinner was almost impossible in winter. In its place was instituted "High Tea" in the afternoon—the table spread with meat, cakes, tart, cream, coffee and wines on the sideboard. By this institution it was possible to struggle through the dreary months from November to the end of March, by this means getting home before dark. But it was a struggle for all that. My father could expect to find more congenial society abroad, and more accessible; it was something indeed to escape from gloomy skies and raw and damp air.

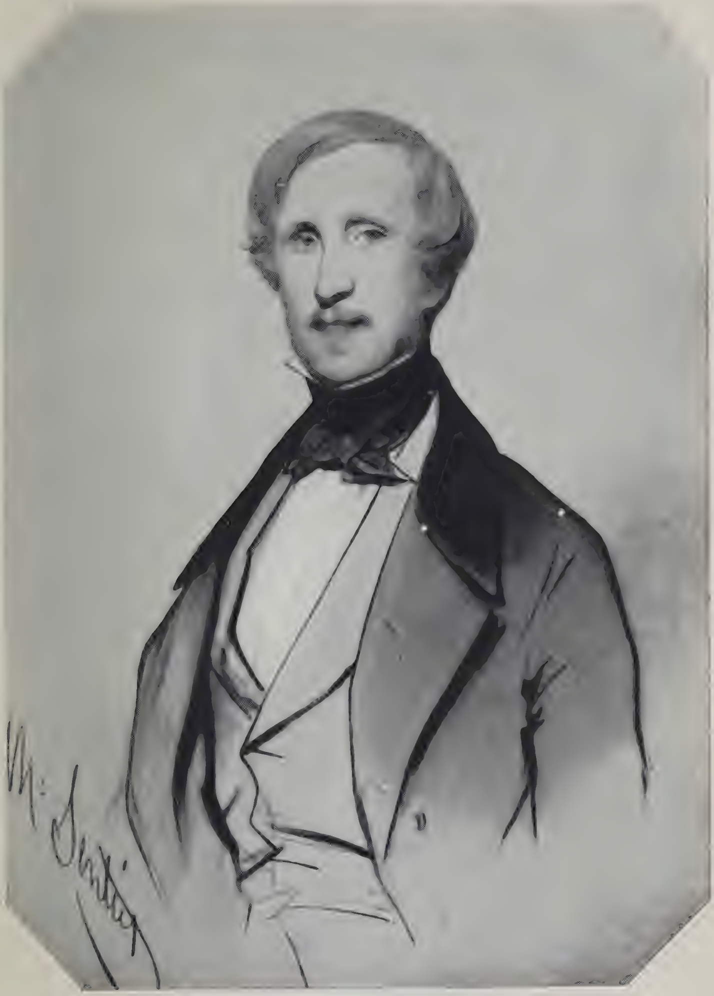
Moreover, my father was not of an adaptable nature. He despised Dartmoor scenery because no glaciers slid down the sides of the Tors. He scoffed at our two Lydford waterfalls because one was on a slope, and the other was a dribble. Who would care to look at them after the falls of Schaffhausen, Handeck and the Staubbach? And what was the pink flush of the heather that was only visible for a month in autumn to the sheets of crimson geranium that clothed the sides of the Pyrenees ; what the buttercups in the pastures to the meadows converted to ponds of liquid gold, in the south, by the spring crocuses ? He never, to my knowledge, made a single water-colour drawing in Devonshire. My Uncle Thomas George Bond was often at Lew. He was so devoted to his native county that it was said of him, he thanked God in his prayers night and day that he had been born and lived in the county. Once he was induced to visit Chepstow and the Wye. He returned much depressed. " Well," asked my father, " is not the Wye far superior to our paltry Tamar ? " My uncle took a pinch of snuff, wiped his nose leisurely, and said in a despondent tone, " I am sorry to have to admit it, but I must say that the Tamar is *tamer*."

My father looked on this infatuation as near akin to lunacy.

This time we took with us, on leaving England, not only our carriage, but also our pair of horses, a groom, William Pengelly, a fresh tutor, Mr. Hadow, and the governess, Miss Richardson.

Cholera at this time was raging in France. At La Meilleraye we were rather cramped for rooms at night. The apartment occupied by my brother and myself was under the attic bedchamber in which lodged at night the domestics, and in which Pengelly was given a bed. The room my brother and I were in was unceiled, and the knot-holes in the planking allowed one to see and hear much of what was going on above. During the night we were roused by loud groans and gasps above. A candle was lighted, and there ensued tramping about, and many voices raised in discussion, making and rebutting suggestions. A man had been attacked by cholera, and whilst the women prepared a *tisane*, a couple of men, one on each side of the sufferer's bed, proceeded vigorously to rub and pound the seat of pain and disturbance. No sleep for us that night. The rubbing was so vigorous as to strain the beams, much as they are strained in a ship at sea in a gale, and the furniture rocked. The sufferer presumedly felt some ease at this treatment, for he kept screaming out at intervals, " Plus fort ! encore plus fort ! frottez diablement ! "

In the morning we were informed that the patient was better ; but Pengelly shook his head in dissent. " If those French frogs had pommelled my stomach," said he, " in the way they did that



EDWARD BARING-GOULD
1850

of the man they call Joseph, they would have mashed their way through it till they reached my back-bone."

At La Rochelle I saw a man die of cholera in the street.

We derived much amusement on the road to Pau from Pengelly, who sat in the rumble behind with either my brother or me. We took that place alternately. My father drove the pair. Mr. Hadow sat by him on the box.

The morning after that trying night at La Meilleraye, Pengelly said to me:

"A fact, sir, but those men who rubbed that man's stomach rubbed so hard and so persistently, that they got corns on their hands."

"Nonsense, Pengelly, impossible."

"A fact, sir. I heard them say so."

I am puzzled to know what words he mistook, but I think something was said about the man's *corps*, and he had supposed it signified that they had acquired *corns* by their exertions.

Pengelly came in concern to my mother one day and said in a solemn tone:

"Please, ma'am, I think it is my duty to tell you what the soup is made of, which they are going to serve up to you to-night. I heard the cook say it herself, made of old shoes."

Of course he had heard the word *chou*.

On another occasion, with a blank face and his eyes starting out of his head, he told my father:

"Sir, it is their intention to murder you. We are in a den of assassins. They are deliberately planning to kill you all to-night."

"Good gracious, Pengelly, what do you mean?"

"I heard the cook say to the chambermaid that she intended to give you all 'poisson ce soir'; and that means poison, I swear."

To me in the rumble he confided: "Wonderful country this. The cocks lay the eggs whilst the hens look on." He had heard the cook call boiled eggs *œufs à la coque*. "And really, sir, they don't know what they are talking about. I have heard them call bacon *lard*, whereas every child in England knows that it is melted fat, never streaky. Then," dropping his voice, he added, "they do call some places their *Homes*, and they write *Damn* over others, and those they swear at are the cleanest of the two."

At a place called Captieux we found the bells clattering discordantly, and I went to the church to ascertain how they were being rung. I found the sexton there dancing about with a rope in his hands.

" Why," said I, " you are driving the bells mad."

" Ah, Monsieur ! " he replied. " To-day is *Le Toussaint*, our fête. I am responsible for the bells. I have fastened a broom-stick in a loop up yonder ; and when I spring about, away goes the stick, now here, now there ; now up, then down, among the bells like a gallant youth, such as yourself, among the maids."

" Tenez," said I, interrupting him, " you have likened me to a broom-stick."

" Ah ! Monsieur ! Pardonnez ! All similitudes halt somewhere. I should have said a magnet." Then he recommenced his dancing, and the bells their clatter.

Presently, after mopping his face with a blue handkerchief with white moons on it, he asked :

" Will Monsieur be here this evening ? There will be dancing, and our village beauties—*mon Dieu !* it makes my mouth water like my brow, to think of them—will be there, and if Monsieur will condescend to be present, he will be a magnet among iron filings. *Mais Sacré !* a similitude does not hold at all points. He will not discover that they are *iron* filings."

" Ah ! Monsieur," I replied, " the interpretation of your similitude demands revision. Surely it is the girls who are the magnets ; and as neither I nor Pain-au-lait (so the natives called Pengelly) are made of iron, my father has judiciously resolved to drive on to Pont de Marsan." Then : " Mais regardez donc votre drapeau ——" I pointed to that waving above the church.

" C'est juste," interrupted the sexton. " It is peculiar. It is not of a festal colour and there is a canton in it of a different complexion. I will explain. That flag is made out of an old pair of my trousers ; my wife ripped them up at the sides. That canton is a patch in the seat, adapted from an old petticoat. We are poor at Captieux, and have no other flag. Il faut faire son tout possible pour le bon Dieu ! "

As we were on our way to Pont de Marsan, and I was behind with Pengelly, he said to me :

"I don't much like that place where we slept last night; but they do live up to the name of the village."

"How do you make that out?"

"Isn't Captious the name? Well, at night the old woman while she was cooking some nasty stuff ordered me to fetch one of the carriage wheels to put in the pan. Absurd! she was making game of me. It would not go into what she called her *casserolle*."

I laughed and said: "Oh, Pengelly! she asked for *huile*, that is to say oil."

He shook his head and said, "Captious is the name of the place, and captious are the people."

From Bordeaux for some days the journey is through the Department of the Landes, and is not a little wearisome, consisting as it does of miles upon miles of pinewoods interspersed with heaths; and with only here and there a few patches of barley and a little maize about a wretched village or rather hamlet. The surface of the ground is of a dull grey or ash-coloured sand. Only here and there does a little rock rise above the arenaceous bed and that is a fossiliferous sandstone. A few sheep, lean and out of condition, may be seen, guarded by the shepherd on stilts. By the aid of these, locally called *échosses*, he can stride through the prickly gorse and thorn bushes, and get over the ground much faster than when on foot. The shepherd carries in his hand a long pole with a bit of board affixed part way down to serve as a seat, and thus, as on three legs he can balance himself whilst watching his flock as they stray after the sparse herbage, and at the same time he knits stockings all day long. The peasants of the Landes are all, women as well as men, familiar with the use of stilts, and a singular appearance do they present when, against the horizon one sees a procession of stork-like figures striding over the country at a prodigious rate. Near the coast the sand is blown over pools and forms a crust that conceals the water. But for his stilts many a peasant would incautiously step on these treacherous surfaces, and be engulfed.

The sand is driven inland by the gales from the west, blowing it in veritable waves irresistibly forward. For many centuries these moving mountains of sand rolled inland at an alarming rate between the mouth of the Gironde and that of the Adour, covering a vast territory, destroying rich pasturage and arable land, and burying whole villages. In 1786 Nicholas Théodore Brémontier suggested the means of arresting this onward march, which menaced even the existence of Bordeaux. His method, that was at once adopted, was simple enough, the planting of this desert with maritime pines. Now, that which was a country like the desert of Sahara has become a vast forest. In the reign of Louis XVIII a statue was erected on the dunes, which he had fertilized, to the memory of the man who had conquered for his country upwards of 370,000 acres, and who had arrested the desolating onward march of the sand.

The inhabitants of the Landes are not a long-lived race. Probably the amount of arenaceous particles they inhale affects their lungs. Nor are they a bright and hilarious people. At a much later date I was able to procure a collection of their folk songs and melodies, but they were without much character, and were rather monotonous and mournful, like the features of the natives.

For day after day the humpy paved road ran through the vast sombre pine-forest, over level or scarce undulating land, and the spirit became depressed, as the body ached with the jolting over the *pavé*.

In spring the journey is not so intolerable, for the road is lined on both sides with acacias, rose-coloured and white, that luxuriate in that sandy soil, drooping the burdened masses of blossom, as overcharged, and filling the air with fragrance. But at the fall of the year they are leafless, the gorse and the heather are out of bloom, and the eye wanders over miles upon miles of solemn pine-tops to the horizon.

There are moments unforgettable in one's life, moments of bursting, overflowing joy, such as in all one's career are looked back upon with delight. One such moment was that when having surmounted an unwonted hill, the distant range of the Pyrenees, turquoise blue, tipped, streaked with silver, burst on our view far away beyond the sombre sea of pines. What a cry broke from us children as we clapped our hands! How my dear mother rose in the carriage to look at that incomparable vision! How my father, with unconscious reverence, took off his hat! How Mr. Hadow put his ignited cigar inconsiderately into his pocket, where it promptly burnt a hole in his coat! And Pengelly, in the rumble, stood up stiffly, and holding to the back-folded hood with one hand, lest by a jolt he should be jerked into the road, whilst with the other he drew out his blue cotton handkerchief and wiped the recurrent drop from his nose, said in a low and solemn tone, "Why—God bless my soul! Them's bigger than Dartmoor."

On our arrival at Pau, my father took a flat in a large new house on the outskirts of the higher town, where began the *landes*, not here overgrown by trees, but heaths, and with several *tumuli* rising out of it, that proved to be Gaulish, and of the iron age. My spare time in the winter was spent in the public library translating Michaud's *Histoire des Croisades*.

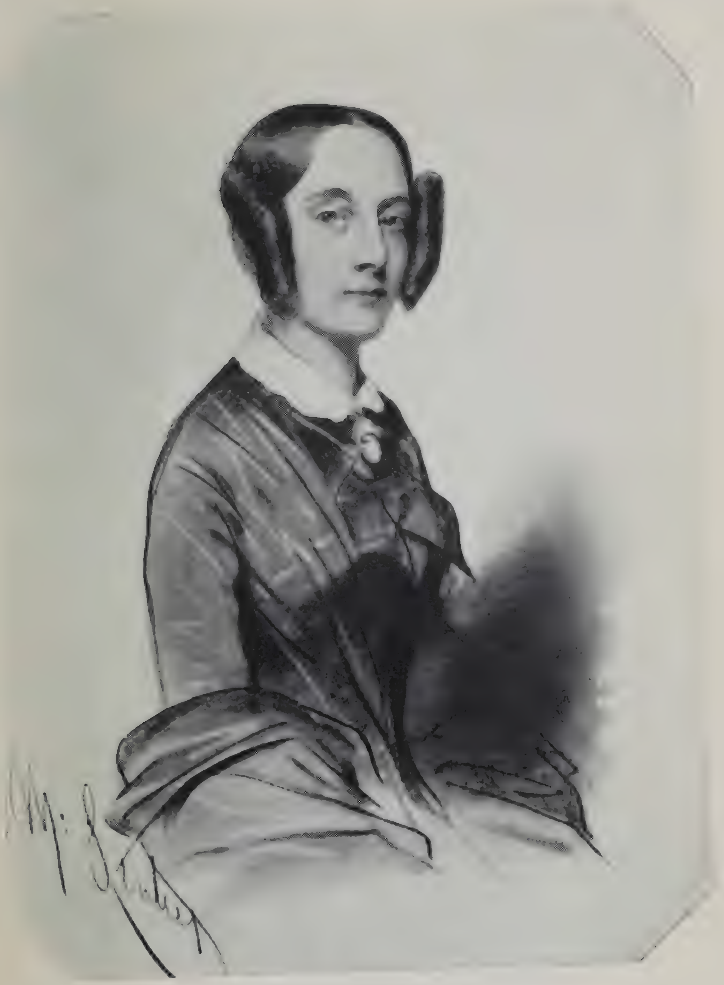
Early in the spring I was digging up flower roots in a little lane leading out of the road to Gan, beyond the Pont d'Oly, when I found a number of cubes of mosaic. I went at once to the farmer at Jurançon, who rented the field and asked his explanation of my find. "Oh!" said he, "there are whole pictures underground in beautiful colours." I begged him to let me see specimens, and he went with me to the field with pick and spade and dug a couple of pits at a distance of a hundred yards north and south, and each revealed mosaic floors.

I then bargained with him to let me cut a trench between the two holes, lying north and south, and agreed that if anything were found he should be allowed to charge at the gate for admission. I had not many francs saved, but I expended what I had in digging, and exposed partially a succession of pavements in singular preservation. Public attention was aroused, and a subscription raised among the English for the prosecution of the excavation.

Finally, nearly, but not completely, was the house cleared, when the owner of the field instituted a *procès* against the farmer about the rights, and gaining his suit, passed the field over to the town. The fact was that the French were vastly jealous of the English for having done this work, and pressure was put upon the owner to transfer the land to the town authorities. Before it was given up, our English Committee had volunteered to clear the drains all round the Villa, to cut away all chances of water lodging in the excavation, and finally to build a shed over the whole. The offer was curtly refused. The Mayor and Corporation did none of these necessary things, water lodged in the halls, a mouldy growth covered the mosaic, and within a few years the pavements were utterly ruined. At the present day not a trace remains of what had been a really magnificent series of mosaic pavements. In the centre of the Villa, which ran north and south, was the *atrium* about an *impluvium*, fed by a lead pipe from a spring a little way up the hill to the west, as also by white marble carved spouts from the roof. The *impluvium* was enclosed within dwarf walls of coloured marbles, and was paved with mosaic representing fish. Out of the *atrium* to the west opened the semicircular *tablinum* raised a step above it, the walls lined with alabaster. The paved floor was of singular beauty. To the east, ran a long corridor that had probably been open to the air and was fronted by white marble pillars, but we found only a single Corinthian capital. To the north of the *atrium* were the summer apartments, in the largest of which, let into the midst of a beautifully patterned mosaic floor, was a huge cross, the centre or crossing of the arms occupied by a gigantic bust of Neptune, and the arms filled with representations of fish—mostly mackerel, oysters, lobsters and octopi. Here also were the baths, and from the hall with the cross, due north, was a trefoiled bath with mosaic floor, that was not completely excavated when the city authorities ordered us to stop work. They, of course, never continued the excavation. To the south of the *atrium* were the winter apartments; the mosaic floors were spread above a hypocaust that was heated by a fire-chamber on the west, and the smoke and heat were conveyed through the walls by pipes, so that both floor and walls were warmed.

It is somewhat remarkable that no coins were found, or, if found, were secreted by the workmen. It was obvious, from the amount of charcoal discovered, that the house had been destroyed by fire.

The tragedy of its story does not end here. I had carefully planned the Villa, and had copied all the mosaic floors in water colours. The whole was bound in a book. Some years ago my son, Henry, looked through it, and was fascinated by the beauty of the designs, and suggested showing them to a London firm for linoleum. I consented. I never saw my book again. He went to Malacca and died there. Consequently all that remains to record the designs are some scraps of patterns drawn by

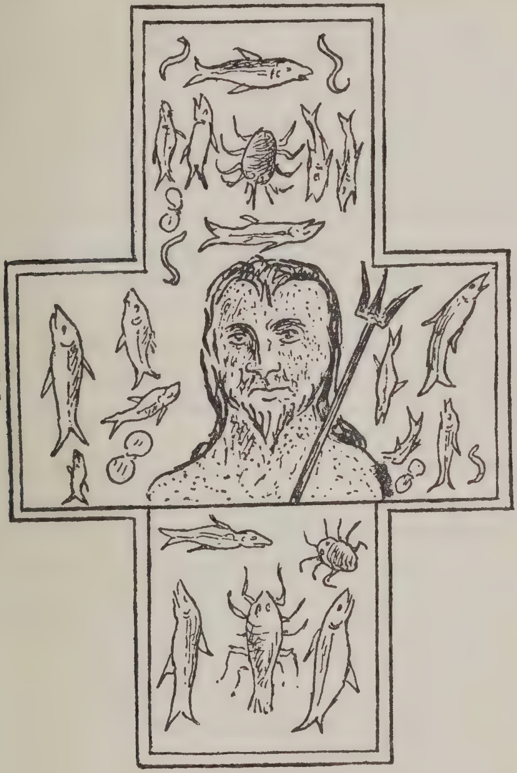


SOPHIA CHARLOTTE BARING-GOULD
1850

my father and communicated to the *Illustrated London News*, which, of course, did not reproduce the colours.

A letter from my mother, dated 20th April, 1850, gives some particulars of the degradation of the Villa.

"Mrs. Trollope and the Monros were my last visitors to-day. The former has been here many times, and I try to leave as pleasant an impression on her mind as possible on each repeated visit that she makes, so that if she shows me up with the rest of her Pau acquaintance in her next work—and some say there is one on the stocks—she may give a pleasant portraiture of me to the world. Edward is high in her good graces, as he has very civilly carried her all the pretty drawings of the mosaics he has made, before posting them off to the *Illustrated London News*.



"The discovery of this relic of antiquity would necessarily excite considerable interest, had it been made in England. The Nine Days' Wonder has begun to subside here since the owner of the field gained the cause against the farmer, and succeeded in turning him out. He—the Landlord—and the Town *talk* of an adequate protection by and by; but in the meantime there have been three or four days of heavy rain, and as they have neglected to do what the first managers of the place did before them, of covering up the mosaic nightly with earth and latterly with straw, to protect it from injury, I am sorry to say, it has already suffered considerable damage, and the work of the spoiler is likely to go on till it is totally destroyed; for, already, the effect of ponding back the water on the uneven parts of the floors is to have softened the mortar, or bed in which the coloured cubes are embedded, that the bits come out with the greatest ease, and there are ever at hand those that are ready to carry them off. We are quite sure that the common people believe them to be composed of gold, or else that they are precious stones; for they take them whenever they can, and many have offered them for sale to gentlemen they have met in the road. Neptune was *quite* perfect when first discovered; by degrees he lost an eye, and then a cheek, and finally, I believe half his face has disappeared. This, by degrees, has been the fate of several of the fish and reptiles at the bottom of the Tank or *Impluvium*. It has disheartened Sabine a good deal to see the gradual injury it is sustaining, and I must say disturbed me considerably. It seemed such a lamentable proof of want of taste and appreciation of works of art, which in Italy, and in England too, would be respected and preserved."

I may add that there is, on the opposite side of the river, another buried Villa with mosaic pavements, but the earth there is so shallow that the mosaic is in a bad condition. I made an attempt to unearth it, but abandoned the task, owing to the exorbitant demands made by the owner of the land.

My father brought us up to take a siesta of an hour after the midday meal. Owing to the intense heat in summer in the South of France, this was as grateful as it was necessary. But the obligation was extended to winter as well as summer, to England as well as the South of France. My father gave his reasons: "Dogs," said he, "when they have eaten, curl up for a snooze. After a meal the blood leaves the brain, and is engaged on the digestive organs. Consequently we are bound to assist nature. What is right for dogs must be right for boys. There is no material difference in their natures. I am sure," he would add, "they smell alike."

The siesta so common in the South of Europe is of ancient origin. Varro called it *Somnus institutius*, and declared that he could "not live without it." The idea prevailed that both gods and demons walked abroad at midday as well as at midnight. We learn from Genesis xviii. 1 that—"The Lord appeared unto Abraham in the plains of Mamre as he sat in the tent door in the heat of the day." And David in the 91st Psalm spoke of "the demon that walketh at midday." In fact, the Hebrew word *keteb*, which is translated "sickness" or "destruction" in the English version, according to S. Jerome was one of the fiercest demons that assailed human beings. The old Genevan translators, when they rendered the passage "The *bug* that walketh in darkness," meant bogy, not the insect, although the latter is a nocturnal promenader. The Genevan and other old English translations were from the Vulgate, and S. Jerome probably got his notion of the bogy from current Syrian tradition or superstition. Jerome has it: *Non timebis a timore nocturna . . . ab incursu, et dœmonio meridiano.*

An incident occurred during the winter that greatly impressed me. My mother, always pitiful and kind, had become acquainted with a very poor family, through our washerwoman. The husband was in a decline and unable to work, and there were a swarm of little children, underfed. Their name was Lahirigoyen, but whether they were Basques or Béarnais I cannot tell.

One day, during our midday meal, my mother was very silent for a while, and then started up, saying: "I wonder how the Lahirigoyens are getting on. I have not seen or heard anything of them for three weeks. I'll put the rest of this leg of mutton and the remains of the dinner in a basket, and we will take it to them."

This was done. The family lived at the top of a ramshackle house, and the stairs were broken and ill to ascend.

When their door was opened, the whole family was seen on its knees in prayer. For three days they had been almost wholly without food, and were praying to God to help them. As they prayed the help came.

I have often seen the efficacy of prayer; but I have seen also how remarkably it has been answered in quite another and an unexpected way to that desired, and yet in a better way.

The former visit to Pau saw us lodged in Maison Gautier on the farther side of the Gave. At that time the poor people in the cottages along the Gan and Jurançon road were engaged in the making of lucifer matches. It was a most dangerous operation. The phosphorus was melted in a pan over the fire, and then the bundles of matches already dipped in brimstone were touched at their points with the phosphorus. But the critical moment was when the phosphorus was melting. If heated beyond the second when it began to swim, it exploded into flame and spluttered in all directions. Continually during the time we were there accidents occurred and poor girls had their faces and arms frightfully burnt. The burn of phosphorus cannot be extinguished by water. My dear mother, so soon as she heard of such an accident, went off to the cottage to administer advice and help, which were most gratefully received.

What was always an ordeal was the traversing the bridge over the river to enter the town of Pau. It was lined with beggars, who clamoured for alms. They exposed every sort of deformity. Many were cripples, some had but stumps of arms, some feet turned the wrong way. Many exposed horrible suppurating sores. Others were imbeciles. We were assured by French gentlemen, natives of Pau, and doctors practising there, that children were purposely deformed by their parents, so as to bring them up to gain their livelihood as beggars. We had one fellow pointed out to us, with distorted nether limbs, who moved about on a sort of wooden stool by the aid of his hands. A surgeon assured us that he knew the facts of the early distortion of the youth as an infant, by his parents. As to the sores that so many showed with ostentation, these were kept raw and running by the application of caustic, when they exhibited signs of skinning over.

This loathsome exhibition has now disappeared from the bridge at Pau, but such cripples are still to be encountered in other places, mainly on the steps of a church. They are most importunate. Often has the stump of a hand been actually thrust into my face. The frequency of such objects of disease, unnatural distortions, and deformities of the human body, such as are rare in England, lend confirmation to what has been told me that these distortions have been wilfully produced.

There was a Scottish family, named Anderson, we knew. With the son I got on fairly well till he lent me a book on "The Pilgrim Fathers," and I expressed my opinion to him pretty freely as to what I thought of this party. I told him that to my mind they were a parcel of ill-conditioned, cantankerous rascals of whom England was well rid, and, considering the hideous murders of unfortunate witches that they committed, and the barbarities of which they were guilty perpetrated on the Quakers, my regret was that the old slaver *Mayflower* had not sunk on the voyage and taken the whole set to the bottom of the Atlantic to feed the fishes.[1]

He was very angry, and our friendship underwent a frost after this expression of my opinion. I am confident that he told the Buscarlets what I had said, for they were thenceforth stiff and stand-offish towards me, and M. Buscarlet would barely notice me when we passed in the street. That affected neither my appetite nor my sleep.

All the time we were abroad I never went to a Roman Catholic service. The only ceremony that I witnessed was the *Fête-Dieu*.

At this time I made my first purchase of a book with my pocket-money. It was a *Tacitus :* too hard Latin for me at the time, but it was Latin, and was history, and that sufficed. The second book I purchased with a little sum left me by my grandfather, was Knight's *Pictorial History of England* in eight thick quartos, each containing from 800 to 900 pages, the letter-press in double columns. The authors were G. L. Craik and C. MacFarlane, and it might more justly be entitled a History of Scotland with account of transactions in the adjacent kingdom of

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[1] The Pilgrim Fathers migrated from the Netherlands, putting into Plymouth on their way. They left Holland because they did not approve of the way in which the Dutch Calvinists neglected to keep the "Sabbath." Moreover they were torn into factions, denouncing and excommunicating one another. It was but one of these factions that started to find a home in a New Land, where they might bully and imprison and put to death such as did not agree with them.

England, from the undue extent to which Scottish affairs are dealt with in the book.

As my father had his pair of horses, I was able to ride about a good deal in the neighbourhood, and to visit objects of interest.

Between Buzy and Arudy beside the road is a well-preserved dolmen buried up to the capstone At some recent period it had been excavated, but what was found I know not. That this was done in ignorant fashion was clear from a slab of reddish sandstone having been thrown out, marked with concentric circles. When I saw it I sketched the slab on my cuff, intending to revisit it at a later opportunity. But that opportunity did not occur till 1913, when I saw it again and found that the slab had been broken up by the road-menders; nevertheless a fragment with some of the circles remained.

Above Bilhères in the Val d'Ossau on a terrace of the Mont Benou are some small stone circles very much like those on Dartmoor. I climbed the mountain to sketch them, but had no time to plan, as my father was with me; he took no interest in prehistoric remains, and was impatient to get back to Bilhères, so as to reach Eaux Bonnes early.

At Laruns is a *bénitier* with carved fish and a mermaid inside the bowl. At the fêtes at Laruns some of the old costumes are still worn by the women, and one may there hear sung Béarnais carols and ballads.

The following is an extract from a letter I wrote at the time to my uncle, Thomas George Bond, at Moretonhampstead:

" I have been to Bielle where are some circles on the side, and near the top, of Mont Acou. There are nine circles in all, the largest being connected with the chain of eight by a serpentine row of upright standing stones. They are about the same size as those on Dartmoor, but are not hut-circles as there are no traces of walling and mounds about them, nor are there accumulations in their interior. The two highest upright stones are 4 ft. and 3 ft. 6. I send you a rough plan of the arrangement. I have been told that in the Val d'Ossau there are more of these circles but at a great height up the mountains. These are real sacred circles, consisting of ten or twelve huge stone *menhirs*, ranged in a ring, some are the height of a man, others the height of two or even three men standing one upon the shoulders of another.

But I ha'e ma doots ; Béarnais peasants are given to romancing. However, if my father would allow me to stay a night or two at Bielle with Mr. Hadow, I would be able to see them, if they really exist, and to draw, plan and measure them. All is well with us. Willy's soul is wrapped up in two little green frogs kept in a bottle and fed with a fly apiece about once a week. Sissy has taken a violent fancy for novels. Mamma dotes on babies. Papa, according to his own account, smokes twenty-six cigars in two days, but we suspect he underrates the number consumed. Napsy, that he rides, is so intelligent a horse that the moment my father puts his hand into his pocket for the tinder-box, he instinctively halts till the cigar has been lighted.

" I have opened a second tumulus on the Landes, north of Pau. We came on a layer of cobblestones, and beneath them a black vase, shallow, of graceful form, but another, very large and friable of red ware, probably sun-baked, as it went to pieces when handled, also two gritstone hones with a furrow down the middle. No weapons of any sort. I do not think any bones, but then, had there been these, the ferns and heather that covered the mound would have consumed them in their greed after lime. Indeed we found that these roots had penetrated far, and had formed about them incrustations of iron rust, so as to constitute tubes. The workmen had strange legends concerning these *tumuli*."

The flowers about Pau were profuse and beautiful. At that time a scarlet anemone was abundant in the vineyards, and every market day roots were for sale in great numbers. When last I was at Pau, this anemone had disappeared except in gardens, so severely had it been ravaged. The *saxifraga pyramidalis* was like a fountain throwing up a spike of white flower resembling spray. We brought back young plants to England, but they never bloomed as they did in the south of France. When the mother plant has flowered it dies, but it throws out young suckers about the roots. We tried it in beds, but it did not bloom ; in the conservatory it bloomed, but feebly. We tried the gentians, and endeavoured to make them thrive on our downs, but with equal lack of success.

In the summer we took the Château d'Areit on the mountain-side opposite to Argélez, commanding a glorious view.

I there made friends with the *curé* of the little village, a good, kindly, simple-minded man, as are the majority of the French clergy. He had a balcony, a pergola, over which grew a vine. The rich yellow grapes hung within reach, and I was allowed to take as many as I liked, whilst we sat and talked. He had but a scanty library; from it he lent me *Quintus Curtius*, and pressed on me a pamphlet on the Apparition of La Salette, that was exciting much dispute in France at the time.

On the anniversary of the Apparition in 1847, as many as sixty thousand pilgrims visited the plateau of La Salette. Priests and even bishops were fools enough to participate in the demonstration. And lo! an indelible evidence of the truth of the Apparition of the Virgin was discovered, in that, where she had sat on the stone, her posteriors had left as an impress—a portrait of Christ. There was an illustration given in the pamphlet lent me by the *curé*. "C'est un peu fort!" said I. "C'est à se faire moquer par les incroyants." "Ah! que voulez-vous?" answered that dear priest. "Les incroyants se moquent de tout."

In September, 1851, Archbishop Philibert issued a pastoral, in which he declared for the genuineness of the Apparition, and Pope Pius IX granted indulgences to all those who should visit the spot, and he further required that the day of the Revelation should be kept holy in all the churches of the diocese of Grenoble. Can anyone who is gifted with common sense believe in Papal Infallibility?

A notable *procès* took place, in which the fraud was exposed. A Mlle de la Merlière had dressed for the occasion, and had drilled two ignorant children. Proof was produced in Court that Constance de la Merlière had actually purchased the costume in which she dressed up for the Apparition, and other proofs were brought forward completely exposing the fraud. The Court pronounced against her. She appealed to a higher Court, but this latter confirmed the condemnation already pronounced. As to the unfortunate, but honest clergy who had shown up the trickery—what became of them? I can pretty well guess.

It is the misfortune of the Romanist clergy that they are so completely under the control of the bishops, who stand cowering before the Pope, like curs expecting a whipping. This is due to the giving to them *Faculties* to be renewed or withdrawn at the end of every seven years; this makes them subservient to the

Holy See. They dare not speak out what is in their minds, and expose fraud or superstition, lest they should be ruined in credit, in position and in purse. If a bishop or a priest has an independent mind, in France the method of ruining him is for the Ultramontanes to spread scandalous reports relative to his moral character, and make his position so intolerable as to force him to resign. Of late years, by this means, two French bishops were driven out of their sees, and disappeared. I am inclined to think that in both cases the charges were false, and merely trumped up to get rid of them. I have been assured that the accusers do not scruple to bribe false witnesses against a man they seek to destroy. It may well be seen how cowed bishops and clergy are with this menace threatening them, so that when any gross abuse or fraudulent miracle is brought under their notice, they shrug their shoulders, and say that the responsibility for these lies and absurdities rests with the Pope. The curse of Ultramontanism weighs fatally on the French Church, and of late years, by the folly of the Republican Government, there are thousands of clergy who are cordially in sympathy with the Republic, yet for their bread and butter are forced to submit to Ultramontane discipline.

There is, however, another class, to which belonged the simple-minded *curé* at Areit. It comprises those who have been so besotted by the training in the Little and Great Seminaries that their common intelligence has been atrophied, and who will believe any bit of tomfoolery that is approved by authority. Thus, if His Holiness were to proclaim that the moon was made of green cheese, they would be certain that it was so, and would point to the shadows on its disc as evidence that there were bubble-holes in the cheese.

It must never be forgotten that the Roman Church holds, and has ever held tenaciously, the great truths of Christianity; that it has ever maintained the first principles of worship. But then it has overlaid the truths of the Gospel with such a mass of superstitious trash, that men of intelligence, impatient of this rubbish that meets their eye, reject *all* that the Church is authorized and commissioned to teach.

Whilst at Château d'Areit, we never attended Mass. My father read matins in the parlour on Sunday. However, not infrequently, we had the *curé* to dine with us. He took it very well that we did not go to church, for the owner of the château and his family, like most of the French of the upper class, though nominally Roman Catholics were very neglectful of church attendance.

When we were in the Valley of Argélez, or rather, in the château on the mountain-side opposite to the town, we were not far from Lourdes, a quaint old place that was one of the last holding out for the English. No one at that time thought of staying a night in such an insignificant, evil-smelling town. Of late years it has been totally transformed, is full of good hotels, and is thronged by pilgrims from all parts of France, even from England, for we have imbeciles here as well as France, and *mirabile dictu* from the United States of America, the very home of reasonableness; but, I hold, these are Irish.

The transformation is due to a silly story, which is very fairly told by Zola in his book on Lourdes, in which his graphic power rises to the highest altitude. The work affords a lamentable picture of the way in which the Roman Church murders common sense. I shall not repeat the story here, as I have told it in my *Book of the Pyrénées*. It is not so scandalous as that of La Salette, but is not free from the record of ecclesiastical dishonesty.

The Château d'Areit had a fine terrace with orange trees, commanding an extensive view, and looked straight up the Val d'Azun.

I have already said that it appears to me that little children take no notice of what is distant. Later, in the ensuing year, I tried in vain to draw my little brother's attention when we were at Bayonne to the Pyrénéan range. He either did not see it or it did not impress him. But now that I was sixteen years old, my heart swelled almost to bursting, as I looked up the Val d'Azun to the snowy peaks beyond.

We—that is to say my father and myself, were invited to dine, or rather to a great *déjeuner*, at our landlord's in the town of Argélez. As we were on the way to the house, my father said gravely to me: "You must be prepared. These French meals are trying, so many dishes, and it gives offence if you do not partake of every one. I hope you are not tightly buttoned. I have slackened the buckle of my waistcoat. But be prepared."

So I contrived some loops out of twine that I attached to my button-holes, allowing of extension if need be. We had a sumptuous dinner, sixteen dishes, and much persuasion to fill the plate each time. After about the tenth, I saw distress mantling my father's countenance, and great drops of agony forming on his brow. Happily what with the muscular tissue about the paunch being far more elastic in youth than in age, and, assisted by the loops of string, I got safely through the ordeal. When we left, I threw myself on my father's bosom, and said: "Oh, thank goodness, mamma had not to go through it all. Her stay-laces would have given way." My mother had been invited, but an excuse for her was found in the baby. That baby was Edward Drake, born fourteen years after my second brother William. We always called him "The Appendix." He was curiously like the Sabine family and not the Barings, Goulds or Bonds.

From Argélez an easy walk takes one to the Val de Bergon, where there is an intermittent spring, very capricious in its proceedings, condemning the little mill worked by the stream from it to periodical inaction. Here in the limestone precipice is a cave that served as a church during the Revolution. The rudely constructed altar remained, as well as some portions of the enclosing wall to prevent observation, and scratched on the rock "Dieu de nos amours, ayez pitié de nous, miserables."

The priest was hidden high up in the mountains in some shepherd's cot. He descended to meet the pious peasants and minister to them, every Sunday morning, and the secret of this gathering was well kept.

On the road to the Val de Bergon, in the outskirts of Argélez, screened by trees and above the road, on the steep slope of the hill, is the Balandrau, or wonderful stone. It is a mass of rock poised on a slanting platform, and sustained in position by one smaller and of a different formation, set on a point. It much resembles a so-called tolmen such as we have, or rather had, on Staple Tor, that the quarrymen have destroyed. This latter was conjectured by the Rev. Atkyns Bray to have been employed as a test in criminal cases, the supposed criminal being required to prove his innocence by crawling under the quoit without displacing the supporter, much as S. Wilfrid's needle formerly served at Ripon in the crypt under the Minster. But this is mere conjecture. The round supporting piece is of yellowish sandstone, whereas the quoit is of bluish-grey granite. Both pieces must have been put simultaneously in position, for if either be disturbed the other would infallibly be precipitated down the hill upon the farm below. But the juxtaposition is due probably to the ice age.

A Mass is said every year at Argélez on behalf of the menaced farm-house. But the tenants of that farm rely as much on the plantation of trees under the Balandrau to arrest the rock should it be disturbed. There was no such plantation in 1850. I saw it in 1914. A proof how scepticism had grown in sixty-four years. The priest at Argélez should redouble his exertions and exhortations, or I suspect that the farmer will give up the protective Mass and place his whole reliance on the grove of elms.

The magnificent Val d'Azun is reached from Argélez by an ascent to a high level; the river that traverses it discharges through a chasm it has sawn for itself in the barrier of rock. The valley, once little visited, is now accessible by the fine carriage road carried up it and over the Col de Tortes to the Eaux Bonnes. Previously it was a little world to itself with its own laws and customs. It is closed on the west by the glaciers and snows of the Balaitons, 10,318 ft. high, the Pic du Midi d'Arreins, and the Pic du Midi d'Arrieugrand. At Aucun is an old church dedicated to S. Felix, containing a white marble *bénitier* on which is sculptured a wedding, at which a bagpiper is performing. The whole of this fertile valley was once the bed of a lake. Far up it is the miserable village of Arreins, and hard by rises the rocky hill crowned with the pilgrimage chapel of Our Lady of Poëylahun. The parish church has its tower and spire crowned by a sword-blade. During the Revolution a soldier climbed to the top, plucked down the cross and fastened his sword in its place. When we were at Argélez, the blade was still there; whether it has since been removed I cannot say. The chapel of Poëylahun is planted on the solid rock, and formerly a little stream traversed the floor; this, however, has been drained away. The decorations are rococo and tawdry. The ceiling is only ten feet from the floor. The chapel almost certainly occupies a site that was sacred in pagan times. When the functionaries of the Directory came during the Revolution to remove the image of the Virgin and deface the chapel, some of the young fellows of Arreins hid themselves in the roof above the ceiling and with moans and cries so frightened the Commissioners that they fled the place, without having done any damage. However, later the chapel was turned into a barrack for the protection of the frontier against Spain. The story goes that the women of Arreins disguised themselves as Spanish soldiers, and arming themselves with muskets, assaulted the garrison and put it to flight. The great fête at Arreins is on September 8.

A legend is told of the Undine of Arreins that gives a fictitious origin to the House of Bernadotte. In a lake, probably the still tarn d'Estaing, lived a water-fairy, whose doom it was to remain there till released by one who had eaten and yet had not eaten. One day a certain Abbadie de Sireix came there to fish, who, before leaving the valley had plucked some grains of corn and tried them between his teeth to ascertain if they were fully ripe, and had spat them out without swallowing them. On reaching the lake, the Undine rose to the surface and—as it was Leap year—offered herself in marriage to the youth, Abbadie. He graciously accepted her hand, they were married and lived together for many years in happiness, till one day, in a domestic quarrel, he taunted her with her fishy origin, whereupon she left him and returned to the lake. The story goes on to say—but this is clearly a very modern addition—that she was impelled by maternal affection to return to her home, embrace her children, and that then she prophesied that from one of them would issue a line of kings. And this is the fabulous and fishy origin of the Bernadottes who now occupy the Swedish throne. Actually Jean-Baptiste-Jules Bernadotte was the son of a petty lawyer at Pau. The shabby house in which he was born has a tablet affixed to it notifying the fact. Under the Empire he was created Prince of Ponte-Corvo, but Napoleon never liked him. He was at Hamburg at the head of a Corps of Observation when Gustavus IV was dethroned in Sweden, and the Duke of Sudermania took the reins of government, under the name of Charles XIII. As he was very advanced in age and had no son, the Prince of Holstein-Augustenburg was nominated to be his successor, when he perished under mysterious circumstances on his way from Helsingborg. In consequence of the intrigues of the King of

Denmark to secure his own election, the Swedish Diet offered the succession to the crown of Bernadotte, in 1810, and on February 5, 1818, he became King of Sweden, under the title of Charles John XIV.

What is interesting in the tale told above is that it runs partly on the lines of Aslauga and Ragnar Lodbrog in Scandinavian saga. Aslauga was required to come to Ragnar, having eaten and yet being unfed, clothed yet naked, riding yet walking. She had chewed garlic, but had not swallowed it, she cast about herself a fisherman's net, and she appeared before Ragnar astride on a big dog.

CHAPTER XI

1851

IN the autumn of 1850 we drove to Bayonne, where my father proposed to winter.

The condition of affairs in France was by no means settled. My mother wrote: "I do not think people seem satisfied with the state of France itself; many, especially the French themselves, seem to expect that some violent convulsion is at hand, and that things are foreboding another change, which change they greatly dread. I cannot think that the Henri V party is justified in so decidedly giving their weight to the Rouge Socialist scale for their own selfish purposes, in the hope that in the scramble their influence may predominate in his favour. The Socialist faction is such a dangerous and powerful one that they, like the Girondists in the first Revolution, will most probably regret too late the mistake in giving the impetus to a rolling mass that will crush everything like order, and themselves into the bargain."

There was something pathetic in our departure from Château d'Areit.

My dear mother had visited some of the sick peasantesses, and had given them what help she could, and had clothed certain of the most ragged children with our cast-off garments. The *curé* had thanked her with quivering lips, and had expressed his wish that we were to be permanent residents, in place of visitors for a few months.

When we were ready to start, and the carriage and horses were at the door, and we descended from the house, we discovered that nearly the whole village had assembled to see us off, and that men and women were kissing Pengelly, who submitted most unwillingly, especially to the embraces of the males. His face was blazing red like a poppy, and he looked with imploring eyes to my father to release him by ordering him to mount into the rumble.

Then we found that the poor people had loaded the carriage with presents, dried pears, prunes, nuts, grapes, cakes, whatever they could spare, and far more than we could possibly consume. There were tears in many eyes, and some rolling down my mother's cheeks as she wrung the hands of the good kind peasants.

My father put a sum of money into the *curé's* hands to do with it what he liked. He wrote to my father afterwards to say that he had expended it on a set of handsome altar rails, *table de communion*, as the French call the rails, for it is at *them*, and not at the altar that Communion is made.

I sat in the rumble with Pengelly, who was engaged for a quarter of an hour with his coloured handkerchief, which he usually kept in the crown of his hat, wiping off the kisses from his cheeks and chin, nose and brow.

" You may wipe them off your face," said I, " but never off your heart."

" Don't tell Susan," he said in a low tone ; a tone pleading, as if for his life.

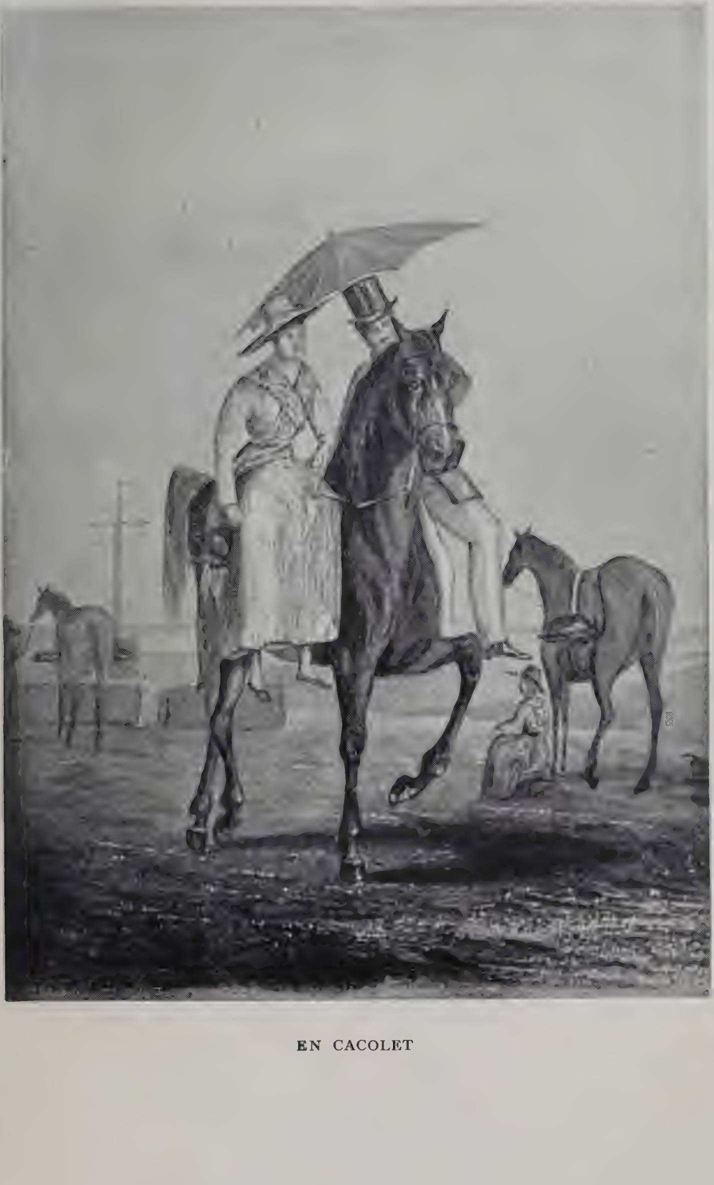
My mother wrote on October 28 to one of her sisters : " Our summer gipsy life gave so much occupation to the servants we took with us from Pau, that the baby generally fell to my lot, so that I had more of his company than, were it not for the novelty of the thing, I might bargain for ; and now that we are shaking down into our new abode, an exchange of châteaux by which we get one larger than before, we shall preserve the same size of party, making the baby's maid perform a housemaid's post. Next week I shall add another maid to the establishment ; and then my time will be freer, and Edward and I shall begin on necessary visitings, which, you may well imagine, will be a source of enjoyment to me, who love so much new people, and those especially with whom I find such ease in conversing as with the French. That work done, a comparatively small one to what it was at Pau last winter, with our own country people, I shall retire into private life again, and wait to see if the French here are more inclined to fraternize with us than they were at Pau. Edward himself begins to talk very bravely about it, and proposes calling on the sub-prefect (the Prefect lives at Pau), the General of Brigade, the Commandant, and I do not know how many receptions and soirées he proposes attending. The French here live very much in their country houses, as we do at home, and more resemble us in their habits than in other parts of France. The families are more numerous, and mothers stay at home, and bring them up carefully, instead of frequenting theatres and places of public resort. There are other things to remind us of our people and country, consequences, maybe, of the hold the English once had over Guienne. There is, first and foremost, the fine cathedral at Bayonne, built by the English, it is said, somewhere about the time of the Black Prince. It is a very fine edifice, and, tho' built of so soft and crumbling a stone that the more delicate part of the workmanship has been worn away by time, it is likely to be wholly and effectively restored, which is in part accomplished through the munificence of a gentleman of the town, who died lately, bequeathing to the work a sum of 30,000 francs annually to be spent on internal restoration, Government being charged with that which is external. The tracery of the stone-work of the cloister is in progress of restoration, and the ceiling of the nave and aisles is undergoing painting and gilding, as well as more needful repairs, while the whole of the whitewash on the stone-work, with much yellow ochre to boot, is being scraped off, leaving a yellow stone beneath, which has a warm and handsome appearance. Oh! how I should love to have you or any other of my dear sisters here. My heart yearns for you oftentimes. There is a capital room for you in our house, which is a very nice one, with labyrinths of long oaken polished floors. There is a billiard-room below, in addition to three or four other sitting-rooms, a fountain in front of the house with one hundred gold fish in the basin, two stone statues guarding flights of steps leading from a terrace-garden in which stands the fountain, and large orange trees along the walls in their capacious green tubs; china vases full of geraniums decorate the centre, in the old formal French or Italian style of regularly shaped group-beds, and there is some extent of ground and wood behind the house, all kept up by the gardener and his brother, who live at the lodge, and all this got for less than we paid for Marchadlier's *étage* last year. We are situated with regard to Bayonne about the distance of

Franklyn from Exeter, and with the muslin blind of my bedroom window drawn back, Bayonne looks greatly like Exeter, the mighty cathedral forming a sort of centre-piece or presiding genius, and I never approach the window that I am not struck with the general resemblance—it is of course only in effect, and will not bear minute and very particular comparison.

"We have fallen in more than once with the Mastermans since we left Pau, and find them most kindly people. He is a quiet, thoughtful, reading man, so retiring that Edward scarcely did more than know him by name last winter, but finds a ready help in him in all his favourite plans for subsoil-planting, draining-machines, and sawing-mills, which have occupied Edward's mind and attention all the summer ; making plans and drawings are his morning and evening occupation. Mr. Masterman knows a good deal about mechanics, and I am sorry Edward loses his referee by his return to Pau."

I break off my mother's letter here to mention that previous to our settling into Château St. Aulaire at Bayonne, we went for a fortnight or three weeks to Biarritz, not then a great resort.

We had our carriage and pair and could drive there, but the usual manner of going to Biarritz from Bayonne was on horseback, and, as it was called, *en Cacolet*. A pair of large paniers, or else two half-chairs, yoked together were slung over a horse's back, each with a seat in or on it. The owner or driver of the horse sat in one of the baskets, or on one of the stools, and he or she who had engaged for a ride occupied the other. A great difficulty existed in the mounting and occupation of the seat. Each occupant, or rather would-be occupant, had to leap into his or her panier at the same moment, or else round went the yoke that connected them, and he or she was promptly lodged on the ground. There was another risk to be encountered. If those who desired to ride leaped too vigorously they knocked temples as they reached the back of the horse. My father made a water-colour drawing of a pair on their stools. The driver was almost invariably a woman, sometimes elderly, but more generally young and buxom. The horse with its paniers stood for hire at the Porte d'Espagne, where its conductress, lounging upon the side, her hand on the crupper, invited customers at the top of her voice, "U cacoulet, Moussu ?" A bargain was concluded after



EN CACOLET

some haggling, for in those days there was no tariff, and then the traveller seated himself in one of the baskets, whilst Gracieuse or Marianette placed herself in the corresponding panier, taking with her a stone as balance if required ; and, away they started, the side baskets rising and falling with the motion of a boat in a chopping sea. Should, by any chance, the gentleman be of an amorous disposition, and attempt to steal his arm about the waist of Gracieuse, on the plea that he would fain steady himself, the girl would dexterously leap out of her basket. The balance would be disturbed, and her " fare " would be lodged in the sand or the mud under the belly of the horse. Consequently there were perils to be encountered both in mounting and *en route*.

A certain number of persons did frequent Biarritz for the bathing, but the fame of the place was not wide-extended, till the Empress Eugénie " invented " it.

My father vastly enjoyed the sea-bathing. He was an admirable swimmer. One day he resolved on striking out for a rock at a considerable distance from the shore, that was covered at high tide, and mentioned his intention at table d'hôte. A stoutish English gentleman sitting near looked grave, and shook his head. His wife beside him gave a titter, which was promptly suppressed by an angry glance from her spouse.

When *déjeuner* was over, this stout gentleman sidled up to my father outside the hotel, and said :

" Don't."

" Don't do what ? " asked my parent.

" Don't swim out to that rock. It is a long distance from the beach, and when you reach it, you can't rest there. I did it once, and never again. I sat down on it to repose after the fatigue of the swim. I did not rest there one minute." His voice fell to a whisper. " It was covered with sea-urchins, *echini*, you understand, and I had a most uncomfortable swim back, bristling with their prickles, and found a difficulty in drawing on my trousers. When I did reach the hotel, I had to lie on a table, whilst my wife with tweezers pulled out the spines." A pause, and then in low, vibrating tones, he added : " Since then people call me ' The Pincushion.' "

We were given a drill-sergeant that winter, to teach us to hold ourselves erect, not to turn out our toes when walking, and to be prompt in our movements. This I especially needed, being in that limp condition belonging to hobbledehoyism. Pengelly also was drilled, to bring him out of his rolling gait. Moreover, whereas the sergeant was well-jointed and tight screwed, Pengelly bore the appearance of one who, had he been held over steam, would have fallen to pieces and his limbs dropped off.

On one occasion in the hall, as he was going clumsily through his exercise, my mother, sister and the governess, and the maid-servants all looking on, the peremptory voice of the sergeant rang out :

" Vite ! en avant ! Marchez, un, deux, trois—Rompez les pieds."

Pengelly made an unwonted stride. This was attended by a strange ripping and rending sound, such as I have been informed by those who have been in districts where earthquakes prevail attend seismic shocks, such as on one occasion Moses and Aaron must have heard in the Wilderness. Pengelly's face became blood red, and he was forced to retreat to the door and out of the room backwards, as from the presence of majesty. Next day the tailor came and carried off a bundle.

The following story attached itself to Pengelly, but I do not hold that it has not been improved, because, unless some other Englishmen were present, it could not have been reported.

After a drive to St. Jean-de-Luz, Pengelly, being very hungry, went into a restaurant, and expressed his condition and desire for food thus : " Je suis fameux."

" Je le crois bien, monsieur ! " said the *restaurateur* bowing, but without making any movement to supply Pengelly's wants.

He, convinced that he had made some mistake, rectified his assertion, by saying : " J'ai une femme grosse."

" Ah ! monsieur, je suis charmé de l'entendre : j'espère qu'elle aura des couches heureuses."

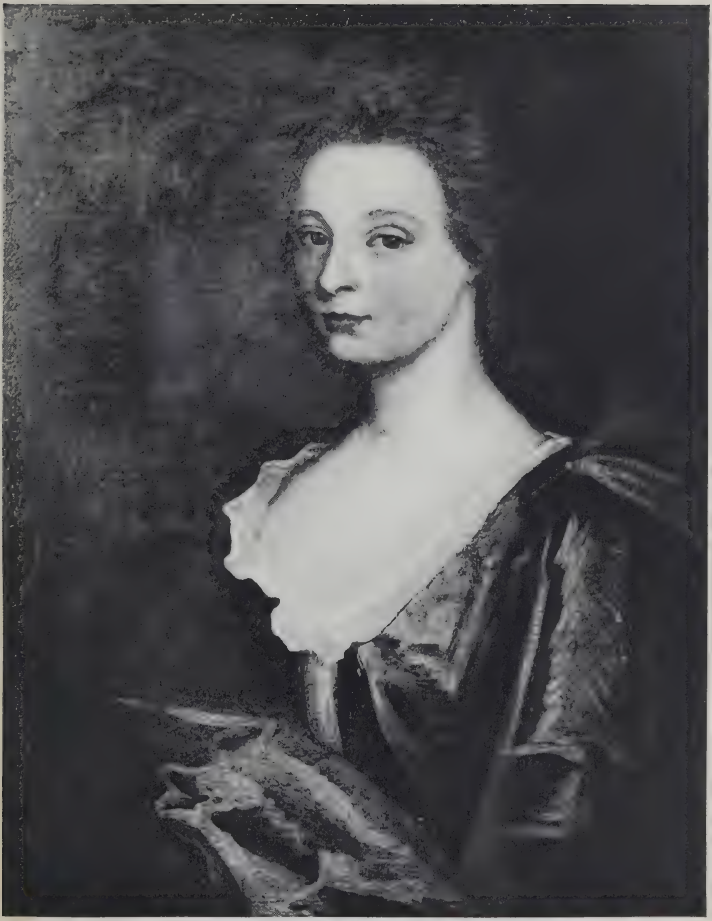
Pengelly, feeling that he was again misunderstood, in a loud and important tone declared :

" Mossoo ! Je suis femme."

" Mais c'est incroyable—et avec de si beaux favoris ! "

Pengelly's whiskers, by the way, were of a sandy colour.

I have heard the story in England with modification, but I think it originated in Bayonne.



MARGARET BARING (NÉE GOULD)

To return to my mother's letter.

"This week Sabine is to be *tailed* and stuck up! I expect I shall scarcely recognize my son. Indeed he is altered greatly in face ever since his picture was taken at Pau. He has a curiously young face on a man's body, and often makes me laugh; from his shoulders down he is so like Marchadlier. You know how *he* walks with his feet turned out, and his hands in his pockets—just such is Sabine with his back turned to you. His friend, Ninian Hill, is gone off to Paris to study medicine. The friendship has greatly cooled, Ninian being too sentimental to please Sabine's taste, for the rust and dust of antiquity find no sympathy in Ninian, and Sabine himself owns—I blush to say it considering he is my own son, and that we feel so dissimilarly on the subject—that he gives up his friends very soon, and that, as soon as they cease to entertain him, he would like to change."

My brother in his diary noticed the growth of my tails and the rise of my collars. They seem to have tried his temper severely.

There lived, on the farther side of the river, a Scottish family named Frazer; the eldest daughter was married and was named Mrs. Ellis. The three younger were not even engaged, and vastly pretty girls they were—Margaret, Ellen and Constance.

If I make quotations from my brother William's diary, I allow myself to correct the spelling, which is not always right, when boys have not grown their tails.

On New Year's Day, 1851, he wrote: "At eight o'clock went to a party at the English Consul's (Mr. Graham). It passed off very well. There was dancing the whole evening. The prettiest young ladies there were the Misses Frazer and Miss Graham. My sister Margaret was in great request."

On the 16th January, we gave a ball at Château St. Aulaire. My brother wrote: "It went off very well: plenty of dancing, and plenty of flirtation. I flirted with Constance. We had kept up our Christmas decorations of holly. This puzzled the French officers. 'Why hollies?' they asked. 'They show only prickles and drops of blood. But laurel—that signifies *la Gloire*. C'est bien autre chose.'

"Monday, 20th January. After dinner, the Misses Frazer came to see our sister Margaret, at all events they pretended that they did. In the first detachment were Mrs. Frazer and Mrs. Ellis, riding in the carriage of the latter.

" The second detachment comprised the girls walking, attended by a servant. When we, that is to say, Sabine, Margaret and I, heard that they were coming, we set out to meet them, but, unfortunately went the wrong way, and so missed them. But when we came back, they were at S. Aulaire, as large as life and twice as beautiful, but—confound it—there was their little brother with them, and I was obliged to take him about the garden, away from the rest, to show him my ship and the gold fish in the pond, though I had other fish I wanted to angle for. However, when they moved to go, Mr. Hadow, Sabine, Miss Richardson and Margaret went to escort the young ladies home. And, of course, I thought it my duty to go as well. So go we did, and had such fun. When we had gone a little way, sister Margaret and Miss Richardson left us. Mr. Hadow walked beside Margaret Frazer, the eldest of the adorable three. I walked between Ellen and Constance, with the arm of the former in mine. Constance had refused my arm, but, no odds, she had refused Sabine's five minutes before. I did my utmost to be poetical and imaginative, but did not succeed in my efforts to my satisfaction. I vowed that her eyes were diamonds, and her teeth pearls, and sundry other like things."

I interrupt my brother's narrative to observe that Solomon, the wisest of men, and long, long after he had grown his tails, made very similar remarks, but somewhat broader, to the Shunamite. This, by the way, in exculpation of my brother.

" Tuesday, 28th. Went to a ball at the Labattes'. . . A very grand affair, but dull for me. Beside ourselves there were no English, save young Graham. The Frazers were not there. Not being grown out of boyhood, I was at a discount. I asked some French ladies to dance, but they were either engaged, or we could find no *vis-à-vis*. So I danced but once, and Sabine but twice.

" The next ball we were at was at the Leaches'. Not a large affair, and not many French there. Some English girls are rather lumpish as partners. There was one, the dragging round of whom in a waltz was like dancing with one's arm round a potato sack. French girls are never like that.

"Monday, February 10th. Mama and Margaret walked with Mrs. Ellis and Miss Graham in the Allée Maritime, where they met Mr. Hadow, who, of course, joined them, and also, of course, stayed behind with the two girls, whilst the two married ladies trudged on before. As they walked along, Fanny Graham pulled out a locket with Mr. Hadow's hair, which he had given her, and said that she would keep it for ever. She also gave him something wrapped in paper, with the inscription 'With Fanny's best love.' Inside the paper was a locket with her hair, which he had asked for at the last party, when he won a Philippine of her. All this Mr. Hadow told me when he came home, for he tells me all his secrets. Ever since he has had that locket he has been almost mad with joy. He jumps about the room like a romping child, and laughs and screeches like an idiot. At our lessons he scribbles F. G. over every bit of paper he can lay hold of, and intertwines those initials with his own W. H."

There is a good deal more about the love affairs of Mr. Hadow in my brother's diary, but nothing more of the Frazers till May 16th, when they called to say farewell. Men are deceivers ever! Nothing came of these love passages. When Hadow returned to England, and was with us at Tavistock, within six months he was engaged to Miss Mary Cornish, sister of the late Bishop of St. Germans, whom he married.

As to the Frazers, they either evaporated into thin air or changed their names, and so vanished from our knowledge, for we never saw or heard more of them; and I should not have remembered that such a person as Constance Frazer had ever come across my path, had I not read the preceding passages in my brother's diary.

Although Mr. Hadow in the above account plays rather a frivolous part, he was actually a very worthy man, and I owe to him a debt of gratitude for the instruction he gave me. It was his first grand passion, and many a man when so overcome makes himself ridiculous. As Touchstone says, "True lovers run into strange capers."

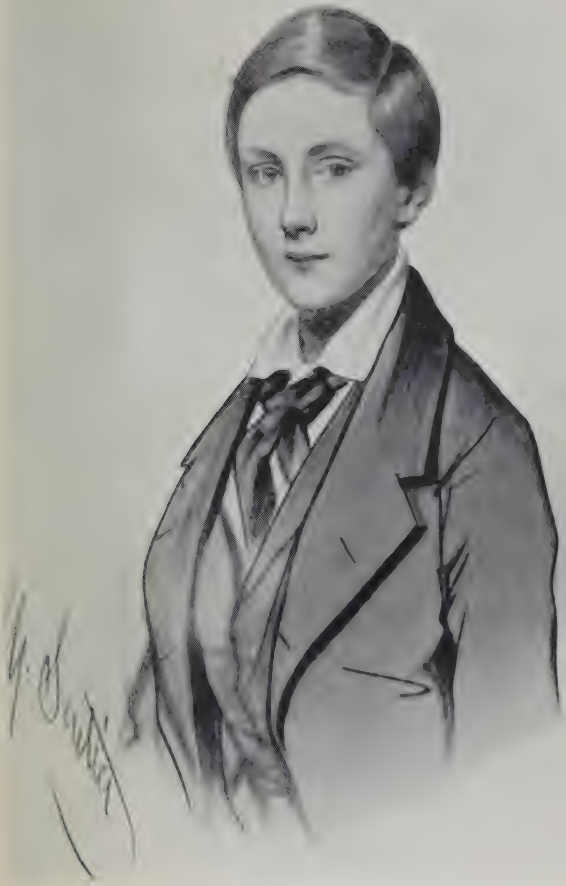
There was no English chaplain at Bayonne, and my father read Morning Prayer, and in the evening a sermon. My tutor furnished me with Wordsworth's *Theophilus Anglicanus* to study, and study it I did. The book supplied me with what I particularly needed, a *rationale* of the English Church, which I thoroughly laid hold of, and from which I have never deviated.

On one occasion my mother took me to the French Protestant conventicle; the pastor there was named Nougaret. Mr. Hadow absolutely refused to go, and I went in a resentful spirit, and exhibited my dislike sufficiently to induce my mother never to take me there again. It was the quarterly communion.

My brother entered in his diary: "Every Sunday we have service. First, Papa reads the Church service in the morning; after early dinner those who like go to the French Protestant church. Papa is not among these. Miss Richardson stays at home. Mr. Hadow does not go either; nor will Sabine. The service is intolerably prosy. In the evening after tea we have service again, and a sermon—quite sufficient!"

I did not then understand how it was that my mother could go to such a place and endure such a performance, holding the principles that she did. I can explain it now. In the first place, she went to improve her French, as she might have gone to a theatre. But in the second place, I hold that she possessed the same principle that actuated the Caroline Divines, and regarded the Protestant ministration as good and valid so far as it went. The pastors did not claim to be priests or to be other than lecturers on theology. They did not pretend to belong to the Catholic Church, nor teach the Catholic Faith; they belonged to a sect which took its birth in the sixteenth century. Consequently, taking their ministrations for what they pretend to be, they are valid. And the Protestant congregations ask for nothing better than this substitute. They want no worship properly so called, no Divine Benedictions, only harangues, and a congregational sing-song. All that they ask is to be addressed by a pastor, and that they get for their money, and are satisfied. This was the view adopted by our Caroline divines, Overall, Andrewes, Bramhall, Laud and Thorndike. If you are not in quest of a jewel, you are content to put up with a pebble.

I think that, by what I said as we walked home, I convinced my mother of the injudiciousness of taking me to the Protestant meeting-house. I was, I admit, boiling over with wrath at having been made to go to such a place, and attend such a service. I am very well aware that I was made up of a bundle of prejudices



SABINE BARING-GOULD
ÆT. 15

rather than of convictions. As I walked home with my mother, my breast heaving, and my pulses throbbing, I said passionately : "I wonder what, hereafter, will be done with these pastors, Nougaret, Buscarlet, Merle d'Aubigné, Bernays and the rest of them ? I allow that here, they may be, and indubitably are, of utility, but hereafter no one will want to have them hooting and braying in the heavenly city." I presume that, as being of no further utility, as having accomplished their proper work, they will be laid aside in the housemaid's closet like the brooms and dusters. Worship ! Why, the performances in such places are not worship at all. As well consider a man to be in Court costume, who has reduced his clothing to a loin-cloth. And that is what Calvin, John Knox and Zwingli did with the services of the sanctuary. They brought it down to all but indecent nakedness.

My prejudices were not based on any theological grounds. I had my antipathies, but I had no great affection at the time for the Church of England, as all that I knew of it was by the dreary performances in the chapel in Queen's Square, London, and Lew parish church, and the unattractive exhibitions in the Continental chapels—usually hotel *salles-à-manger*. At the same time I obtained glimpses of brighter things from the Church history story-books I had read. But they taught one to look back to past days for the ideal of the Church and of worship.

We never called on M. Nougaret, nor invited him up to dinner ; nor, for the matter of that, did we open our doors and spread the table for any of the Canons of the Cathedral or for the *curé* of the nearest parish church. But we had several French friends, especially the archeviste, the Comte de Genesté, and others we came to know through the Labatte family.

When I had a half-holiday, I always ran off to the cathedral with my sketch-book and pencil, and spent long hours in the exquisite cloisters drawing the sculptured foliage there, mainly of strawberry leaves, and those of the crane's-bill. How the mediæval artists did love the flowers of the field and their leafage. To my mind the proportions of the cathedral interior are the most perfect I know, excepting only Exeter,[1] and the cloisters are unsurpassed. At the time that we were there, the west doorway was disfigured by a hideous porch with "Liberté, égalité, fraternité" inscribed on it in colossal lettering. That has now disappeared, and the cathedral has been given two graceful spires, which it lacked previously. There are not many—if any—picturesque mediæval houses in the town, but several of them have cellars with groined, vaulted roofs, and English coats of arms on the keystones, amongst others that of the Talbots.

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[1] The vaulting of Exeter Cathedral is unrivalled.

During the winter there arrived in the Adour a vessel from Topsham, near Exeter. My father at once went down to the harbour and invited the skipper to dine with us. He was a plain, homely Devonian, and it was to us a vast delight to hear the broad Devonshire dialect again spoken. He sang to us the sea song:

"Loud roar'd the dreadful thunder,
  The rain a deluge show'rs,
The clouds were rent asunder
  By lightning's vivid powers:
The night both drear and dark,
Our poor devoted bark,
There she lay till the next day
  In the Bay of Biscay, O."

We young folk shouted the last two lines as chorus, my mother's exquisite voice rising above ours like the notes of a lark, and Mr. Hadow grunting out a bass. Then my father sang that famous old hunting song:

"A southerly wind and a cloudy sky
  Proclaim it a hunting morning.
Before the sun rises away we fly,
  Dull sleep from our drowsy heads scorning.
To horse, my brave boys, and away,
The chase admitteth of no delay,
  Ta-ra-ta-ra! Tara-tara!"[1]

I am not sure that the song of the Bay of Biscay appealed to us greatly; it brought up into our memories storm-basins and the peculiar odour that hung about all cabins in those days, but Mr. Hadow pretended to enjoy it, by rocking to and fro in his chair, and of course we vociferously applauded. Possibly the hunting song in like manner did not appeal to the skipper, though it did to us, and Mr. Hadow swung his chair round with the back towards the company, and rose and fell on the seat, as if his chair were a hunter and he was in the saddle.

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[1] Published on a sheet, about 1780. Also in Dale's *English Songs* circa 1800. But my father had simplified both words and air.

Presently Pengelly entered with a steaming punch-bowl, and then there was no discordant element in any of the company. The skipper sang with his rich but rough voice :

" Come, all you old comrades, wherever you be !
With neighbours united in sweet harmony.
Whilst the clear crystal fountain thro' England shall roll,
O, give me the Punch Ladle—I'll fathom the bowl.

Let nothing but harmony reign in your breast,
Let comrade with comrade be ever at rest.
We'll toss off our bumper, together will troll,
O, give me the Punch Ladle—I'll fathom the bowl.

From France cometh Brandy, Jamaica gives Rum,
Sweet oranges, lemons from Portugal come,
Of Beer and good Cider we'll also take toll,
O, give me the Punch Ladle—I'll fathom the bowl.

Our brothers lie drowned in the depths of the sea,
Cold stones for their pillows, what matters to me ?
We'll drink to their healths, and repose to each soul,
O, give me the Punch Ladle—I'll fathom the bowl."

The skipper showed some hesitation before that he produced the last verse, and only did so when he received an encouraging nod from my mother.

" Our wives they must bluster as much as they please,
Let 'em scold, let 'em grumble, we'll sit at our ease.
To the ends of our pipes we'll apply a hot coal,
O, give me the Punch Ladle—I'll fathom the bowl."

A great many years later I recovered the song and the delightful air from an old toper at Lydford. I had not heard it in the interim, and I published it in the *Songs of the West*. But when, after the death of my fellow collector, Mr. Sheppard, a new edition was called for and Mr. C. Sharp took charge of it, he cut out the song of the Punch Bowl, as being a drinking song and not a genuine folk piece. I think he erred, for it was a favourite in the public-houses, and the singers were all country peasants.

Oh, the dear old punch bowl, and the whalebone ladle with a Queen Anne silver coin in the hollow. Shall we ever see it steaming on our tables again as in the olden times ? The handsome ironstone bowls formerly employed for the purpose are fast disappearing. Alas, the day !

On fair days at Bayonne arrived a seller of prints—I think he came from Spain. He fastened a string horizontally against a stone wall, and suspended his wares from it. He had also a stall in front littered with old wood-cuts and steel engravings almost all by early masters, but there were a few eighteenth century mezzotints as well. There were scores of Albert Dürer's woodcuts at a franc apiece, also his steel engravings at two francs. The *Melancholia*, the Knight and Death ; also innumerable Caillot's gruesome representations of the ragged, the wretched, the deformed. There were Teniers, and Breughel's wildly imaginative illustrations of witch gatherings and of Temptations of S. Anthony. I bought a few of Dürer's woodcuts, a Teniers and a Breughel, as many as my scanty means would allow. I begged hard that my father would advance me some money so that I might make up a portfolio of Albert Dürer's woodcuts, but no, he was obdurate ; he pronounced them to be "rubbish," and sorrowfully I had to forgo what I believed to be a treasure. Now here is an odd thing. I can recall distinctly the man with his plates, on several of which I had set my heart, but had to forgo purchase, and yet the faces of the Frazers have completely passed out of my recollection, so that I think that my brother has exaggerated my devotion to Constance. Indeed, but for my brother's diary, I should not have recalled their existence.

Bayonne may be said to be the capital of the Basques. This peculiar people with their language akin to no Aryan tongue, nearest, but not near to Finn and Lett, have their peculiar customs. They were much in Bayonne, or rather in its outskirts, at festivals, when they danced to their own music. My father got a Basque schoolmaster to make for him a collection of their dance tunes. They were familiar to me but had passed out of my mind till some forty-five years later when I heard *Carmen* for the first time, then at once the old music I had heard at Bayonne came back to me. The Toreador song is Bizet's own, I believe, but all the rest, or nearly all, is taken from the folk-music of the people.

On market days the fish-wives come running into the town bare-footed, with the fish on their heads in baskets. On one occasion when we were driving into Bayonne from the direction of St. Jean-de-Luz, my father very good-humouredly took up three or four, as many as the carriage could accommodate. But this was accounted as affording them an unfair start over the others, and produced a tempest of screams and objurgations from such as could not obtain a lift.

The Basque churches have a character of their own. Externally these churches are, as a rule, noticeable by having two or three ranges of small windows on the north and south sides of the nave, and as having outside structural staircases of wood or stone. These staircases lead to internal galleries that line the nave, and are in two or even three tiers. The east end alone is free where is the arch to the small apse that contains the altar. The galleries are provided with benches and with stout well-turned and polished oak balustrades. The topmost gallery is very near the ceiling. It is to these galleries that the little windows afford light. The naves of the churches are huge quadrangular halls, without pillars and arcades. The ceilings are flat or slightly domed, painted in gaudy colours. There are neither benches nor chairs in the nave, which is occupied by the women, who bring carpets, lay them down on the floor and kneel on, or sit upon them ; to the men the galleries are devoted.

In the Basque country many of the churches are devoid of towers. In their place rises one lofty wall at the west end, pierced by holes in which hang two bells, rarely more. As to the other three walls—*desunt*.

The custom of the Couvade which did prevail among the Basques is now no more, killed by ridicule. When a child was born, the father went to bed with the baby, and was allowed only milk and sops for a week, and was treated and nursed precisely as if it were he and not the wife who had produced the babe, whereas the mother went about her usual avocations, and was entirely disregarded by the gossips, who devoted their questions to the husband as to how he felt, and as to what he wanted. It is strange how widely spread this custom is or was. It is found in Asia, Africa and among the Red Indians. The widow's remark in *Sir Hudibras* is true in a wider geographical sense than she supposed :

> " For though Chineses go to bed
> And lie-in in their ladies' stead."

But actually the *couvade* or " hatching " is not known among the Chinese. Those whom Marco Polo found practising it in 1275 were some of the savage races that had been subdued by the Chinese.

The latest instance recorded took place near Hasparen, at La Bastide Clairance. It was attested by the mayor : " I, the undersigned Jacques Lafourchade, landed-proprietor, mayor of La Bastide Clairance, have heard M. Etchecopari, schoolmaster, now dead, who occupied his office during forty years in the commune of Hyherre (adjoining) state : ' In a family of the parish of Hyherre every time that the wife was confined, the husband went to bed as if ill, and received the cares comporting with the situation of his wife ; he received the compliments suitable to the occasion.' M. Etchecopari went on to say that custom required it in that family, which was one in easy circumstances. A fowl was killed, and the broth was given to the wife, but the man had the bird, which he consumed in bed. M. Etchecopari asserted that this had taken place a dozen times in his presence, between 1844 and 1858."

The mayor of Hyherre also wrote : " I, J. P. Londaits, have often heard that the husband of Mme L. went to bed each time that his wife was confined, and that Mme L. has had several children, from twelve to fourteen. One lives still with her. I have myself related the fact to M. Carmes, Secretary of the Council of the Revision."

These statements attracted so much attention, and provoked such comment, and drew so many visitors to the place, that it was deemed expedient for the fact, if fact it was, to be denied by the son of the woman about whom it was related.

There was a case whilst we were at Bayonne, in 1851, in some Basque village, the unpronounceable name of which I do not remember. It was the talk of the neighbourhood, and numerous visitors went to see the man nursing his baby in bed, and left small contributions. But it became so great a nuisance, and it evoked so much ridicule, that it was ordered that no more cases should be reported.

What can have been the origin of such a custom?

Probably in the uncultured mind, the man was regarded as the only one to whom the child belonged, and the wife was nothing but the tilled field, that produced the seed that had been sown, and which belonged to the sower and not to the unconsidered ground that produced the plant.

The Basque people call their tongue Eskuara, and their race Euscaldunuc. In France they occupy the districts of Labourd, Soule and Navarre, and number about one hundred and forty thousand souls. A recent writer says of them: "From their mysterious cradle in the east they have brought with them superstitions along with their tongue. Well-built, vigorous men, brave, active, given to hard work, often artistic, these Basques pass before one's eyes as men with their lips closed. One must study their language to know them intimately."

But that is precisely what is more than difficult to achieve, where the tongue has no links with any of the Aryan languages with which one is familiar.

Château St. Aulaire was reputed to be haunted, and it was on that account that it was let to us at so cheap a rate. There was on the left hand as one entered the hall a commodious billiard-room, and high up in the wall opposite to the windows was a range of oval shields with coats of arms displayed on them. A secret stair led to a blind passage that could obtain light only by throwing open one of these shields that turned outward on hinges. The passage led nowhere, and why contrived is hard to explain. Sometimes at night, when we were playing billiards, one of these shields would fly open, and some of us thought we could discern a dim grey face in the oval, looking down on us. Repeatedly, when this took place, has one or other of us rushed to the secret stair, and, if the door were not locked, run up the steps, to discover no one, and yet to find the coat of arms window mysteriously open.

One night my father was startled. He had left the smoking-room, so as to go to bed. This smoking-room was on the ground floor. To his astonishment he heard a heavy tread proceeding to the great staircase and ascend it, step by step, leisurely. He saw the green baize door at the head of the stairs swing open, and heard the tread pass along the gallery beyond.

No man could be less superstitious and more unimaginative than my father. He told us his experience next morning at breakfast, and added that he could in no way explain what he had seen or heard.

I return on my steps to say something further upon Biarritz. It was long a mere fishing village, and when we were there in 1851 it consisted of an inn, and a few villas that belonged to Bayonne merchants, besides the cottages of the fishermen. The heaths around were overgrown with blue *lithospernum* and crimson *daphne cneorum*, and the effect of the wide-stretched sprinkling of rose and azure was wondrously beautiful. There are rocks at Biarritz, but these are replaced a little way south by sea cliffs of black marl.

Biarritz is mentioned in the eleventh century, when whales were harpooned there by Basque fishermen. At that period there existed large storehouses at the Old Port, in which were preserved barrels of oil and bundles of whale-bone. The tithe of the whale and cod fisheries constituted the principal source of income to the bishops of Bayonne. In course of time the whales abandoned the Bay of Biscay, as no longer wholesome to them, and migrated northward. Trade fell off, and the fortunes of Biarritz declined. An old castle, erected for the defence of the port, stood on the height called L'Atalaya, but it fell into ruins, and the sea, eating into the soft cliffs, munched up the buildings about the port, and Biarritz decayed to a miserable hamlet.

Picturesque lakes lie buried in the cork and pine woods on the north of the Adour, formed mainly out of the old bed of the river which formerly discharged into the sea at Vieux Bucout. The cork trees are systematically and periodically stripped of their bark, but very rapidly repair the loss by the production of a fresh outer coat. The pine trees are also hardly treated. To obtain the resin that exudes from them, a slice is made in the bark, and a little pot is placed in a hole below in the ground, that receives the resin as it trickles down. It is somewhat pathetic seeing these trees weeping into the lachrymatories at their feet. So soon as the wound has healed a fresh incision is made in the tree, above the old scar, and so on. The result is that the pines do not grow to be really stately trees like our Scotch pines.

There are human beings in character much like the cork trees, who can endure any amount of disbarking with impunity, insensible to "snubbing," to having their hide of self-satisfaction peeled off. But there are others like the pine who, when wounded in their feelings, their self-esteem, bleed their very life-blood away, and are incurable.

About five miles from Bayonne, and three from Biarritz, on a plateau upon which were the head-quarters of the Duke of Wellington and the allied army in 1814, is the refuge of the Servantes de Marie, founded in 1839 as a penitentiary, by the Abbé Céstac.

The settlement consists of about four hundred nuns, on an average sixty orphans, and a hundred and fifty penitents.

In proximity to the refuge is a settlement of the Bernardines. A sandy path leads into the gloomy depths of a pine wood, where a timber palisade encloses two lines of cells, terminated by a chapel and a graveyard. Within this narrow space reside the nuns. Complete isolation, absolute silence, total abstinence from flesh-meat, manual labour in the garden and cemetery, constant prayer in the chapel, constitute their rule of life. Like the Trappists, their bed is a hard board, to which they retire at 8 p.m. and rise at 4 a.m. On Friday they make their meal on unseasoned vegetables, kneeling. They occupy narrow cells, with space merely for their bed and a small deal table and a chair. They wear no stockings, and are covered by a cowl, attached to a long robe of coarse wool, and their faces are completely concealed. On their backs is a black cross. They are not suffered to read any book, save one of devotions, and no news from the outer world ever reaches them. They are shut out from all view of the external world; neither the distant snowy range of the Pyrénées nor the deep blue ocean is discernible from their abode. Unbroken silence prevails. At first the Abbé required them to be suffered to speak on Sundays; but that privilege was withdrawn, and they employ their voices only in Confession.

Now, is this Christianity? Did not God give to men and women speech to be used?

Many miraculous stories are told of this establishment.

It happened that a young lady in the neighbourhood of Bayonne asserted that she received frequent visits from the Blessed Virgin. Her parents advised her to make a retreat at the Refuge, and place herself under the direction of the Abbé Céstac. They had been wiser if, after each visit reported, they had made her swallow a couple of podophyllin pills. She did as advised, and on the third day announced that Our Lady had appeared to her and had informed her that she was highly pleased with the work of the Abbé. The Père Céstac had not, happily, quite lost common sense, and he sent for Mlle de M——, and read to her out of a book by Benedict XIV on true and false visions. The young lady, finding that she was not at once believed, uttered a scream, pulled her director's silver watch out of his pocket, threw it on the floor and herself rolled on the ground. It is added that the works of the watch were scattered right and left. The Abbé picked up his watch and found that, miraculously, it continued to tick, and was uninjured. The young lady retired, and had no more celestial visits.

Now, is it not obvious that the paragraph relative to the works being scattered over the floor is an addition made to the matter-of-fact story that although Mlle de M—— did pull out and throw away the watch, it was not damaged ? Probably because it fell on a mat.

As a story travels it gets altered, and exaggerations attach themselves to it. And when, in its improved form it gets into print, it is fixed for ever.

It would be well to remember the story of the Seven Black Crows.

Mrs. Smith confided to her neighbour Mrs. Brown, who was hard of hearing, that during the previous night dear Mr. Smith had vomited matter as black as a crow. " Lord bless me ! " exclaimed Mrs. Brown with uplifted hands. " You don't mean to say so ? "

" It is a fact. I can take my Bible oath on it," replied Mrs. Smith.

Off posted Mrs. Brown to her friend the venerable spinster, Arabella Jones, to inform her that last night the poor dear Mr. Smith had thrown up a black crow. She had the news on the best possible authority, that of his wife, who saw the crow in the vessel into which it was discharged.

Away went Miss Jones to vent the tale to Mrs. Robinson in this form: Last night, only last night, at a quarter-past twelve Mr. Smith began to heave, and the heaving went on for two hours and a half, when he was relieved by throwing up a couple of black crows, full grown and fully fledged. She had it on irrecusable authority. So the story travelled on through Mrs. Baker and Miss Tomkins, from whom ultimately it reached the *County Weekly Advertiser* in the form of Seven Black Crows.

"God bless my soul!" exclaimed Mr. Smith when he read the story in the paper on the Saturday, "I remember that I did vomit, but what came off my stomach I can't remember. That it was seven black crows must be true, for here it is, in print."

When I hear or read the miraculous tales told in Romanist books of visions and cures I think of the story of the seven black crows.

I cannot but deem that what has driven too many men and women alike into severe Religious Orders has been due to temporary disorder of the liver.

I think it for this reason. At one time at Lew when I was a small boy I fell into just such a condition of depression. I thought that all was against me, that I had no chance of carrying out my wish, which at that time was to go into the army. I became gloomy, reserved, and sought solitude. This lasted some weeks, and my parents became anxious. My father, very sensibly, administered to me *a blue pill*.

A few hours later they were startled by hearing bursts of laughter, clapping of hands, and my voice raised in song. Hastening to see what caused this, they entered the room where I and a couple of friends and my brother and sister were, and found me dancing a hornpipe on a tea-table, and singing at the top of my voice. The world was to me now all rosy, every one was dear to me, and my prospects were all I could desire. The blue pill had occasioned the transformation.

If anyone were to come to me to-day, despondent, despairing as to himself, or as to the future of the Anglican Church, my advice to him would be: "*Take a blue pill.*"

I do not for one moment deny real Vocation; but I would limit such to those who would enter into Religious Orders that do practical works of utility, education, nursing and the like ; but I cannot admit that there is any call of God to men or women to enter on a course of life that renders them useless. Such calls are from disordered livers.

Mr. Ambrose Lisle Phillipps founded a Cistercian House near Grace Dieu in Leicestershire in a very picturesque situation. One day a small Leeds tradesman, who was staying in the neighbourhood, visited the abbey. He was so impressed, so overawed with the life he saw there lived by the monks, that he returned to Leeds, sold his shop—a grocery, I believe—came to S. Bernard's and offered himself as a novice. Whether he remained there and took lifelong vows I cannot say. I heard of him from a muffin man at Horbury, who also had been in the abbey but had quitted it. Phillipps was desirous to have everything very mediæval in the surroundings, and he established a poor man in his park as a hermit in a cell. On a certain day when Phillipps was taking a party of enthusiasts over his monastery and had shown them the white-habited monks at work in the fields, he conducted them to the hermit's cell—but to his surprise found the man gone. Mr. Phillipps inquired of the park-keeper at the lodge as to what had become of the hermit. "Please, your honour, he hasn't had his beer for three days, and he couldn't stand it no longer, and is gone," replied the man.

I entertain a strong conviction that this runaway anchorite became an assistant to me when I was curate of Horbury, and that he taught in the night school. At that time, he was by profession a muffin-man.

I am inclined to wonder where on earth I should have been, spiritually, religiously, had I not been born and bred in the Church of England. There is so much that to me is repellent in the Roman Communion, such an indifference to truth, in the matter of toleration of what are lies ; so much superabundance of ceremonial, and so much suppression of reason, that I never could have been happy in that part of the Church. As to Lutheran Protestantism and Calvinism, I could not away with either.

There is one of Mrs. Alfred Gatty's Fables relative to the crickets that has often occurred to me. She tells how desolate they were when men lived in tents or in caves, and it was not till human beings became civilized and built houses, and had hearths, that the crickets found homes and shrilled night and day their song of thanksgiving. And I—if I have written any hymns that will live—they are my cricket song; I have found my home and love it, in *Ecclesia Anglicana*.

During the winter there had been bad times in Devonshire with the farmers. Some could not pay their rent and threw up their farms; the rest had to have their rents considerably reduced; and after a rent has been lowered, and better times recur, it is no easy matter to put them up again. In fact, it is practically impossible so to do, if the same tenant continues on upon the land.

Matters looked so serious that we were compelled to return to England, and we left Bayonne on May 19, 1851.

LEGISLATIVE LIBRARY ONTARIO

CHAPTER XII

1852-1856

AS my father had let Lew House when he went abroad, intending to expatriate himself for at least three years, we were constrained to take a furnished house in Tavistock, whence my father could drive over to Lew as required.

I enjoyed my time there, as it enabled me to get about on Dartmoor, and see the prehistoric remains with which it is literally strewn, though the interpretation of them was erroneous. These, at the time, were supposed to be Druidical.

The first pioneer of the Moor was the Rev. Edward Atkyns Bray, Vicar of Tavistock. He saw, studied and described these remains as far as he could visit them on foot within a radius of a few miles of a house he had built for himself at Bairdown, above Two Bridges. The result of his researches was published in his wife's *Borders of the Tamar and the Tavy*, 1836, which consisted of a series of letters to Robert Southey. A fuller and more systematic exploration was made by Samuel Rowe and published under the title of *Perambulation of Dartmoor*, 1848. Happily, neither of these men employed the spade ; for neither of them was competent to read the writing of what would eventually be disclosed, as to the purport and period of these remains, to my friend Robert Burnard and myself, who were the actual Daniels to interpret them. At the time of which I write all these monuments were set down as Celtic and Druidical, and the most fanciful explanations of them were confidently advanced. As an instance of the short-sightedness of these antiquaries, I may mention the fact that Mr. Bray had rescued an inscribed stone, and had set it up in the vicarage garden, and Mrs. Bray gave an illustration of it and its inscription in the above-mentioned book. Not till many years after did a true antiquary see the stone, and he at once discerned that, in addition to the Latin inscription in Roman letters, the same inscription was written down at the angle in Ogham characters, showing that the monument had been erected by Irish settlers. Mrs. Bray was simply furious. She had had this stone before her eyes every day for many years, and had never seen the strokes that signified the Ogham writing She had drawn the stone for her book, and yet had been blind to the second writing. Since then other Ogham inscriptions have been found in Devon and Cornwall, showing that a colony from Kerry had at one time planted itself in this country.

Now we know for certain that the rude stone relics pertain to the early Bronze period, before ever the island was invaded by the Celts. The tin-streaming began in the Middle Ages, and was energetically pursued in the reign of Elizabeth. The traces of tin-streaming are abundant everywhere, yet none of these works were undertaken by the primitive dwellers on the Moors, who knew of bronze only as a rare imported alloy, and entertained no conception that tin, one ingredient, was under their feet, and the other, copper, was to be found on the banks of the Tamar.

The original inhabitants were a pastoral people who lived on the uplands during the summer and retreated to hibernate in the lowlands during the winter, when they lodged in the forests that clothed the sides of the hills above the lakes and morasses of the valley-bottoms.

A remarkable fact is this—the Romans never discovered that there was tin in Cornwall and on Dartmoor. They lighted on gold in Wales, where their workings remain to this day. They pushed their roads across the Tamar, or only just beyond it. Certainly, if the Cornish men at that time had raised tin, they kept the secret very close. But as no Cornishman could ever resist a bribe, and as no Cornishman that I have come across has been able to keep a secret, I feel confident that these men of the West knew nothing whatever about tin being present among them.

At Princetown is the huge convict establishment, in the building, much enlarged, in which had been confined the French prisoners during the Napoleonic wars. The convicts are employed in reclaiming the moor, and in so doing I fear have destroyed many prehistoric remains. I have, however, never heard of their having come across any bronze implements. If of flint, they would throw them aside.

I heard a story of a chaplain and a convict, from my half-brother, who many years later was a curate at Princetown.

The prison chaplain, named R——, very partial to the whisky bottle, visited one of the cells, and read a chapter of the New Testament to the man who occupied it. When he had done, "Ah," said the fellow, "would your reverence mind reading it over again. It does me good." "Certainly, certainly," responded the chaplain. "And," further added the prisoner, "would you draw your chair a little nearer?" "Certainly, certainly," answered the Rev. R——, complying with both the man's demands. The chapter ended. "Ah! your reverence, may I ask for it just once more?" "Once more! I've read it twice." "But it does me so much, so great good. Once more, parson dear." "Certainly, certainly." And the chaplain read the chapter for the third time. That ended, the convict said: "Might I ask to have it read, just once again?" "No, why a fourth time?" "Oh, sir! it's seven years since I've smelt Irish whisky, and it does me so much good." [1]

The year 1850 was that of the Papal Aggression, when Pius IX parcelled out England into Roman dioceses. I remember how my blood boiled at what I then thought was a gross piece of impertinence, much as long after it bubbled when Kaiser Wilhelm sent his telegram to Kruger. I can see now that from the papal point of view Pio Nono acted wisely; he sought to raise the Roman Communion in England out of the torpor into which it had fallen, and to give it a dignity it previously did not possess. I was but a hobbledehoy at the time, and was thoroughly angered, and resolved to cling to the Church of England more zealously then ever, and I think that this feeling was widely prevalent. A good many who had entertained a sentimental affection for Rome, some who were discouraged at the distracted condition of the Church, were by this Bull thrown back on the principles of loyalty and allegiance to what after all, and with all her faults, was their spiritual mother. One may possess a female parent, venerable as far as age goes, and appearance, who shuffles about the house in her slippers, and is inert in the efficient conduct of her house, but, if the son were asked to kick her out of doors and adopt a substitute, he would rally to his true mother by blood and education. In fact, such an insulting suggestion would make the child become more dutiful and tender to the somewhat dowdy old woman than he had been before.

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[1] I told this story in an article in a daily paper, whence it was largely copied into others.

The blow was aimed by Pius IX full at the Anglican Church ; not at its temporal relation, but at its spiritual character. It was the intrusion of a foreigner into the house, who, snapping her fingers in the face of the housewife, says : " Go to the workhouse or the Devil, whichever you like. I am going to manage affairs here, bring in my domestics, and wash, clothe and feed the children of this habitation as seems right to me."

The Bull was meant as a denial, to all who understood the meaning of such a denial, of its existence, the Anglican, as a Christian Church—not as an Establishment, but as a spiritual body, claiming Apostolic Faith and Continuity. The State may set up any Aunt Sally it likes, with psaltery and dulcimer call on its subjects to fall down and worship it ; that is no odds of mine, said Pio Nono in effect. I must feed the flock of Christ and none save I.

The Roman Church in England was inspired with hope, because, here and there, it had picked up recruits from among the clergy and the upper classes of Society ; and it was led by a very able man, Cardinal Wiseman, with wide influence, who was regarded with general respect.

Nevertheless, the Aggression roused a furious storm throughout the land. It was an open declaration of war against what the English people really did value, more or less unintelligently—the National Church.

Looking back on that time, and measuring the results of the Aggression, I feel convinced that it served to close up our ranks ; that it inspired in ten thousand hearts, lay and clerical, a resolve to maintain *Ecclesia Anglicana ;* many ignorantly, as a bulwark of Protestantism, others sagely, as the sole power in the land that could meet and defeat Popery. It led many to investigate and to appreciate the real claims of that Church, many who hitherto had not considered this as a matter of importance. I know that it had that effect on me.

The Romanist prelates in England may call themselves what they like, but that does not constitute them such as they name themselves. Recently died in Paris a Monsieur Jacques Lebaudy, who claimed to be Emperor of the Sahara, though all of the Sahara that he possessed was a quarter pound tobacco-tin full of the sand of the desert. And the number of Papists in England, if we exclude the Irish, is microscopic. I use the expression, borrowing it from the lips of a Romanist, when speaking of the Papists in the so-called papal diocese of Plymouth, as compared with the teeming population, Anglican and Protestant, of the Three Towns.

In spite of the opposition of Gladstone, Cobden and Bright, who saw the futility of the measure, the Government brought in the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill—a measure making it penal for any Papist prelate to call himself Archbishop or Bishop of any place in England. Let him be Archbishop Wiseman, or Cardinal Wiseman, or Archbishop of Mesopotamia, if he pleased, but not Archbishop of Westminster. The bill was carried and made law. "There it remained," wrote Justin McCarthy. "There never was the slightest attempt made to enforce it. The (R.) Catholic prelates held to the titles the Pope had given them, and no English court, judge, magistrate, or policeman ever offered to prevent or punish them. No other proceeding so ludicrous, so barren, as the carrying of that measure has been known in the England of our time."

At the close of 1850 appeared Lord John Russell's *Letter to the Bishop of Durham*, in which he threw the blame of the Aggression upon the Tractarian party, and this led to an outburst of Protestant fanaticism, that was fomented against all who sought to recover the decencies of Prayer-book worship.

In 1851 Archbishops Sumner and Musgrave, and twenty-two bishops, of whom Wilberforce of Oxford was one, subscribed to an Address to the Clergy, which, under a thin disguise of inconsistent advice, administered a castigation to the unpopular party in the Church. Bishop Wilberforce is said to have set his name to this paper with the sole object of preventing it from being worse than it really was. It was a "Hear, hear!" of the bishops to Lord John Russell's letter.

An answer made by Henry (Philpotts) of Exeter in a pastoral dated April 9, 1851, was crushing. In fact, the prelates, with the exception of two or three, were mere marionettes on a string worked by the Prime Minister, but the Prime Minister was the servant of the populace.

I wrote a piece of verse on the Marionette Player, the World, as a piper setting folk capering.

"The Evening fell as I passed through the town,
The streets were silent; and of folk were none
That hurried home, or loitered, *saving One*
Who whistling stood in a deserted square
In patchwork garb, with fool's cap on his hair.
Beneath his arm a well-adjusted rack,
And at his feet a coffer coloured black.
And o'er his shoulders dangled all the while,
A mask impressed with a benignant smile,
With archèd brows, soft lips, and puckered cheek,
And double chin, and forehead smooth and sleek.
Then said I, 'Sir, may I enquire your trade?
And for what purpose was this wood-rack made?
This parti-coloured suit, if I may ask,
Fain would I know—this fool's cap and this mask?'
He answered with a glow of pride and joy,
'For pleasure and for profit serves this toy.
See!'—And he set the frame upon the ground,
Brushed up his fool's cap, swung the false face round,
And from a pan-pipe drew a cheery sound.
Attached a pack-thread briskly to his knee,
Drew from his pocket puppets *twenty-three*; [1]
Then threaded them, and set them on their feet,
Piped, and they capered in the darkened street.

Tweedle dum! my children, stay,
  Dance respondent, Marionettes!
Forward, backward, *balancez*
  Each one to his partner sets.

Up with elbows, out with legs,
  Both way smiling, swing in reels,
Look! how nicely this one begs!—
  Now spin round upon your heels!

Tweedle-dee! upon your knees
  Meekly bow, and bend your heads,
Asking, O! dear master please,
  Put more feathers in our beds.

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[1] The Bishop of Oxford not reckoned in, for the reason already given.

Higher leap! more madly now
Whirl in giddy, senseless rout:
Attention!—stand and make your bow.
Sir! the pretty show is out.'

But then I said: 'These puppets, are they sold,
And did you buy them? or did make and mould,
And dress these figures, that are sadly bruised?'
'Sir! and no wonder, they are daily used.
I have made some, and have re-formed the rest,
Altered, adapted, and improved, re-dressed.
Their every motion, turn of head and limb,
Each owes to me, for I created him.
I like to make of solid wood the head,
And for his heart a bullet cast, of lead.
I form the springs of iron, though 'twill rust,
And make up all the rest with bran and dust.
Then dress my Marionette demure or smart,
As I ordain for him his petty part.
This one I altered, he was not so pliant,
I cut him to a pigmy from a giant.
Those that are lofty, whittle down a bit,
Those that are low, with pair of stilts I fit.
All wait implicitly upon my will,
And at my pleasure their positions fill.
Here's an archbishop, stuffed with cotton-wool,
A pretty, feeble, and obsequious fool.'
Then he held up with a contemptuous yawn,
A doll in habit black and sleeves of lawn.
'This one I got, half-formed, from one whose trade
Was making saints, but this aside he laid,
"For, how a saint," he asked, "be fashionéd,
With knot at heart, and maggot in his head?"
Rejected, but in prelate's vesture set,
It makes no saint, but makes a Marionette.
Quite docile to whatever I may please,
Bows, capers, jabbers too, or stands at ease.'
I interrupted him, and said, 'I pray
Tell me, are these dolls ratt'ling all the day?'
He answered, 'Aye, they dance from rise of sun
Until the day with all its toil is done.'
Again I spoke: 'And when the shutters close
And weary men from labour seek repose,
When gentle slumber draws the blinds of sight,
And earth is silent in the trance of night,
When from the aching heart and anxious head,
By kiss of God, dull care is banishéd,

And angels stoop about the infant's bed—
Then, to these puppets do you grant no rest ?
With their long labours, battered and distress'd,
Have you no pity, Piper ? not endued
With some compassion ? Know no gratitude
To those who to your service are so wed ? '
He looked at me, and, laughing, shook his head.
' When these are broken, out of joint, and fail
To please the public, then—of no avail,
I cast them in yon box.' The box was black,
Long, edged with many a sable tack,
Bearing a coffin-plate, inscribed whereon,
I read the legend plain—OBLIVION.
Then I was moving ; halted but to say,
' Strange piper, shaping, casting dolls away,
With fallen mask, tell me your name, I pray ! '
He reared himself, and after me he hurl'd
The scoffing answer : ' Sir ! *I AM THE WORLD.*' "

With the object of making a mathematician of me, my father now sent me up to Cambridge as private pupil in his house to the Rev. Harvey Goodwin, incumbent of S. Edward's, and afterwards Bishop of Carlisle. He had been Second Wrangler. He took in but three pupils at a time, a son of Baron A——, one of Sir James W——'s sons, and myself. My tutors had tried to hammer algebra into my head, but my skull was too hard to receive it. It turned all the points.

Goodwin was a good, kind man, and he took infinite pains with me. At one time it was held that base metals could be transmuted—tin into silver, copper into gold. My father believed in the transmutation of brains, and that Goodwin was the alchemist who would effect the change. Goodwin got me on as far as Euler's Proof of the Binomial Theorem. But what that theorum was, and of what good its solution could be to humanity, I have not the slightest idea. But I know that on the blank space of my paper, in which I proved that confounded theorem, I drew a sketch of the cow jumping over the moon, so that I presume it had something to do with the distance the cow jumped, and the velocity with which it jumped, and how much time it took to get beyond the moon and return to Parker's Piece, from which it was supposed it had started.

Goodwin was far too honest a man to retain me when he found how hopeless I was as material. At this present day, in addition, I have to use my fingers for counting; and in compound addition, I have to take my bills into the kitchen and get one of the servant maids to do the calculation for me. And to make of me a mathematician! It was beyond the powers of mortal man. But, if I could not be made a mathematician, then no prospect lay open before me of becoming a mechanical engineer, which was the ultimate aim of my father. It is true that I did study hydrostatics and mechanics, and made a brilliant display in answer to a question put to me in the Senate House, as to the reason why a cup was put into a plum tart. I gave a quite satisfactory reply, but added, "the cup must not be over thirty-four feet high," which exhibited a surprising acquaintance with the efficacy of the pressure of the air.

My two brothers were given a like object for which they were trained, and both broke down in health—William in England, through mental overstrain when engaged on a line in Lincolnshire, at a time when his "boss" was ill, and all the responsibility rested on his shoulders; Edward Drake collapsed through two attacks of yellow fever in Brazil, and a day and two nights spent in an open boat at sea in winter, after a wreck. Neither had any real ability for the work they had been set to execute.

Mrs. Goodwin was totally devoid of taste, so much so that I very much doubt whether she were not colour-blind. But her lack of discernment as to what was becoming in dress was not confined to colour. If left to herself she dressed outrageously. Harvey Goodwin had great taste, and was sensitive in such matters as female costume. Accordingly he commissioned me to accompany his wife on her expeditions to the dressmakers and milliners and drapers, and select her gowns and bonnets. She received strict injunctions from him not to go dressed into the town till she had been subjected to my scrutiny. Accordingly I had to turn her about and pass or reject her, every time she exhibited a resolve to go a-shopping in Cambridge. She was such a good-natured woman, and so conscious of her defects, that she submitted like a lamb.

Harvey Goodwin was an ecclesiologist, and often took me out walks with him to visit the churches in the neighbourhood of Cambridge and point out to me the different styles of architecture.

Till I came to Cambridge I had made no acquaintance with the Early English, or 1st pointed, style, as of it we have scarcely an example in Devon.

Every Sunday I attended at S. Edward's Church. It was boxed up with deal pews to the very altar-rails. On Communion Sundays—once a month—the altar was enveloped in a huge white linen table-cloth reaching to the ground in front and at the ends; and a black bottle stood in the middle with a white napkin cast over it.

The celebrant occupied the north end, exposing his profile to the congregation. Goodwin possessed a trick of repeatedly lifting and turning his head out of his cravat, in an odd bird-like manner, and this was specially noticeable when he stood sideways at the altar.

I suppose that the habit of being "always round the corner, sir!" has very nearly gone out everywhere. Few can conceive of the comical aspect presented when two parsons, or two bishops, occupied the two ends of the Holy table. My grandmother possessed a seal, representing a pair of doves drinking out of a *patera*, and when I saw these comical creatures thus planted at the table, bobbing to one another, I was invariably reminded of the cameo in my grandmother's seal, save that the doves were replaced by magpies.

I entertained a great regard for Goodwin. He was a most worthy man, but hardly qualified to be a bishop, as he lacked parochial experience except as vicar of S. Edward's, a very small parish, and his work in it was almost wholly confined to Sunday duty in the church. I was confirmed from his house by the Bishop of Ely; he gave me no religious preparatory instruction whatever, and although I went from him directly into College life, not one word did he speak to me in advice against the temptations that might assail me. This was just the type of man sought out to occupy episcopal thrones, worthy men in their way, sometimes intellectual, but not always so, and totally inexperienced in dealing with souls.

As a bishop, I have no doubt that he wore his gaiters and apron becomingly, but Carlisle was a diocese that wanted at its head something more than a mathematician in gaiters and apron.

As well set a man like myself, who could not translate a line of Homer, to be the classical master at Eton, as set a man without spiritual experience in dealing with souls to rule a diocese and lead the flock to the waters of life.

That was, and had been for long, the type of man authorized to wear a mitre on the panels of his carriage, and vest himself in the plumage of a magpie when engaged in any ecclesiastical function. Happily it is not so any more.

During the years that I had been under tuition at home and abroad, I had been taught no Greek, in fact I was never given a Greek book to read, except during the winter when we were at Bayonne, when, on Sundays, Mr. Hadow set me to translate a few verses from the New Testament. Consequently Goodwin sent me to a classical tutor, who set me to Xenophon. But I was with him for only three months.

In the autumn of 1853 I entered Clare Hall.

The Master of Clare was named Webb. His wife was a Gould of the Amberd and Lustleigh family, no relation that I could discover, though they bore our arms and called us cousins. Hannah Gould was my mother's most intimate friend. She was one of the old saintly members of the Early Tractarian party, clinging to her principles to the last. Related to these Goulds were the Oxenhams, and Anne was another of the same quality, also a close friend of my mother. I saw a good deal, as a boy, of Henry Nutcombe Oxenham, who was a few years older than myself. He was a specially handsome young fellow. Eventually he went over to Rome, but with a difference. He would not allow that his Orders in the English Church were invalid. We had a quarrel as boys. I was in the street before the house of the Oxenhams, and he at an upper window, when he shouted to me: "Here are some chocolates for you." He threw them down to me. They were pills. I ate one that was very bitter, and was angry. Many years after, when he was a Papist, we met. "Ah, Gould," said he, "you should join the Catholic Church—the Roman you would call it. There you get the real thing." "Like those chocolates," said I; "they upset my stomach." He winced. He had not forgotten them.

Old Webb and his wife were very kind to me, and I was often at the Master's lodge. Webb obtained the nickname of Buckets.

During my first year there was a fire in the adjoining college of Trinity Hall, and I helped to put out the fire. The story circulated, but of course was a fable, that Dr. Webb had gone out in alarm lest Clare Hall should become ignited. Men were shouting for buckets, and asked him if he had any at the Lodge. "Buckets! Buckets!" he was reported to have said. "No, I have none, but here are my shoes."

He always wore shoes and white stockings.

The tutor was Atkinson, who on Webb's death became Master. He was a quiet, a good and unassuming man, for whom I entertained a great respect.

My private tutor was Rayne, a kindly man; but he could do little with me, because of my defective classical training; still, what Greek I know, I owe to him.

I think that our fellows were very honourable, worthy men, but I heard little, and knew less of them.

Our Dean was named Wolfe; he laboured all day at his piano to acquire ability to play. But he had not obtained flexibility of fingers when young, and all his performance was a stumbling over the notes. He attributed this to the instrument, and was periodically changing pianos. He had one specially constructed with a double keyboard, before he was able to play on a single one, making the music more confounded than ever.

He was very latitudinarian in his opinions—theologically—not otherwise. He was unmarried, and had a living somewhere in the country, which he visited periodically. Liberal as he was theologically, his liberality did not extend to sharing his bath with the domestic servants. So he gave strict injunctions to his housekeeper never to use it. He had been away from his Vicarage for ten days. On his return, he saw by the moisture of the sponge and of the back-brush, and the reduction in size of the soap, that the bath had been used.

Highly incensed, he sent for his housekeeper. When she appeared, with a flushed countenance he said: "Sarah! I gave strict orders that my bath was not to be employed. I see plainly that during my absence you have been revelling in it. Now, I have no objection to your ablutions, to your washing yourself all over, to your soaping and sponging *ad libitum*, and exercising yourself with a back-brush—but not with mine. I see but too clearly that you are ready to do that behind my back which you would not do before my face."

I used to think of him in his parish as thrumming on the souls of his people, as clumsily and incapably as with his stiff fingers he scrambled over the notes of his piano. I suspect it is much the same now with parsons of the like type. I know how it was with them as chaplains during the war of 1914-18. Captain Algernon H. Villiers—he fell in the war—wrote of these men [1]: "No padre ever appears except to smoke a cigarette and say 'Cheeri-o.'" What could be expected of one of such chaplains who had shed all positive belief? Pitiful and kind he might be, but incompetent spiritually.

Gunning was Squire Bedell at the time. He had to escort the Heads of the colleges to S. Mary's for the University Sermon. He is reported to have said: "I have heard one thousand and fifty-three sermons, and, thank God, I am a Christian still."

There was a small Roman Catholic chapel at Cambridge. I never attended it. On a certain Whit-Sunday, an Italian monk or friar was advertised to preach, and some of the University men attended, out of curiosity.

The man was absolutely confident that he was a fluent and practised orator in the English language. When he ascended the pulpit, and had delivered his text, he began: "Dis is a very great day. It is one of de greatest days in de Catolic Church, for on dis day did de Fire-tongs come down out of Hebben."

On January 28, 1855, I came of age, and on that occasion we had not only a dinner for the tenants and cottagers downstairs, but also one in the Gallery, the Ghost Walk, for the neighbours. My health was proposed by Mr. Shilston Calmady Hamlyn of Lea Wood in Bridestowe. I recall how I made a great ass of myself in my reply. It was the first time I had been called on to stand on my legs and make a speech.

On my eightieth birthday again we had a dinner for all neighbours, and on the occasion I was presented with a cake surrounded by eighty lighted tapers. On this occasion my health was proposed by Mr. Charles Calmady Hamlyn of Lea Wood, the grandson of him who had proposed it on my coming of age, and who in 1913 married my youngest daughter Grace.

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[1] *Letters and Papers of A. H. Villiers.* S.P.C.K. 1919.

In April, 1916, a Mr. Henry Brierley, of Wigan, whom I know not, upon the death of his sister, in looking over her bundles of letters lighted on one from his brother Samuel Brierley, dated 23 February, 1855, from which he sent me the following extract. I give it with considerable repugnance, and admit it only as showing the sort of life we were leading, and not on account of anything said about myself.

"I have just returned from King's College Chapel, where Chawner, myself, Martin of Corpus, and Gould of Clare Hall have entered into a bond to go every Wednesday and Friday during this holy season, instead of attending dinner in Hall. I cannot tell you how it is, but I feel a great satisfaction in practising this 'very little amount of self-denial,' as Martin calls it. I can assure you that these two new friends of mine are the most perfect patterns of Christians and Catholics I ever saw. Martin is a tall well-made man with jet-black hair, and a very handsome Roman nose, which, coupled with his very orthodox way of conducting himself in Church matters has obtained for him the title of 'Pope.' This I can assure you is by no means a fit and proper name for him, as he detests Popery. Many people, you may be sure, swear at his doings, but they need not, for his life is entirely in accordance with his professions.

"Gould is a tall, thin, pale man, in fact like Mr. Sharpe, without his sternness. I dare say you will smile at what I am going to say, but I care not, for you would say the same, if you saw him. He has the sweetest face I ever saw in my life, always serene and undisturbed, with an almost supernatural brightness about it. In fact, I never saw a face anything like it in my life. When we first came up to Cambridge, because he kept his chapels with unvarying punctuality, stayed away from Hall two or three times in the week to attend service at King's, was known to spend much of his time in devotion, and much of his money in almsgiving, and conducting himself altogether according to his faith, he was called mad. But two years have passed, and his former revilers (none he has now), find him pursuing the course with which he started, and very many of them follow his example. He is well known to all the orthodox clergy of Cambridge, and is universally beloved by them, and by the undergraduates who really know him."

This is all very exaggerated and extravagant. And if in any way true, and I doubt the " in any way," all I can say is, What a falling off is here, now in later life, from what was in the day of sanguine hopes.

We had formed among us a Society of the Holy Cross, for mutual edification, prayer, theological study, and alms-giving. It was a very harmless and moderate society, we had prayers together, read papers, and passed resolutions. Barnwell chapel was being restored, and we offered to put in it a stained glass window, but it was objected that in a little medallion was inscribed S.S.C., and was rejected on that account. Nunns, afterwards Canon of Truro; Wood, Canon of Christ Church; Lias, Chancellor of Llandaff and Bampton Lecturer; Kelly, Bishop of Newfoundland; Beck, also a Canon, I think of Rochester, and others who became notable as hard workers and well beneficed, belonged to our society.

Maclagan, who had been in the Indian Army, joined us, but speedily withdrew when he found that we kept a minute-book. He was a canny Scot, and a Scot, like a fox, sweeps his tail over his traces, lest in any way he might compromise his future prospects by anything he had said, or by association. Maclagan buttered his bread well with ecclesiastical margarine. He became eventually Archbishop of York.

I suppose that I have always been *un enfant terrible*, that I was accounted unamenable to control, for I am almost the sole member of our confraternity who went into Holy Orders and did not get preferment in the Church, and from the Church. I was appointed to Dalton in spite of the opposition of the Archbishop of York (Thomson). My nomination to East Mersea I owed to Gladstone, and mine to Lew Trenchard to myself.

I make no complaint. I have stood in my own light. I never attend rural deanery meetings, because they evaporate in talk and do nothing. As to preaching, the fifty-six years I have been in Holy Orders, I have had agricultural labourers, farmers, and at one time factory hands to address. Most rarely have I spoken before educated persons—I mean really cultured personages, not merely such as can read their newspapers, and spend their time with dogs and horses. Consequently my mode of address and presentation of matter has been governed by desire to make myself understood, and to impress truths on rude minds; and I should feel at a loss how to speak to men and women of culture and of active intelligences. I am, moreover, absolutely happy in being left alone with my Lew people, and not called off elsewhere. What Scot ever went against his own interest?

We met on Sundays for Communion at S. Giles's Church. It was the only one in Cambridge where there was a weekly celebration of the Eucharist. The church was so hideous, so deformed and defaced, that eventually it was pulled down and re-erected in proper style.

The vicar was named Dodd. He had been inhibited for three years by Turton, Bishop of Ely, because he had refused to read the burial service over a drunken blaspheming ruffian, who had tumbled into the River Cam and been drowned, when in a state of intoxication. Dodd sat in a pew, in his cassock and gown, but took no part in the service.

One of my contemporaries, not a member of our society, was troubled in his conscience about some matter, and went to the Dean of his college to "open his grief," and to obtain a solution of his difficulties.

"Conscience! Trouble of conscience!" exclaimed the Dean. "Take a glass of good old tawny port. If it continues, take a second. Should it not then subside, my dear fellow, take a third."

At Clare we had one sermon preached in term time by the Master, each year; on the same Sunday we were given the fable of the hare and tortoise as an encouragement to those who were not brilliant to be diligent in work.

The churches round Cambridge were largely served by Fellows of the Colleges, who rode out on the Sunday morning, rattled through matins, litany and ante-communion service, gave a sermon without unction, ate a lunch of sandwiches they had brought with them, drank some sherry, wiped their mouths, and rattled through Evening Prayer. That accomplished they hurried back to dinner in Hall at 4 p.m. and then to port and scandal in the combination-room.

Whilst I was at Clare, there came to Cambridge an American lecturer upon electrobiology, named Fish. I attended his first lecture and sat in the front row below the platform. He put into each of our left hands a metal disc, composed of zinc and copper, and bade us concentrate our minds upon those we held for ten minutes in hushed silence, and in abstraction from everything else, after which, said he, your wills shall become subject to mine. I accepted a disc, but had no intention of subjecting my volition to that of a contemptible Yankee snob, and, accordingly was not a good subject for him to experiment upon. The period of abstraction and contemplation having elapsed, we were called up upon the platform, and the fellow made passes with his hands over our heads and breasts. On me these produced no effect whatever. There was, however, on the platform as well as myself, one of our religious confraternity, a burly Cheshireman, named Brundritt, a man of good means, but imperfectly educated. He came from a district reeking with Geneva, and from a parish rank with so-called Evangelicalism. The result had been alienation from Protestantism as he had seen and smelt it from childhood, but he was without definite guidance in Church principles. He was a generous, warm-hearted man, very susceptible to external influences.

The lecturer placed me, slim as a stalk of seakale, over against this sturdy and stout man and bade me with my fist knock him down. " But you can't do it," said Mr. Fish, " because I forbid it. You cannot even touch him."

I did not hit him, though I made semblance of lunging at his face ; not because the lecturer willed that I should not, but because I was warmly attached to Brundritt. Unlike myself, Brundritt was as wax in the operator's hands.

He, and one other of our society, went over to Rome directly after taking their B.A. degree. I wrote to Brundritt a letter rather strongly couched, in expostulation. He replied : " It is useless planting cut flowers. It is labour lost to endeavour to convert a bit of waste covered with chick-weed into a rose garden." " *Nous verrons*," was my reply. " The future will tell whether spade and rake will produce any result. I shall not cast aside my garden tools."

And now that over half a century has elapsed since we entered into that correspondence, I can see, looking round me, on all sides, that I judged aright : the chick-weeds no longer hold the mastery, roses abound. I can see them everywhere, and the air is full of their fragrance.

The only other of our company, to the best of my knowledge, who seceded was named F——. He was a good fellow, but too much given to scoffing at the Church of England as "The Establishment." I kept a caricature of it, which he passed to me one day, as we sat in examination on Ecclesiastical History. This type of man with an eye to the faults and weaknesses in the Church, and none for its strength and endurability, is hopeless. He sank socially, and the last I heard of him was as a sort of clerk in a crockery warehouse, and I fear not leading a very regular life.

The *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table* advises his friends late in life to throw their old friends overboard, much as do seamen to measure advance by logs. We can then look at our old comrades bobbing up and down in our wake, and form a judgment as to our rate of progress. When I, in my old age, nearing my final rest, look back on my ancient comrades of the Society of the Holy Cross, I do not see that any of them, save the two mentioned above, are or have been lagging behind, or shooting ahead. Of all such as I knew and of whom I have kept record, I feel convinced that every one, with the two exceptions above referred to, have retained the same relative position, not indeed ecclesiastically, but in convictions. Where we floated theologically in 1852, the few of us who remain float still in 1922. Such of us as died, fell asleep at the same point in faith and practice.

When I look back across a tract of years full of hopes and fears, bruises and wounds, defeats and advances, there seems to me to have been something very pathetic in our little confraternity, animated with so much enthusiasm, such zeal, such readiness to rush into the battle, with so great certainty of suffering and humiliation, with shame likely to cover our faces at the hostility of the bishops and government, and the coarse insolence of the mob. If there had been but three of the bishops who maintained the tradition of the Church, we would have rejoiced, but there was only one, Henry of Exeter, and he died in 1869. The prospect was black indeed; and yet we were confident—with the confidence of youth—and God be thanked, our confidence has proved not to have been in vain.

We were like watchers waiting for the dawn, shivering with cold, hailing every little lightening in the east, every flush in a high uplifted cloud, every twitter of an awakening bird, waiting expectant, nay confident, that the day would break at last and the earth be flooded with sunshine. And come it has.

Verily the words of the psalmist have been verified. " He that now goeth on his way weeping, and beareth forth good seed, shall come again with joy, and bring his sheaves with him." And it was with tears that the little band went forth—but they knew that the seed they bore was " good," and in that they trusted, not in their own efforts at sowing.

In the year 1853 I spent over a fortnight at Easter with my Uncle Alexander at Wolverhampton. He was vicar of a recently erected church there, and a burning and shining light in the Evangelical world. He really was a most earnest and convinced Calvinist, narrow, not as God ever made men, but as Calvinism cramped them. Certain Indians compress the skulls of their infants between boards. Certain religious systems deal in much the same manner with intellects. I had had some experience with these Flat-heads whilst abroad. I was now planted in a colony of them. My sister was also staying there. We had anything but a lively time. My uncle was surrounded by a circle of old maids who had missed their vocation in life, and who burnt incense (of a poor quality) under his nose, and good heavens! with what avidity did he sniff it up!

He was a powerful preacher, but his sermons were stuffed with the jargon of Geneva, curiously muddled up with that of Luther on Free Justification by Faith.

My Uncle Alexander had been a dashing cavalry officer in India. At that time he had possessed an admirable horse, a capital jumper. One day at mess the possibility was mooted of getting across a certain gully, at a leap. Some said that no horse could clear it, and a bet was made that it was not feasible. My uncle took the bet. He rode his horse at it, and with a tremendous effort it cleared the gully. He was at once bet that he could not do it again. The horse refused the leap several times, reared, swerved, and showed that it had no heart for the attempt. But Alexander lashed and spurred the poor brute till he drove it desperately at the chasm. The horse just reached the farther side by a supreme effort, and then dropped on the ground, and never rose again.

My uncle won the bet, but had lost a valuable horse, and he was in the doleful dumps about it, when he was swooped down upon by a Scottish woman, Margaret Ireland, much as a vulture comes down on a drooping camel and picks out its eyes. She set to work to prey on his despondent spirits, and to convert him to Calvinistic Predestination, and succeeded in completely picking out his eyes of common sense. He married her, though a woman of no beauty, but of considerable force of character. She managed so completely to convert him, that he sold his commission, went to Cambridge, and studied for Orders. My grandfather was very angry, and refused to help him. However, he succeeded, for he was resolute. He was much fondled by the Evangelical party, and had a pick of such livings as had Puritans for their patrons. At one time he had a church at Ellacombe, by Torquay, and later one at Winchester. In late life both he and his wife greatly softened, and even ventured to perpetrate puns, and laugh over them. It was a step out of the Puritanic slough, but a very small one.

When my sister and I were at Wolverhampton, one rainy day, we had a romp, racing one another round the dining-table. We were prayed for especially in the evening, before the domestics, that we might be delivered from the spirit of levity that had taken hold of us.

I had brought with me a *Shakespeare*, but its possession gave such offence, that at my uncle's particular request I kept it locked up in my portmanteau. This was after my cousin, my uncle's only child, had seen me reading "Macbeth," and had reported the fact to his mother, who said, "When sinners entice thee, consent not unto them." She told her husband, and he reprimanded me.

I was talking one day with my uncle on Church service, when he said to me: "I rather approve of the Morning and Evening Prayers, as they sober and prepare the soul for the sermon."

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed. "I do not view their relative positions in that light. We go to church to worship God. That is the substance. As for the sermon, it is a *hors d'œuvre*, as at a dinner; like sardines on toast, we can do without it, or we may take it as an adjunct, but as nothing more."

He didn't like it. But I think that on the subsequent Sunday the idea of sardines on toast was on his mind, as he did not preach with his usual self-assurance. When I finally left my uncle's house, in the first place, I tore up and chucked out of the window a bundle of tracts with which I had been supplied, as Becky Sharp treated the *Dictionary* on leaving Miss Pinkerton's establishment. And in the next place I sang at the top of my voice, "In Exitu Israel de Egypto," to a Gregorian tone.

On reaching the station the cabman, opening the fly door, said with a smile: "Not surprised to hear you singing, sir, coming away from that idiot asylum. A few weeks ago I took away two young ladies, Misses Ireland, and they frolicked like wild cats, and broke one of the panes of glass in my cab-window."

Whilst I was at Cambridge the Rev. Thomas Helmore of the Chapel Royal, S. James's, came to us and delivered lectures on Gregorian music. I think our society had invited him.

Another visitor to Cambridge was Dr. Gobat, appointed to the Anglican Bishopric of Jerusalem in 1846. Some of my friends went to his meetings and were vastly tickled by the conclusion of his appeals. "Gentlemen, if you come to Jerusalem, Mrs. Gobat will be pleased to offer you a cup of tea."

Another visitor was Bishop Colenso. He was a Cornishman, born of humble parentage, but he had obtained a Sizarship at S. John's College, and was Second Wrangler in 1836 and was tutor of his college 1842–6. He was consecrated first Bishop of Natal in 1853. He was not a pleasing-looking man, with a grey muddy complexion, derived from admixture of the early Ivernian blood that exists still in the county, some mixed and some unmixed with the cleaner Celtic blood.

A strong passion with me has ever been love of Gothic architecture. In this I felt that Pugin and Ambrose Lisle Phillipps were my brothers. How they loathed the Oratorians and their introduction into England of the most debased Italian architecture, vulgar frippery and show! The Gothic architects held that reserve became all that pertained to Divine worship. In the primitive church the veil was drawn when the priest consecrated the Host. It is still drawn in the Eastern and the Armenian churches, and the iconostasis separates the chancel from the nave. So in Gothic church building, the rood-screen at the chancel arch proclaimed "On all Glory there must be a defence." But the Oratorians not only did away with the rood-screen, but abolished even the chancel arch. They introduced modern tawdry and deformed vestments, and in devotions some of the most vulgar and base of foreign forms of worship. They have sought to paganize Christian worship. Gothic architecture has not won the heart of modern Romanists. They have felt instinctively that it is the expression of the National religion ; and their religion is not national but Italian.

What English people generally fail to understand is that there exists a radical distinction between Catholicity and Papalism.

Catholicity consists in *adherence to the Apostolic Faith* as declared in the Nicene Creed, and in the worship of the Church. In these points the Holy Eastern Church is as Catholic as the Roman.

Papalism consists *in a form of Government*. The primitive church was constitutional. In Latin Christianity the Papacy by steady encroachments has subverted the Apostolic form of government, and converted the Western Church into a spiritual monarchy. It has turned the bishops into a set of subservient lackeys.

The Eastern Churches know nothing of this. Of course they do not, for they adhere to the divinely appointed organization as given to the Church by the Apostles.

In what then consists the strength of the Roman Church, its attractive power, its capacity for winning and retaining the affections of its adherents ?

The secret is really no secret at all—it is the fact of its possession of the Catholic faith and of Catholic worship. It holds these two treasures firmly, and they act magnetically on the soul. But with these the Papacy has only a so-to-speak accidental connexion.

As for Popery ever getting hold of the English people generally, the Romanists themselves have given up all expectation of it. We can be quite certain that it will not, knowing as we do that its credentials are forged. But there are other reasons.

Cardinal Manning wrote : "Why do we not draw men as Spurgeon and 'General' Booth or Hugh Price Hughes ? I am afraid there are two obvious reasons. We choose our topics unwisely, and we are not on fire with the love of God and of souls." [1]

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[1] Purcell : *Life of Cardinal Manning*, 5th ed. ii. p. 777.

I can give the reason why Romish preachers fail to draw.

The Dissenting preacher urges one single doctrine, insists on one thing only, either Conversion, Justification by Faith, or Predestination and Election. People like to have their religion in a compact form, tied up in one bundle, which they can stow away in their hearts. It matters not whether the doctrine be true or false, it must be packed small, and be portable.

Now the Roman religion is cumbered with a multitude of doctrines.

I once saw an Italian image-man running to catch a train, with a tray of figures on his head: an Infant Samuel, a Sacred Heart of Mary, a Bambino, a Lady of Lourdes, a head of the youthful Augustus, and a bust of Antinous. He had a difficult task, to run and balance his tray. Unhappily he tripped, and over went all his plaster casts in a mass of fragments on the ground. He let them lie, and ran on, *and caught the train.* He never would have caught it, had he not rid himself of his set of images.

It is just so with Romanism in England. It is charged with such a burden of trash: Indulgences, Sacred Hearts, Ladies of Loretto, of La Salette, of Lourdes, and Heaven knows how many other places; the Latin tongue, litanies not directed to God, but to saints; relics, privileges, rosaries and holy water. If the Roman Church wants to recover the English people, it must chuck all this rubbish and return to first principles. But—to chuck all this rubbish and return to first principles is incompatible with Popery. A Catholic Church without its tray of fragile articles would look remarkably like *Ecclesia Anglicana.*

When the Oxford Movement was in full swing, the most sanguine hopes were entertained in Rome and throughout Germany, France and Italy that the Conversion of England was at hand; and everywhere prayer was made to God to hasten that end. These hopes and these prayers are being answered now, and have been answered in the past, but not in the way in which was desired. England is being slowly and surely brought to full Catholic doctrine and worship, and that in the English Church, not in that of Rome.

On 8th September, 1858, was founded, by the united efforts of the Rev. the Hon. George Spencer and Ambrose Lisle Phillipps, a Crusade of Prayer, for the recovery of England to (Roman) Catholicism.

Mr. Purcell says: "The zeal manifested by the Catholics of France in the Crusade of Universal Prayer for the unity of Christendom bore a startling witness to the quickening power of the revival of religion. Throughout the entire country, in parish churches as well as in religious communities, public prayers, week after week, were offered up for the conversion of England. In Holland the Crusade of Prayer rapidly spread in all the seminaries and convents, and masses and communions and prayers were on Thursdays specially offered up for England. The Catholics of Germany, especially of the Rhineland and of Munich, took part in the Crusade. Before a year was passed all Catholic Europe was enrolled in the Crusade of Prayer."

Great numbers of English clergy and laity united in the Crusade, with the desire that it might bring about the unity of Christendom.

Prayer is answered, *but not always in the way in which petitioners have expected and desired*. It soon became obvious that the Crusade was succeeding in the Church of England, which was shaking off her drowsiness, and recovering her Catholic heritage.

In furtherance of the same end the "Society for the Promotion of the Unity of Christendom" was founded in 1857 for members of the Roman, Greek and Anglican Churches. The sole obligation was to pray daily for the unity of Christendom.

It became, however, so plain to the Ultramontanes that the prayers of the faithful were not being answered *in the way that they wanted*, but, on the contrary, resulted in the revival of the Anglican Church, rendering her an impediment to papal advance, and in the cessation of the leakage into the Roman Communion, that they became alarmed, and by a Papal Rescript, dated September 16, 1864, the society was condemned, and Roman Catholics were forbidden to be members of it. They might, of course, pray for the union of Christendom and the conversion of England, but it must be according to the way of Pius IX, not in that of Jesus Christ.

CHAPTER XIII

1854–1857

DURING the Long Vacations of 1854 and 1855, I was at home; and as I had my pony I was wont to ride about the county visiting all parts of Dartmoor, and seeing the churches, of which I drew to scale the carved oak or stone pulpits, and the screens that were so abundant in the county, though, alas, since that date several of the latter have disappeared.

The mail coach from London to Falmouth and back was called the "Quicksilver." The stages on an average were eight miles, and the horses, four-in-hand, went at a gallop. The guard, who sat behind, wore the royal livery of scarlet, and always had a blunderbuss handy, in case of an attempt by "scamps-men" i.e. highway-men, to hold up the coach. He was furnished as well with a horn which he played lustily as he approached or drove through town or village.

The "Quicksilver" was never held up. But I recall hearing of a case that occurred on the road between Exeter and Teignmouth, on which occasion the mail-bags were taken, and were found cut open in a gravel-pit.

My grandfather had been wont to drive to Exeter and put up at the "White Lion," kept by a man whose daughter had married one James Lawless, a character, who, in his father-in-law's time, had driven the mail, and who contracted for the coach-horses along the London and Falmouth road. He had some forty horses in his stables at Exeter, and along the road.

My grandfather always carried pistols in the back of the carriage where they could be reached at a moment's alarm, and it was only when my father succeeded to the estate that this custom of arming the carriage was abandoned.

As Lawless belonged to a condition of life and manner now passed completely away in England, some account of him may not prove uninteresting.

His father had been inspector of mail-coaches in Exeter, and James contracted for the horses to run the mail from Basingstoke to Falmouth and back. From the time that he became contractor he did not often himself take the ribbons, unless the humour took him, or there was something wrong with the horses in the stables along the road, or that he had to negotiate some sale, or settle some difference among the ostlers, or else that he had a traveller for his box-seat who was highly in his favour.

The rate appointed for coaches, including stoppages, was bound to be thirteen miles an hour. The mail spun along, night and day, without a halt save for change of horses; and how speedily that was effected! De Quincey tells us: "Nowadays (1833) no sooner have the horses stopped at the gateway of a posting-house, than a summons is passed to the stables, and in less than one minute, upon a great road, the horses next in rotation, always ready harnessed, when expecting to come on duty, are heard trotting down the yard. Putting to, and transferring luggage, once a work of at least thirty minutes, is now easily accomplished."

Should the mail be delayed, except by an unavoidable accident, or being held up by highwaymen, the driver was fined. On one occasion only was Lawless punished. He was driving the coach with a couple of gentlemen on top, each of whom took with him a fighting-cock. These two fell into discussion and then into hot dispute as to the merits of their respective birds, and argued the matter with such heat that they came to blows, and were near throwing one another down from the top of the coach.

Lawless drew up: "Gentlemen," said he, "I've no right to do it, but to save broken bones I'll just break the rule. Have the cocks out and let 'em fight on the road-side."

Down clambered the passengers from the top, out of the coach tumbled the "insides." Heavy bets were made, and the cocks were set fighting.

This reached the ears of the postal authorities at St. Martin's-le-Grand, and Lawless had to pay a heavy fine. However, the gentleman who had won with his cock refunded the money to the sportive coachman.

It was, of course, necessary for driver, guard and passengers to dine, but the meal was cut as short as possible. The few inside passengers monopolized the dining-room; the outsides were regarded as "ruffs," and the waiter would call to them, "Come along, my good men," and entice them into the kitchen. But this did not always answer. Sometimes, though rarely, the "good men" would not budge, and so far carried their point as to have a separate table arranged for themselves in a corner of the general room.

According to a note by the late Dr. Brushfield: "The 'Quicksilver' mail started about 1820, and passed through Exeter to Plymouth in 24 hours 14 minutes. Average speed 10 miles and 13·4 furlongs an hour. Was overturned on April 9, 1835. It was after diverted from the Plymouth road to that through Launceston to Falmouth."

On the death of his father-in-law, Lawless took the inn, and remained a taverner to his dying day. He had an excellent cellar, and made many friends.

When Mr. Cockburn, afterwards Sir Alexander, came to the Assizes in Exeter, Lawless had the smuggling of him in, and to Court, for Cockburn was over head and ears in debt, and was liable to arrest, except in the Court or in his bed. To reach the Castle where the Assizes were held, Cockburn had to crawl along the top of the walls between the "White Lion" and the Court. If he had shown in the street, his creditors would have laid hands on him. He was sometimes disguised as an old woman when entering Exeter, for the creditors knew that he was coming on the Western Circuit, and watched every road to seize him. Lawless had in like manner to disguise and conceal him in various ways when leaving the city.

Sir Alexander, afterwards Lord Chief Justice Cockburn of the Queen's Bench, was a heavy drinker. Lawless was wont to relate how that when he was at the "White Lion," after a heavy carouse the previous night, he would have champagne in the morning, and drink it with a teaspoon.

Jack Russell, "Silver-tongued" Coleridge, and a certain Exeter lawyer, John Dawe, were fast friends of Lawless, and once gave him a dinner at the "Tavistock," Covent Garden, when he had driven them up in the "Quicksilver" to town. Old Dawe was a four-bottle man, the others were moderate drinkers. Dawe was crippled with an acute attack of gout in hands and feet; but, nothing daunted, he attended the dinner, and was fed by the landlord, as his hands were powerless. When the board was cleared, and after his fourth bottle of '47, Dawe was all right, and in the hall at 2 a.m. he danced a hornpipe, whilst Jack Russell, Coleridge and Lawless played the tune on tooth-combs.

Mr. Lawless, as already said, had a fine cellar of wines; and he was fond, when he retired to a house in Topsham from the active supervision of the inn, of inviting his friends, some of them the best in the land, to dine at his table. He himself could not touch wine, as it brought on gout, but he always on such occasions produced four brands of port—'34, '47, '51 and '63 vintages.

There was a certain parson in North Devon who was a great connoisseur of wines; he would taste, and unhesitatingly pronounce what vintage was in his glass. One evening Lawless tested him, after a bout of drinking, with his eyes bandaged. He hit right almost invariably. Then, finally, he was given another glass. " Now then, what do you say to that ? "

The parson tasted, made a wry face and said : " Beastly stuff; never before had my mouth full of such rubbish ! " It was water.

Lawless was dining with some gentlemen, whom he knew to be no judges, although they pretended to know wines.

" Now then, gentlemen, I have kept this for the last. What do you think of this ? "

They filled their glasses, looked at the wine as they held it to the light, tasted, smacked their lips, wagged their heads, and exclaimed : " Splendid stuff, fit for kings ; very fine, couldn't be better." It was Gilbey's Castle A, at two shillings a bottle.

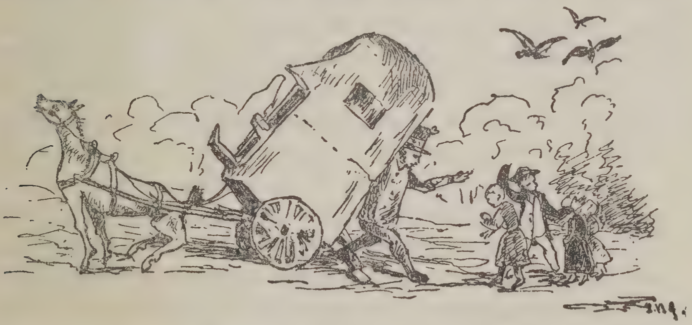
The mail coaches, according to an annual custom on the King's or Queen's birthday, were wont to go in procession from Millbank to Lombard Street. At noon, the horses belonging to the different mails, with new harness, and the post-men and post-boys on horseback, arrayed in their scarlet coats and jackets, proceeded next from Lombard Street to Millbank, where they dined, i.e. the post-men not the horses. At this place the coaches had been fresh painted, and from thence the procession started at 5 p.m. headed by the general post-men on horseback. The mail coaches followed, filled with the wives and children, friends and relations of the coachmen and guards; and the post-boys, sounding their bugles and cracking their whips, brought up the rear. From the commencement of the procession, the bells of various churches rang out merrily, and continued their joyous peals till it arrived at the General Post Office in Lombard Street, from whence they sparkled abroad, to all parts of the Kingdom. Great crowds assembled to witness the cavalcade as it passed through Parliament St., then the Strand, Fleet St., Ludgate Hill, S. Paul's Churchyard and Cheapside. The clean and cheerful appearance of the coachmen and guards in their royal scarlet, each with a large bouquet of flowers, the beauty of the horses with rosettes on their head-gear, and the general excellence of the equipment, presented a most agreeable spectacle. Mr. Lawless never failed, when able, to be at this gathering. He died, aged 84, on January 2, 1902.

Lawless would never allow anyone suspected of, not to say caught, sharping at cards, to harbour under his roof and partake of his cheer.

My grandfather was staying at this inn, and was playing cards with a gentleman who sat opposite to him, and was losing a great deal of money. The waiter observed that there was a mirror behind my grandfather's head, and that the gentleman playing with him could see his hand. The waiter went out and told Lawless, then a young man, who caught up a dog-whip, rushed in, laid hold of the man by the collar of his coat, and threatened to whip him till he could not stand, unless he refunded every penny that he had taken from my grandfather. When he had done this, Lawless literally kicked him out of the "White Lion."

I heard this story from Pengelly, who had been as a boy with my grandfather, and to whom the aged waiter at the "White Lion" related the circumstance.

About this time we were in possession of, or were possessed by, a vehicle drawn by one horse, which vehicle we supposed had been invented by my father. I find, however, from the *Lively Recollections* of Canon John Shearme, who was for a while a pupil of my uncle at the Rectory—naturally before he became a canon—and whose father lived at Bude, that his parent also possessed a similar conveyance. It is a question in my mind as to whether Mr. Shearme's vehicle was not a plagiary on that of my father. I am, however, rather disposed to think that both were original discoveries, much as Leverrier and Adams simultaneously discovered the planet "Neptune." The Shearmes' called theirs "The Bathing Machine," ours we entitled "The Perambulating Coffin." The vehicle certainly did rather resemble the former than the latter; for ours possessed a door and a window; and I never heard that an occupant of a coffin on any occasion desired to look out on the world, nor was ever able to let down a set of steps and quit it. The Perambulating Coffin was swung on a pair of wheels, consequently in passing a turnpike it paid sixpence, whereas a four-wheeler was charged one shilling, a consideration even in those days. The driver's seat was in front, recessed into the body of the machine. The entrance to the Coffin was behind. One horse was harnessed to it. The conveyance was adapted to contain four passengers, if not unduly broad-beamed, and was ill-adapted for ladies wearing crinolines.



To enter this vehicle was most perilous, especially for a heavy person, or after a copious meal, for it immediately lifted the horse in the shafts with its front hoofs into the air, or else just touching the ground like a solo ballet-dancer. On such an occasion it was painful to note the expression of distress that sprang up in the strained and bloodshot eyes of the horse. Obviously the idea rushed through its brain: "For this I was not predestined, or I should have been provided with claws in place of hoofs." It feared being carried up into the air, kicking vainly at the clouds and coming down in the road on its back.

Travelling in the Perambulating Coffin was not luxurious. My father was never partial to it himself, even for going to the petty sessions at Lifton, but never was he unwilling to its being employed by others. My mother did not take cordially to it, nor later on did my stepmother, as a drive in it proved trying to the tempers and stomachs of her children and the nurse.

The vehicle rocked forward and backward, much like a boat encountering adverse waves. If the driver rose to whip the flagging horse, the inmates were at once precipitated in the direction of the tail of the steed. When the driver resumed his seat with a bump, the passengers within swung towards the door, striking against each other, and the two nearest the entrance flattening against the walls of the structure itself.

For a while the Perambulating Coffin was at our service for going to dinner parties. My father never attended these entertainments. But on our return home, after having partaken freely of an ample and excellent meal, winding up with meringues, nuts and almonds, crackers at Christmas, and champagne *mousseux* on a birthday, it was perceived that these good things had been, not so much thrown away *upon* us, as thrown away *by* us. This was a squandering of good material that was not "tolerable and not to be endured." Accordingly the employment of this conveyance for such a purpose was abandoned; and, reluctantly, we were suffered to go and return in the family coach and pair.

After a while the Perambulating Coffin became so discredited, that it was consigned to an outhouse, and thereon the poultry roosted, whitening its venerable but dishonoured head.

But the wheel of fortune is ever in revolution for carriages as well as men, and a time came when the cloud that had overshadowed the Perambulating Coffin was lifted, and its white-encrusted head resumed its early dark gloss. I had come into possession of the family estate, the manor-house, the plate—and the Perambulating Coffin.

Partly out of tenderness for an old friend, and a readiness to overlook past offences, this vehicle was again put in requisition. I admit that economy had something to do with its restoration to favour.

But my wife, my children, their nurses and governesses never fell in love with the conveyance; and, it must be admitted, it had acquired a perfume very much like that of a cabin on board a passenger vessel.

I believe that the last time it was employed was when a governess was leaving, to whom the children were warmly attached. They insisted on accompanying her to Bridestowe Station, six miles off. They all went in the Coffin. On its return, and being drawn up at the front door, howls and whines issued from the interior, and the children tumbled out in such a condition that they had at once to be unclothed and given fresh garments, and the interior of the machine had to be cleaned out with a pail of water and a mop.

The top of the vehicle was removable, and then travelling in it was not so trying. But I did on a certain occasion take a foreign friend with me in it to Tintagel. His colour gradually changed. As a shower came on I expressed my regret that the lid was not on. "Gott bewahr!" exclaimed the foreigner, springing to his feet. "Let me get out and walk back to Lew Trenchard. I am a bad sailor."

Never did Inquisitors of the Holy Office so gloat over the burning of heretics at the stake, as did my children at the breaking up and consumption of the machine in the pigs' court.

All this time the episcopal and decanal appointments were unsatisfactory. At Exeter was a dean named Lowe, and the cathedral was in a slumbrous condition. I was in it one Sunday afternoon, and during the sermon, feeling unwell, I attempted to leave the church, but found that the doors were locked. A verger on guard said to me: "We are obliged to lock the congregation in, or they would scamper out so soon as the music was over. Are you really ill, sir?" I admitted that I was. "Then," said he, "I think I may let you out. Follow me to the door in the transept leading to the chapter-house; and do not look as if you were running away from the sermon." And then I made my escape.

In the matter of presentations, we shared the disadvantage with the churches elsewhere. Many a bishopric and abbey in France before the Revolution was given at the solicitation of a Royal mistress; and in Germany an archbishopric became the appanage of juniors in royal or electoral families.

We cannot regard ourselves as singular, when a Jew, or a

Presbyterian, a Socinian, or a Baptist Prime Minister, nominates to our vacant mitres and decanal stalls.

As already said, during the Long Vacation I was wont to ride about the country visiting churches, and crossing the Moor exploring its antiquities. I had a most docile pony, black, named Hilda. I used to delight in summer to wreath her head in wild roses, and to enclose a glow-worm in each unfolded blossom, to the great astonishment of the villagers as I rode through a street or past detached cottages at night.

On one of these excursions I went to Kenton, and was struck by the beauty of the pulpit. The body had been scooped out of one enormous oak tree. The sculpture, that was both bold and delicate, was applied. I spent a day making a working drawing. The pulpit was gilt and coloured, and I copied it in colours. In 1888 I revisited the church that had, in the meantime been " restored " by Hayward, the Exeter architect. To my dismay the pulpit was gone, and a contemptible modern erection replaced it, of the type of those supplied by ecclesiastical tailors and furnishers. I have represented it in *An Old English Home.* I went at once to the Vicarage to inquire what had become of the old pulpit, the carving of which was so superior to any I had seen in Devon, that I thought it must have been executed by Flemish workmen. The vicar replied that he did not know. The architect had condemned it, and it was swept away, but he believed that some scraps of carving were preserved in the school. So I went to the school-house, and there, in the cupboard among dusters, chalk, and broken slates was a considerable amount of carved, coloured and gilt oak that I at once recognized as having belonged to the massacred old pulpit.

The vicar and churchwardens consented to this heap of carving being sent to me at Lew, where I compared it with my old working drawing. All of it was there, except one bay that had been given to Lord Halifax, and the delicate network of tracery that had enveloped the curved stem supporting the cup of the pulpit.

In 1890 a new vicar was appointed, the Rev. W. P. S. Bingham, and I wrote to him about the pulpit. His predecessor had cared nothing for works of art. Mr. Bingham was made of better stuff, and he at once undertook to get the old pulpit restored and Hayward's monstrosity removed. He placed the task of reconstruction in the hands of Mr. F. Bligh Bond, architect. Unhappily the original body of the pulpit had been sawn up and used as fuel.

The screen was very fine as well, and happily had not been "restored" away. This also was undertaken, and its deficiencies remedied. Kenton is now one of the finest churches in the county.

At this time it was that I began to prosecute one of the great objects for which I had desired to work, and to which to devote my life, as mentioned in my preface, should time and opportunity be afforded me. That object, however, was not the first.

Religion among the people of the parish was not of earnest quality, and the morality was very bad indeed among the young men and women. The Revel, that took place about the octave of S. Petrock's Day, was an occasion of gross scandals. There were races on Lew Down, shows, much drunkenness and debauchery. My father put an end to the Revel, and instituted in its place a flower show, that was only partially successful. My father instituted a series of lectures. He delivered one on Aquitaine, but where Aquitaine was none of the villagers had the faintest conception. Next he obtained a lecturer to harangue on optics. I asked one of our farmers how he liked the lecture. "Well," he replied, "I reckon I did not understand much about it. But he did show us a pictur o' the sun and the müne." This picture was one of the eye in full and the same in section. After one or two further attempts, the lectures were dropped, as no audience was obtainable.

My second ambition was to restore Lew Church. It was a humble late perpendicular structure, windows, pillars and arches of granite, but was at one time rich in carved oak. Not only did it possess a screen, but was also benched throughout with carved pews, on which were the instruments of the Passion, S. Michael weighing souls, Our Lord in the Act of Benediction, the Squire capped with a curious head-dress, and below this bust an archway. Also the head, not in profile, of the lady of the manor, in a horned head-dress, and beneath her, a jester. They were intended for Anthony Monck, ancestor of George Duke of Albemarle, and Elizabeth his wife, daughter and heiress of Edward

Wood of London, undoubtedly of the family of Wood of Orchard in the parish. The date of the carving was 1523–4.

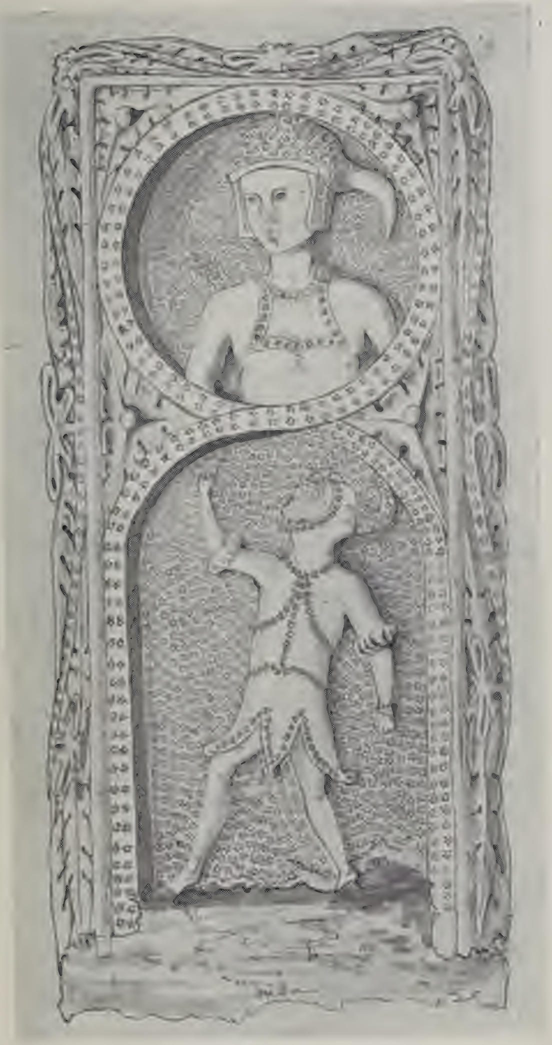
The east window of the chancel, contrary to what is usual in Devonshire and Cornish churches, consisted of two lights high up in the wall. Beneath there may have been a richly carved reredos, but of this nothing remained. The old pulpit had been Jacobean but of no value in design or execution.

I was one day going up by the coach from Lew Down to Exeter, on my way to Cambridge. The driver was named Rattenbury.

I had secured a box-seat. At Okehampton a heavy, coarse-looking man with an inflamed face mounted to the seat behind me, and at once fell into conversation with the other travellers on the same bench. His conversation, however, was very much one-sided, and consisted in boasts as to his own great merits. He was a butcher in the parish of S. Sidwell; he informed us all that he was very liberal towards his poor customers, always giving them over-weight, or else systematically undercharging them for what they did receive. He was an exemplary husband and an indulgent father. Rattenbury looked out of the corner of his eyes at me. There was a twinkle in them, and a humorous twitch of his lips. When we arrived in Exeter, and dismounted at the London Inn, he said to me: "You heard what that fellow said about himself? Well, there is not a worse scoundrel in all Exeter than he. He has been had up thrice before the Bench for using false weights. He turned his poor wife into the street one winter night, and he beats and but half-clothes his wretched children."

Since then I have never forgotten the lesson taught me as to the liability every one has to overestimate himself, in fact to view oneself in a totally false light, and how necessary it is for every one to know himself as he really is.

The old belief was that every man had his second self, a *Doppelgänger*, as the Germans called this mysterious adjunct to man. But in fact every man had got his Three Selves: the first is the idealized Self as he contemplates his own capabilities and gifts and merits. And many an one sees this Self as the spectre of the Brocken, exaggerated to a hundred-fold his real size. The second Self is the man as seen by his Maker, and few there be that get a glimpse of that, and that is precisely what in the



BENCH END, LEW CHURCH

Christian Church we are urged to endeavour to see. The third Self is that aspect of us which presents itself to our fellows, generally our detractors, sometimes our admirers. This phantom is usually an exaggeration or a diminution of the truth.

Lew House had been built of stone quarried out of the rocks about the Holy Well in the Glen. Silver coins have been found in it under the floors and in the walls from the age of Edward II downwards. The church had been built of the same stone, but one of a better quality was discovered in Raddon Wood, and the church tower was constructed of that, and with that Lew House is faced. All the stone employed for church and house was bedded in clay; the lime, used only for external pointing and internal plastering, had been brought by pack-horses from Plymouth. It was not till the eighteenth century that William Drake Gould discovered limestone on the property, in a bed running east and west. The slate quarry had been worked previously, for 1627 was found inscribed in white on one of the slates covering Galford, and the slate was of the Lew quality.

Should I ever come into the estate it was my purpose, as already said, completely to restore the church, and to recast the manor house, doing away with the alterations and disfigurements to which it had been subjected, and to give it more character than it then possessed.

"Quicquid sibi imperavit animus, obtinuit," wrote Seneca. Little did I expect to be able to accomplish the objects of my desire.

It is a curious fact that my father, who had an eye for the beautiful in Nature, whose paintings in sepia, in water colour and in oils, are good, should have been totally incapable of appreciating the beautiful in architecture. My aunt, when living in Plymouth, expressed to me her pleasure at seeing the destruction of some of the ancient merchant houses in the street leading to the Old Port, and later she was incensed with me because, as she expressed it, I was "undoing everything that my grandfather and father had done to improve the church and the house." And she as well was artistic, and her paintings, mainly of figures, show great cleverness and aptitude with the brush.

My father had a great many ideas in his head, and much ingenuity displayed in carrying them out. There is an extensive slate quarry on the property, and between the beds of slate is a brown course, which my father discovered to be cement; this burnt and then moistened became hard as Portland cement. He burnt much of this, and used it for planting a tremendously heavy cornice on the house, the weight of which eventually split the walls that were from nine to ten feet thick. But he also employed it on a bath. This was sunk in the floor of what is now the pantry, and where I believe it is still to be found hidden away. Now this cement when set is of a very dark brown colour. When the bath was structurally complete, my father showed it to my mother, who recoiled at the sight of it. "My dear Edward," said she, "this will never do. It is precisely like a grave." "It has rather a depressing appearance," admitted my father. "But when filled with hot water, all sense of depression will pass away. Graves are always cold, you know." "But, Edward, you will never get a visitor to venture into such a hollow tomb." My father considered awhile, and then said: "I will send for Rundle, and have it painted like madrepores."

Now Rundle was a plumber, painter, glazier, builder, musician, at Bridestowe, whom my father had employed to paint all the hall and drawing-room doors imitation maple.

Rundle came. My mother had a collection of polished madrepores, and these were spread before the eyes of the artist. Some specimens of *giallo antico*, serpentine, lapis lazuli, and porphyry were placed at his disposal. The effect when completed was surprisingly beautiful. The bath called on the spectator to strip and plunge into it.

Now it fell out next week that Mr. H—— came to stay with us, and my father exultingly showed him the bath, and promised that he should inaugurate it, before dinner.

Nothing loath, Mr. H—— locked himself in, with a supply of sponge, back-brush, and soap, and the hot water turned on.

A quarter of an hour later, violent ringing of the bell from the bath-room proclaimed that Mr. H—— was in need of something. The house-maid hastened to respond, and through the keyhole, the bather shouted: "For Heaven's sake, bring Mr. Baring-Gould here quickly—and a can of turpentine."

When my father arrived, the door was cautiously opened, sufficiently to allow him to enter sideways, and a strangely mottled arm was extended to receive the can of turpentine. It transpired that all the paint had come off the walls of the bath and was adhering to the body of Mr. H——, who presented the appearance of a madrepore statue with inlets of *giallo antico*, serpentine, lapis lazuli and porphyry.

The Prince of the Black Islands in the story of the Fisherman and the Efreet was nothing to Mr. H——, for the Prince "from his waist to the soles of his feet was stone; and from his waist to the hair of his head was as other men." But Mr. H—— was, as far as appearance went, stone all over. My father was very hot when he left the bathroom, so violent and prolonged had been his exertions in recovering the bather. "Descend, be stone no more!" he might have said with Paulina, when he opened the door and let out Mr. H——.

The parish church of Tavistock is large. The original abbey church lay to the south of it, and was one of the finest sacred edifices in the county. It was, however, dismantled at the Reformation when the abbeys were destroyed, and the estates of Tavistock Abbey were given to the Russell family. Not one stone is left upon another of the monastic church.

The vicar of Tavistock was the Rev. Edward Atkyns Bray, a tall, handsome man, of some private means, a strenuous Tory, and consequently not on the best of terms with the Duke of Bedford. He considered himself to be a great preacher. As the biographer of his wife states, in Divine service he so controlled his voice as not to be heard beyond the reading desk, so as to save it for the sermon. He was a bit of a scholar, and loved to exhibit his acquirements in the pulpit. On one occasion, having spoken of Trismegistus, as a couple of farmers were leaving the church, one said to the other, "Who was that Trismaggi-something, Parson Bray spoke about?" "Lord love y'," answered the other, "I reckon he were one of the Apostles. I cannot mind all their names."

I was now passing out of boyhood, and had arrived at that most embarrassing age, when one hesitated about remaining at table with the gentlemen and the wine, after that the ladies had retired, as the conversation was sure to turn on parochial politics, or on the comparative merits of particular manures. To retire into the parlour was to acquire consciousness that one was regarded as a check upon female confidences; the nursery was out of the question, for the children were being put to bed. So there remained but a single place of refuge, the library—but where could be found a better? I revert to a slightly earlier stage.

At this period of life one is conscious of special sensitiveness to ridicule, or, what is as galling, to pity. There exists a craving after sympathy, but ignorance as to in what and where it is desired that sympathy should be sought. The mind, the whole system, is passing out of one stage of existence, one world of experience into another, and gropes to find its way. Owing to my not having had a public-school education, and to my youth having been migratory from one part of the Continent to another, I had not acquired any relish for and experience in field games, cricket and football, valuable acquisitions in many ways, not physical only but moral as well, giving energy, self-control and sociability. This was a great loss to me.

Nothing could have been kinder to me than were my parents, but we were out of touch with one another. It was solely when I was excavating the Roman villa at Pau, that my father took any interest in my pursuits. My mother was always tender and loving, and a well-educated person, as education of ladies then went. In Natural History her interest was confined to botany, but with her that was of absorbing interest.

> "I know not how't be that often I feel
> A languor and wistfulness over me steal.
> Unbidden, the tears start into my eye,
> I look on the ground, and strain up at the sky.
> No longer a boy, not attained to be man,
> Bewilder'd, uneasy, *sans* purpose, *sans* plan;
> And Nature says—filled with malevolent joy:
> Hobble-dy-hoy! poor hobble-dy-hoy!
>
> I stray all alone, companions I shun,
> My dreams of the future are idle or none.
> I am clumsy in body, and awkward in limb,
> My knowledge of life is but doubtful and dim.
> No longer a boy, not attained to be man,
> Bewilder'd, uneasy, *sans* purpose, *sans* plan;
> Now boist'rous, now bashful, now forward, then coy:
> Hobble-dy-hoy! poor hobble-dy-hoy!

I stammer and colour whenever I speak,
My voice alternates 'twixt a growl and a squeak,
I work in full vigour, but no one will pay
An adult's wage to one who a boy is, they say.
No longer a boy, not attained to be man,
Bewilder'd, uneasy, *sans* purpose, *sans* plan,
I gratify no one, I solely annoy:
  Hobble-dy-hoy ! poor hobble-dy-hoy !

In days that are passed I was free as the air,
The days now prospective are burdened with care ;
Oh would I might turn and be back at the child,
When all things were sunny, and everyone smiled.
No longer a boy, not attained to be man,
Bewilder'd, uneasy, *sans* purpose, *sans* plan.
Oh never again to quaff life as a boy:
  Hobble-dy-hoy ! poor hobble-dy-hoy ! "

In Haydn's *Creation*, after the chaotic tumultuous crash of " Despairing, cursing rage " ensues the exquisite triumphant chorus, " A new-created world springs up at God's command." At that period of transition that I am describing, it is quite true that a new-created world springs up before one's senses, and the old world falls away ; but that old world was one of serenity and sweetness ; and the new world that springs up is one of doubt, difficulty, aspirations, some that will ripen into accomplishment, many that will fail and end in disappointment.

At this period, a firm grasp by a guide is of incalculable avail, but such I did not obtain. My tutors were amiable men, but intellectually very ordinary, and with manifest weaknesses that provoked ridicule. There was no one in whom I could confide, and to whom I could submit the questions that rose in the mind, like bubbles in a water-bottle exposed to the sun. During the time we were at Pau, I made friends with youths of my own age, but the friendships were superficial, as we differed in pursuits and in principles. At Pau there was a small English library annexed to the chapel, of which I made great use. At Bayonne I found no male friends of my own age, and there were no English books available.

On our return to Lew, though I had no friends on intimate terms, I had the run of a very good library, for my grandfather had collected the best French and German literature, and there were the complete works of Voltaire, Rousseau, Florian, Scarron Molière and Montaigne, innumerable volumes of the *Bibliothèque des Dames* containing volumes of travels, history, of science, seventeen volumes of *Morale*, not one word in them from Solomon or from the New Testament, but all from Cicero, Seneca, Marcus Aurelius and Jean Jacques Rousseau. The science was stale, the morale flat. Above all the rest was a collection in prose of the stories of the mediæval heroic romances, Huon de Bordeaux, Amadis of Gaul, Tristan, Pierre de Provence, etc. etc. Of German works there were Göthe, Schiller, Uhland, Uz, Wieland, Gessner, Tieck, Fouqué, and Schlegel. There was also a goodly assortment of English classics. All these I devoured with insatiable appetite. In a word, my friends at this period were French, German and English writers from Chaucer downward, the very books that turned the brain of Don Quixote, and the German writers of the nascent Romantic School, quickening the imagination, " the source of all errors " as my father said.

I think that I can endorse the experience of Varnhagen von Ense, as expressed in his *Memoirs*. " Tales of knight errantry, ghost stories, romances, love adventures and wondrous tales of all sorts formed the matter of my reading. Although we knew that our father disapproved of them, we devoured them eagerly and revelled in the world of fancy which opened to us. I cannot say that this empty reading, which was perused for three months, did me any harm. The saying is sound, that a black cow yields white milk. I did not perceive what was bad in what I perused ; and, unlike Tischbein's ass, which ate pineapples, thinking that they were thistles, I ate thistles in abundance and supposed that they were pineapples." They were nourishment of a sort, and not poisonous ; they did me no harm, if they did me no good.

Looking back at this period of hobbledehoyhood, I can see that it bred in me a shrinking from society and a consequent love for isolation, and therewith a lack of conversational gifts. Now in my advanced age when deafness has supervened, I feel little or no concern over the fact that I cannot hear what is passing from mouth to ear about me. Those whose words I really do value are to be found in books, not in small talk on food, motors, lawn-tennis, bridge and novels. That this defect should serve socially to make of me a nonentity does not in the least trouble me, save that it leads to one's being esteemed a nuisance.

It would be a grievous mistake to think that the tittle-tattle and twaddle of conversation in parlour and dining-room, in pulpit and in literature lacks value. Sparkling dialogue was found in the old *salons* of Paris before the Revolution, and in the clubs frequented by Addison and Johnson. Rarely now; it is given in clever novels, but not in real life.

In the atmosphere we breathe the percentage of nitrogen is great—this lethargic, vitally destitute gas stands in volume to oxygen, that breeds activity, life, vivacity, in the proportions of seventy-nine to twenty-one. The proportion is still more conspicuous in conversation: thoughts are sparse, words are many. There are causes which serve to flatten conversation to intercommunication of twaddle. One who has ideas gauges the capacities of those with whom he is engaged in converse, and if he detects in them an inability to receive any other seed except groundsel, he holds back his superior grain. In highly cultured society, among literary men, again, there exists reserve as to the communication of piquant witticisms, original thoughts, apt quotations, lest one or other of the hearers should snap them up and use them as original in some essay or article he is composing for the press.

A friend of mine was walking with the noted "Hicks of Bodmin," a great humorist, and on the way told him some amusing incidents that had occurred to himself. Arrived together at their destination, the mansion of Earl St. Germans, at dinner, to my friend's astonishment, he heard Hicks retail every one of the stories he had told him, richly dressed up, as having occurred to *himself*, or to *his own* uncle. Such experiences breed caution, and caution checks openness in conversation.

In the Lew valley, where it contracts and receives from the east the scanty waters of the Cory brook, stood, under the bank of the road, a large cottage, one story high. It was long used as changing-house to the manganese mine that there pierced the hill; and the basin of the valley went by the name of Gally-trap, because it was supposed that should any criminal liable to be hung for his crime venture there, he would not be able to escape till he was released by the constable. But this Gally-trap had been a scene of much activity, for in it had been established a manganese floor, where the pounded metal was trampled on and washed, by girls of from fifteen upwards, with bare feet and knees. The manganese working and washing had been given up in my grandfather's time, and the changing-house—so called because in it the miners shifted their clothing—had been turned into a cottage, occupied by a poor and very ignorant family of the name of Mounce. All at once the neighbourhood was excited with the tidings that the cottage was haunted, or, was troubled with a spirit akin to the German *Poltergeist*, who threw crockery, cans and candlesticks about the room. Our worthy neighbour, Mr. John Perry of Alder, a well-to-do yeoman, visited the Mounces' cottage, when a tin canister that was on the chimney-piece sprang at him and knocked off his hat. My father thereupon investigated the matter. He speedily discovered that the cause of the jumps and flight of utensils was traceable to the elder girl of the family, and that she contrived these tricks by means of horsehair fastened to the articles she purposed to make active. A little cobbler's wax attached the horsehairs to various articles that were to be endowed with locomotion. I cannot recall whether it was due to this trickery, done to obtain money from those who crowded to see the cottage and observe the phenomena, or whether it was due to some theft, but finally the girl was confined in gaol for a few months. When she left, she was in no way abashed; of Exeter gaol she said: "It were a grand place. Nowhere else had she been treated as a lady. She'd like to be confined there again."

In one of his Essays, Montaigne said: "As things come into my head, I heap them one on top of another, which sometimes advance in whole bodies, at other times in single files." If anyone should care to look over some of my chapters, he will see that I have acted very much like Montaigne, and that my work is much like a jumble sale. My dear wife kept what she called her rag-bag, into which she thrust whatever she could lay hands on, that she considered worthless. Nevertheless, occasionally I missed articles that were of interest if not of value to me. Thereupon I explored the rag-bag and not infrequently drew out of an incredible amount of discarded rubbish those articles which I had cherished and did cherish still. The rag-bag when choked full was sent away to some charitable institute in the east of London and, wonderful to relate, much that had been discarded here was welcomed there. On this principle I despatch my chapters to a charitable public, in hopes that from among my Reminiscences they may be able to extract some things of interest, instruction and amusement.

In this work, and in the chapter I am now concluding, there is naught but the pouring out of the contents of a rag-bag, and I lack the skill of plaiting the *disjecta membra* into a comely and concordant whole.

I conclude with some lines taken from the MSS. book of notes of the Rev. Richard Lanes (Vicar of Brixton), M.D., in 1800–1850, another contribution to the rag-bag.

"Mr. Gould to a Friend.
You see, my dear sir, tho' I'm eighty years old
A girl of eighteen is in love with old Gould.

Answer.
A girl of eighteen may love gold, it is true,
But, believe me, dear sir, it is gold without *u*."

LEGISLATIVE LIBRARY ONTARIO

CHAPTER XIV

1857

I TOOK my B.A. degree in 1857. The period of my education was supposed to be at an end, so far as my father's responsibility went and his pocket was concerned. And what was the result?

My mother possessed a hand-bag of silks of various colours and shades, all cut to lengths, not a single skein among them intact; and the various strands, according to their colours and tints, were enclosed, except at the ends, in paper envelopes commonly called thread-papers. When she wanted a bit of silk, she pulled out one of the threads from its encasement. If it were long enough to serve her purpose, well and good, she threaded it, and with her needle worked it into the pattern on which she was engaged. If it were too long, the scissors remedied that, but if too short, trouble ensued, a knot had to be made, and when employed, to be concealed or disguised somehow or other, converted into a flower-seed or an insect.

Now, at the end of my educational period, my head singularly resembled my mother's bag of silks. I had acquired a good deal of information of various sorts and colours, *but all were in short lengths.* I was bad in Latin, ignorant in Greek, was no more than a child in mathematics, had a smattering of colloquial French and German, but no systematic knowledge of the literature of either nation. I was passionately fond of music, but had not been taught fingering on any instrument; I loved art, but was uninstructed in the use of pigments, and in perspective. My memory had been undeveloped; and, if anyone should care to read my Reminiscences, he will find that it is like my head, a collection, nay, a very jumble of scraps.

What was to become of me? Of what earthly use was I in any profession? in any course of life? I had to discover that for myself, and to follow it as best I might with my tags and short-lengths of knowledge. And I was painfully aware that the scissors had been applied to my ideas and pursuits in my educative period, lest they should be too lengthy for that which was the object of my father, to make of me a mathematician, and nothing but a mathematician.

I had reached that period when I could say with Demea, in the *Adelphi*: "Never was there any person of ever such well-trained habits of life, but that experience and custom are ever bringing him somewhat new, or suggesting something; so much so, that what you believe you know you don't know; and what you have hitherto considered of supreme importance, upon making a trial of it you come to reject it. This is my case now." And with regard to the persistent efforts, at no little cost to himself, of my father to suppress my natural tendencies to classic, historical, and artistic pursuits, and to force me into a mathematical career, I may say with Philto in the *Trinummus*, and this quotation I will give in the original:

> "Qui nihil aliud, nisi quod sibi soli placet,
> Consulit advorsum filium, nugas agit."
> (Act II, scene 3.)

My father proposed that I should go to Marlborough Grammar School as assistant master to my uncle, Frederick Bond, who was head master. I had a very high opinion of him, but I did not care to be in a school that was not definitely religious, and my uncle, though in deacon's Orders, never became a priest, which to me seemed to exhibit slackness.

So I slipped away to S. Barnabas, Pimlico, and offered myself as master to the Choir School. Lowder was then senior curate, and Skinner the vicar, but at the time the latter was in poor health, and the conduct of the services and the parochial visiting devolved on Lowder. There was a junior curate, Lyford.

Meanwhile, my parents did not know what had become of me, and were uneasy. However, I went occasionally to show myself to my grand-uncle, General Sabine, at the time President of the Royal Society. He took me one evening to a meeting of the society where was an exhibition of the carved bones, and other relics of early man, as discovered on the Vézère by Christy and

Lartet. If I remember aright, Mr. Christy was there and expounded on the discoveries. There were engraved on the bones figures of the rhinoceros, the hairy elephant and the reindeer. The whole science of early man was then in its infancy, and the revelations of Lyell, Christy and Lartet and others startled the world, and made the believers in the Textual Infallibility of the Bible, of Creation and of Adam and Eve, shake in their shoes. I was vastly interested in the matter, and resolved whenever possible to visit the Vézère, and see, with mine own eyes, whether these things were as stated. It was not till thirty-five years later that I was able to accomplish this.

There were in London at this time, indeed, throughout England, a number of sincere young men, very zealous for the Catholic cause. Many of them formed the Guild of S. Alban, and it was touching to see their earnestness.

I do not think that there is now quite so much zeal for the cause as was then present among these young men, clerks in counting-houses, artists, university men, counter-jumpers. I may, however, be mistaken, living as I now do in the country, and out of touch with Church life in towns. The Church movement then was new, and to carry it forward it needed enthusiasm. At the present time, in the twentieth century, the cause has triumphed, in a fashion, in externals, but whether in depth of spirituality and zeal I am not in a position to judge. Crickmay was the head of the Guild of S. Alban, a most sincere, earnest Christian.

One of the members I knew, B——, who afterwards went into Holy Orders, had a college acquaintance F——, who had gone over to the Roman Church, and whom also I had known. This man took B—— over S. Mary-of-the-Angels, Bayswater, showed him the church, the dining-hall, the library, and cubicles ; and, as they were walking through the gallery, upstairs, " By the way," said F——, " you really must make the acquaintance of Dr. Manning." " No, thank you, I have no particular desire to see and to know him." " Nonsense ! You cannot see the play of Hamlet with the part of Hamlet left out. Oh, here is his room." He knocked at a door, and led B—— into the sitting-room of Dr. Manning. The doctor was very civil, asked B—— to take a chair, and F—— slipped away, saying that he would be back shortly ; he wanted to have a word with a friend.

After some preliminary conversation on the weather, on the university and college where B—— had been, Manning glided on to the topic of the English Church; its distracted condition, its lack of Authority, its loss of Mission, and so on. But presently Manning observed that B—— was not attending to him. He flushed up and said in somewhat harsh tones: "I beg your pardon, but you do not answer my questions. You do not seem to hear what I say." "The fact is," replied B——, "I am not a controversialist. I am perfectly happy where I am, and so I have been reciting the Nicene Creed whilst you talked," and he crossed himself. "Get out of my room!" screamed Manning, leaping from his seat and turning dark in his face, as he pointed to the door. B—— bowed, and said: "I did not want to intrude, Doctor! I was in a manner thrust in, against my wishes."

The same F—— who had introduced B—— had been at the mission in St. George's-in-the-East when it started. There were several young fellows there, and they were not afforded enough to eat during Lent. So they gave each other "Wines" occasionally in their private rooms. These "Wines" consisted in doses of cod-liver oil. When F—— was received into the Roman Church, the priest who admitted him brought him up into his room, and sitting down at his piano sang at the top of his voice, "Will you walk into my parlour, said the spider to the fly." F—— himself told me this. What became of him eventually I never heard. A good many of those who seceded, in place of becoming more spiritual, lapsed into something worse than worldliness, and got, as they termed it, periodical "whitewashings."

Whilst I was at S. Barnabas, I saw the initiation of a new stage in the Tractarian movement. When I say that I was at S. Barnabas, I do not restrict myself to the period when I lived in the clergy-house after that I had taken my degree, but I include in it the vacation times at Christmas and Easter, when I took lodgings in Ebury Street, and was much about the church and college.

Hitherto the Catholic movement had appealed, except in Leeds, to the cultured upper classes alone, and had shown little tendency towards spreading downwards. You do not boil water by applying a sheet of red-hot iron to the surface but to the bottom. That was the way in which Christianity spread at the beginning.

This occurred to the Rev. Charles Lowder, who was in charge of S. Barnabas. I saw him repeatedly kneeling in a dark corner of the chancel, within the screen, engaged in prayer ; kneeling invariably upright, never bowed over a chair. The attitude was characteristic of the man. What I did not know at the time was, how that he was forming the resolve to throw himself into the slummiest of all slums, the region of London Docks, to devote himself to carrying the Gospel to the most poor and ignorant of the East Londoners. As certainly was this a call as was that to S. Paul to " turn to the Gentiles." And he answered the call whole-heartedly ; but little did he then imagine the discouragements he would have to encounter, the heart-breaks, the desertion by those whom he trusted, the insults he would have to face, the disapprobation of the Bishop.

Lowder was by no means a man of brilliant abilities, or of great social attractiveness. He was no scholar, nor was he a good conversationalist. His sermons were practical but dry, unillumined by flashes of originality. His insight into character was defective, and to most people he gave the impression of stiffness and chill. He was, however, a man of strong convictions and of iron resolution to persevere in any course that he felt assured was right, and to which he trusted that he had been summoned by God.

Bishop Blomfield of London had been no support to the clergy of S. Barnabas in the time of their trouble. He objected to the singing of the suffrages to the prayers, but had to yield reluctantly on this point, because he could not prove that what was the practice in every cathedral was illegal in a parish church. In 1852 he insisted : " If you don't say a collect (before the sermon) and don't say it (turned) to the west, I will withdraw your licence." Referring to a plain metal cross on the retable of the altar, he said : " If it cost me my see, I will have that cross removed."

Blomfield was now gone, and the Scotchman, Tait, was in his room, an Erastian, with Presbyterian proclivities.

Lowder started his mission in the East of London in 1856-7.

He hired an old butcher's shop in Calvert Street. The shop itself was converted into the dining-hall and common-room of the curates and three or four lay assistants. It was lighted through holes cut in the wooden shutters. The furniture was of the poorest description. There was not an arm-chair or a padded seat in the place. The food provided was unpalatable and insufficient. I went to see the little Community when I could. Two of the members I knew intimately; one, wearied and discouraged, passed over to Rome; the other, a very handsome man, married a rich wife, who purchased for him a living, and he settled down and flattened out into ecclesiastical and spiritual mediocracy, and was rewarded with a canonry.

In 1857 the old Danish Chapel in Wellclose Square was secured for the Mission, and two priests were installed there in charge, whilst Mr. Lowder and another remained in Calvert Street. The two former after a while departed, and somewhat later submitted to the Roman Church.

In 1859 there were six clergy labouring in the parish, with a large staff of lay assistants; and six hundred children were under instruction in the six schools that had been set on foot.

The riots at St. George's-in-the-East began in 1859, and lasted till September 25, 1860, when, by order of Tait, Bishop of London, the church was closed. The rector, the Rev. Bryan King, had been absent and abroad through ill-health, and the services had been discharged by Mr. Lowder. I was down there during the riots, and when the rector had returned; his wife was the sister of a college friend, named Fardell.

It is not my intention to describe the repulsive scenes I then and there witnessed. I have done that already in my *Church Revival.* The riots were organized, it was shrewdly suspected, and subsidized by the Church Association. "Bless you, sir," said a young man who attended the night-school in Calvert Street, to Mr. Rowley, the schoolmaster, "it is all a question of beer and what else they can get. Religion ain't anything more to them than it is to us. They gets paid for what they do, and they does it, like as they'd do any other job."

That which was the most painful part of the business was the attitude of Tait, the Bishop, during the continuance of the riots. In Ephesus, when S. Paul had to fight "with beasts," the pagan town-clerk did his utmost to pacify the people. Bishop Tait did nothing but cast sops to the rioters.

In the end, many years later, I went down to S. Peter's, London Docks, the large and stately church erected in the midst of those slums into which Father Lowder had cast himself; and when

I saw the House of God filled with poor folk, all eagerly and lovingly taking part in Divine worship, I turned back in memory to the lone black figure at S. Barnabas, kneeling hour by hour in silent prayer; and I thought how that he must at last have seen "the travail of his soul, and been satisfied with it." And how marvellously out of that seed sown by Charles Lowder has a plentiful crop of spiritual and religious life sprung up among the humblest classes, and all full of zeal for the worship and faith of the Church of England.

At the time when I was in or about London, Manning was a great *retiarius* for the Roman Church, casting his net to right and left so as to catch whom he could.

Manning, in the opinion of those who had known him in his Anglican days, was not a sincere man; he was devoured by ambition, and his confidence in making his way in the English Church was shaken when so much popular feeling was roused against the Tractarians; and when the statesmen and judges seemed to be combined to stamp out the movement; then thinking that every door was shut against advancement in the English Church, he seceded in 1851. His piety, his fasting, were ostentatious. At a dinner party where he was, as well as my uncle, Sir Edward Sabine, he would drink nothing but water, and only nibbled at a bit of bread. It was for display; but also for his health's sake.[1] It was significant that after his promotion to be Archbishop of Westminster he exhibited a rancorous hatred of the English Church, displaying so different a temper from that of Newman. The prominent characteristic of the latter may be said to have been love for those from whom he found himself separated, whereas Manning's line was an uncompromising and contemptuous denunciation of the errors from which he rejoiced to be freed. He seemed to be quite unable to see how it was possible that persons with whom he once sympathized should not follow his example.

Manning, in his animosity entertained towards the English Church, did not fail to extol the Dissenters, at her expense, as the only consistent and upright Christians outside the pale of the Latin Church.

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[1] It was well known to his intimates that, before going out to dinner, he partook of a meal at home, tasty and nutritious.

This temper and attitude of Manning is instructive. A cat does not squeal and claw unless its tail has been pinched; and Manning was doubly nipped. He was disappointed at the slender effect his own secession had produced among the clergy and laity. Those who 'verted did so not because of him, but because of the Gorham judgment, whereas Newman had drawn a train of devoted men after him. In the second place, he was disappointed at the small way the Roman Communion was making in England. He was one of the first to perceive that as the Church of England put off her rags of Protestantism, and put on the queenly vesture of Catholic Faith and Worship, the leakage towards Rome would cease, and, in fact, was already on the decline. He saw that the English Church could satisfy, and did satisfy, Christian souls, and thereby cut off the attractions of the Papal Church.

To my mind, Manning had not an attractive character. I gravely doubt his possessing any governing principle other than self-glorification. Unquestionably, he cared much for the Truth, for God and for His Church, but in a secondary place, after Henry Edward Manning. This was characteristic of him from childhood. Bishop Oxenden says of him: "There was, even in those early days, a little self-assertion in his character. On one occasion he was invited to dinner at Mr. Cunningham's, the vicar of the parish. On his return at night one of his friends questioned him whether he had enjoyed his evening. He answered that he had said but little, and indeed had been almost silent, for there were two or three superior persons present; he added, 'You know that my motto is, *Aut Cæsar aut nullus*.'" Bishop Oxenden adds: "This was characteristic of the after man." His biographer, E. S. Purcell, is obliged to admit: "No one ought to take it much amiss if the aroma of a refined and subtle self-love might seem more or less to pervade Cardinal Manning's Reminiscences." But it is not an aroma, but a fetor, by no means refined or subtle.

At Oxford, Mr. Purcell says: "Manning ever wore a look of self-consciousness; he seemed to fancy as he walked through the halls and corridors, or sat in the common room, that every eye regarded him either with admiration or in envy; oblivious that there were great men at Oxford, or at the Union even, before Agamemnon."

His inclinations had been to push himself forward as a Radical, in Parliament, but on his father's bankruptcy this became impossible, and, as Purcell admits, he was driven against his will to take up the Church as a profession. If he could not push himself to the fore in politics, he might do so in religion. He had, however, no definite convictions ; such as he had he had derived from Puritanism. As he himself wrote : " I had a drawing to Christian piety ; but a revulsion from the Anglican Church." Notwithstanding this revulsion he took Orders in that Church, simply because it was the only door open for his ambition to make himself a name.

After that Manning became rector of Lavington ; he worked hard and conscientiously among the people, and with considerable effect. He had no definite religious convictions, but he gradually became influenced by the *Tracts for the Times*. Previously, what religious ideas he had imbibed had been from Miss Bevan of a Quaker family, and from his rector, when he was a curate, the Rev. John Sargent, whose daughter Emily he married. Mr. Sargent was a disciple of Simeon, and a strong Evangelical. Manning's wife Emily had imbibed the errors and prejudices of the party. It was only after her death, and that of her father, that Manning emancipated himself from a school that he was shrewd enough to perceive was on its wane, and to attach himself to the Tractarian party that, at the time, seemed to promise conquest over the minds and souls of men. He had not been reared in Church principles, he had acquired none at Oxford, he had none when he entered Holy Orders. But he was ambitious, and he hoped to force his way into prominence, position, and power, on the crest of the orthodox wave. Only when he found that there was for him no higher preferment than an Archdeaconry did he resolve to look elsewhere for that success after which he longed and struggled, and which he was determined to obtain.

The Tractarian party promised great things, the tide set in strongly in that direction, and Manning quickly abandoned the Evangelical faction and threw in the force of his intellect on the side of Orthodoxy. In his *Rule of Faith*, he broke away from his Evangelical association. But, after the publication of Tract XC. there was a revulsion of feeling, and Manning swung round abruptly to the Low Church side. The leaders of the Oxford movement keenly felt his desertion of them.

By his tergiversation he forfeited the trust of the Catholic party; by his former hard hits he had wounded the Protestant party past forgiveness. None could trust him; his own relatives, the Austens and the Anderdons, alone held the key of his action. With him there was no principle other than self-interest or ambition. It was in vain for him to recover ground with either faction. This he felt, and saw that for him advancement in the Established Church was unattainable. He must be *aut Cæsar aut nullus*, and to be nobody was to a man of his temper of mind intolerable.

When he joined the Roman Communion, it was with the deliberate intention of pushing himself forward. He entertained the chimerical notion that he might be elected Pope on the death of Pius IX, as if the Cardinals would ever choose any but an Italian! There had once been an English Pope, Nicholas Breakspeare, why not another, Henry Edward Manning? And in ability he was far ahead of his fellow Cardinals. Pio Nono died in 1878, and Manning did not obtain the Sessorial chair. It was with his eye on this end that Manning had become an Ultramontane, to the disgust of many of the old Romanist families in England. He was a weathercock turning with the wind. In politics he had ever been a Liberal, even to Radicalism, not perhaps out of principle, but because he thought it would pay him best; but for the Church he desired an autocracy, a despotism, not out of principle, but because he hoped vainly that he might himself some day become autocrat, and an infallible despot.[1]

A study of the two faces, those of Newman and Manning, was most instructive. In the strong, rugged countenance of the former was sincerity, truth and force. Sanctity streamed forth from it, as the light from a lantern. On the other hand the face of Manning was as much made-up as that of an actress. There was not, indeed, any external application of grease paints, but there was the moulding of the muscles, and the setting of the expression that were entirely artificial, practised, not before a glass, but before some pictures of ascetic saints. The face was a composition, laboriously attained, in which was not a line of truth. He sought, by practice, to acquire the ideal ecclesiastical saintly pattern. Look at his likeness when he was an Anglican; there may be seen the man as he was, clever and pious—sweet it never was, self-consciousness checked anything like sympathy. However, it was a good face. Look at it after a few years' massage in the Latin School, and it is no longer what it had been. It has ceased to be real, it has become a mask. It has become motionless, save when the Cardinal lets himself go upon the English Church; then only does the rancour of his heart reveal itself, bred of disappointment.

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[1] Neither Canons Oakeley and Searle of Westminster Cathedral nor Cardinal Newman trusted him after he became a Romanist: they detected his insincerity.

On the other hand, the rugged face of Newman is full of humanity, tenderness and sympathy. It is no mask, it is a real countenance through which the beautiful soul gleams.

Manning strained all his powers to obtain the conversion of Florence Nightingale. She would not only prove a feather in his cap, but he felt sure that if she were caught she would bring a whole train of Anglican nurses and Sisters-of-Mercy after her. As in the German story, the boy who had the golden goose captured was followed by parson, lawyer, girls galore, and adhesive old maids. But he failed. Miss Nightingale was not to be caught by his arguments or eloquence, neither by fawning nor by threats. She saw how worthless were his arguments, and she mistrusted the man himself. She wrote to the nuns of Bermondsey: "The fact is, as the Catholics themselves call him, he is a deucedly clever fellow, and somehow or other, *by foul rather than by fair means*, gets all things his own way." His worst enemy could hardly speak of him more unfavourably.

As I have just said, Manning's expression, whether in the pulpit or in private, changed the moment he began to speak of the English Church.

The fact was that it had become obvious to him that the main obstruction to success in England was the presence of the Anglican Church, and especially of the Catholic party in her. He made no account of the Protestant assailants: they were ignorant men, who could bark but not bite, and whose vociferations actually drove those who heard them, like those of Thessalonica, to search whether things were so as declared by those pastors. Being undiscriminating men, they were easily induced to believe whatever their Papist instructors affirmed, and consequently 'verted. But the Anglican controversialists belonged to another class; they were well read in the Fathers, they had ecclesiastical history at their finger-ends, and entertained a lively mistrust of Romish statements. The controversial programme of the Papist much resembled an old canvas target, riddled with holes, that had served for a time at a rifle range.

If, as was the case, Manning exhibited petulance, it must be pardoned him. From his corner in Southwark he had hoped to have pulled out many a plum from the Anglican pie, as had Newman; and it was disconcerting when he put in his thumb to be able to extract only a few currants, and they small and sometimes gritty. And that for a man who aimed at being some day Beatified!

There is a portrait of Cardinal Manning by Watts in the National Portrait Gallery. It is an idealized presentation of him. He posed for it, assumed a benevolent aspect, put on his best point lace, and adopted an impressive attitude. But to see him as he really was, look at his photographs. He had dressed and smirked for his sittings by the R.A. artist.

The 'vert to Romanism invariably for a while exhibits a rancorous hostility towards the Church he has left. The cause of this sourness is twofold. Largely it is due to the fact that the anticipations he had entertained that his defection would cause him to be coddled in the Communion he has entered are disappointed; he has discovered that, once their fish is netted, his captors regard him with indifference; and, as to the hereditary Roman families of ancient race, they make no attempt to disguise their contempt for him. In the next place, he confidently expected that his secession would produce a shock to the whole Anglican Church, and resound from one end of England to another, and even thrill the Colonies; whereas it is noted in a brief newspaper paragraph as of no greater importance than that "The wife of Edward Rabbit, Esq., of Langham Place, of a daughter," in the notices of births; it is forgotten to-morrow, and, so far from his startling friends and relatives into breathless dismay, they shrug their shoulders and drop him. But with really sincere and pious men this phase soon passes. It did so with Newman.

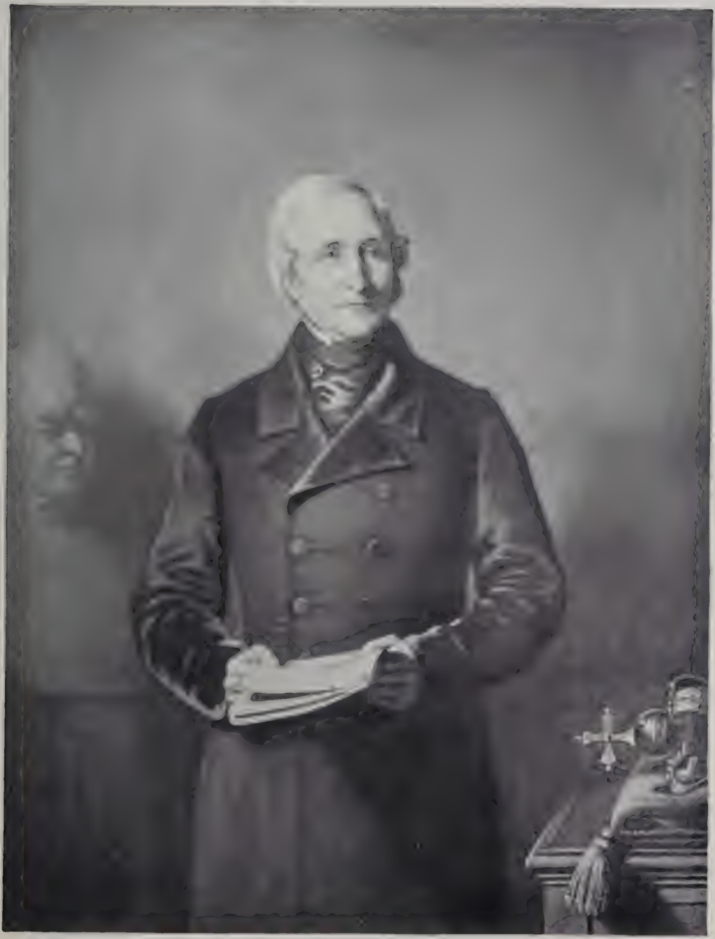
Whenever I hear a 'vert declaiming against the Church he has deserted, I laugh in my sleeve, and say to myself: "Indigestion bad in him."

In that old book for the edification and amusement of youth, entitled *Sandford and Merton*, is an account of a sufferer from dyspepsia. He consulted his medical attendant, who invited himself to dinner with his patient. As he sat down at table with him, at the farther end, he planted an empty pail beside his chair. Whenever his host partook of anything to eat and drink, lobster, boiled leg of pork with pease-pudding, veal cutlets, salmon, fried sole, roast duck stuffed with onions, slice of roast beef, macaroni and cheese, savoury of caviare on toast, peaches, melon, pineapple, the whole soused with sherry, stout, marsala, port, champagne, and a little glass of lunel or green Chartreuse, simultaneously the doctor put a corresponding amount into the pail. At the close of the meal, the patient, who had indulged freely, put his hand to his stomach, groaned, and complained of distension, pains, flatulence, and other sensations of distress. "How can you expect otherwise?" asked the medical man, pulling out the pail that was full to overflow, and thrusting it under the eyes and nose of his host. "How could it be other, when you have charged your stomach with such a mess as this, digestible and indigestible?"

And consider! what a pailful of articles for spiritual consumption the Romanist has to take in. Good heavens! to enumerate the stuff is beyond me! Could such a glut produce any other effect save a sourness of look, heart-burn, and an eructation of spite?

After some months at S. Barnabas, I fell short of money and wrote home. Thereupon my father declined to furnish supplies —and he was quite right in so doing—and in a letter addressed to me at General Sabine's, he ordered me to leave. I had gone occasionally to see my grand-uncle, General Edward Sabine, so that my father knew that I was not "lost in London."

Sir Edward was my grandmother's brother. His story is somewhat peculiar. He was descended from Field-Marshal Joseph Sabine of Tewin in Hertfordshire, who had been in Marlborough's wars, was Governor of Ghent, and afterwards Governor of Gibraltar, where he died October 24th, 1739, in the



GENERAL SIR EDWARD SABINE, K.C.B.

seventy-eighth year of his age. By his wife Margaretta, daughter of Charles Newsham, Esq., he had eighteen children.

General Joseph Sabine was in the battle of Ramillies. He had been a third son. The eldest was Rawlings Sabine. The second was John, who was killed in Germany in one of Marlborough's battles. General Joseph Sabine with his penknife had defaced from his signet-ring with the arms, the mullet, the cadence of a third son. In the battle he lost his ring, and often after spoke of it. It so happened that Edward and Mrs. Sabine were travelling on the Continent, in the 'thirties or 'forties, and visited the battlefield. In a village watchmaker's shop at Ramillies, they saw in the window a ring for sale, bearing the Sabine arms and with the mark of the cadence scooped out. Captain Sabine bought it, and it is now in the possession of Sir Thomas Sabine Pasley, Bart., left to him by Sir Edward. As already said, Field-Marshal Joseph Sabine was Governor of Ghent. He received a gift of plate from the town in consideration of his services in maintaining order there. This also is in the possession of Sir Thomas Pasley.

Edward Sabine was in the Welsh Fusiliers, and was engaged in North America, and was in the Battle of Lake Champlain. He returned to England in 1816. In 1818 he went with Captain Ross on his Arctic Expedition, and with Captain Parry on his, and returned to England in November, 1820.

Before Captain Sabine went to America, when he was young and handsome, he fell in love with a certain young lady, and they exchanged vows of eternal fidelity. However, during his absence she became acquainted with a Colonel Leeves, and married him. When Captain Sabine returned to England, she deemed it advisable to apologize for her lapse from fidelity by saying : " We had news that you had been taken prisoner at sea—and we supposed that the Rebels shot all their prisoners." " And so," retorted my grand-uncle, " you were ready to forget me in the arms of Colonel Leeves."

" Que voulez-vous ? I was lone and lorn. I hear you are going to the North Pole. Cool your passion for me in the Arctic snows."

Now Mrs. Leeves had a daughter by her Colonel, and in the course of some years Colonel Leeves died. The widow daily expected that my grand-uncle would renew his suit—he did make suit, not to her but to her daughter when just out of school, and short frocks. Mrs. Leeves was furious, and would not give her consent. " Then I'll take her without it," said Captain Sabine, and he married Eliza Leeves. She was at once associated by him in his scientific studies, which specially concerned terrestrial magnetism. I have heard her tell how that when a young girl-wife she had a novel on her lap under the table, till sharply called to order by her husband. " Eliza ! do me this calculation ! " or " Translate me this from the German " or " the Russian."

She manifested an extraordinary capacity for learning any European language in a surprisingly short time. She was plain featured, a humble, sweet character, terribly afraid of her mother, who eventually came to live with her son-in-law and daughter, when they rented a small house at Shooter's Hill. Mrs. Leeves was a very handsome woman to her dying day, and would sit staring at her daughter by the quarter of an hour, and then exclaim after a preliminary and peculiarly aggravating sniff : " God bless me ! however could he have put up with you ? " Lady Sabine felt uncomfortable on such occasions, and infinitely preferred to be called away to extract a cube root, or to decipher a Russian letter.

My father became more and more uneasy at my lingering in town, and with his not knowing what I really was about, so finally, as already said, he wrote a peremptory letter to me, through Sir Edward, who communicated it to me, ordering me without hesitation or excuse to leave S. Barnabas or wherever " the deuce I was."

I told my trouble to Father Lowder, and in a few days he obtained for me an offer of a mastership in one of the Woodard schools. I went to Shoreham, but only for a week or ten days, and was thence transferred to Hurstpierpoint, where I was promised £25 per annum as assistant master, and was pretty hard worked for that payment.[1] However, I remained there for eight very happy years. I took classes in elementary Latin, French, German, drawing and chemistry.

Shoreham was not suited for me, as it was a school for Upper Classics.

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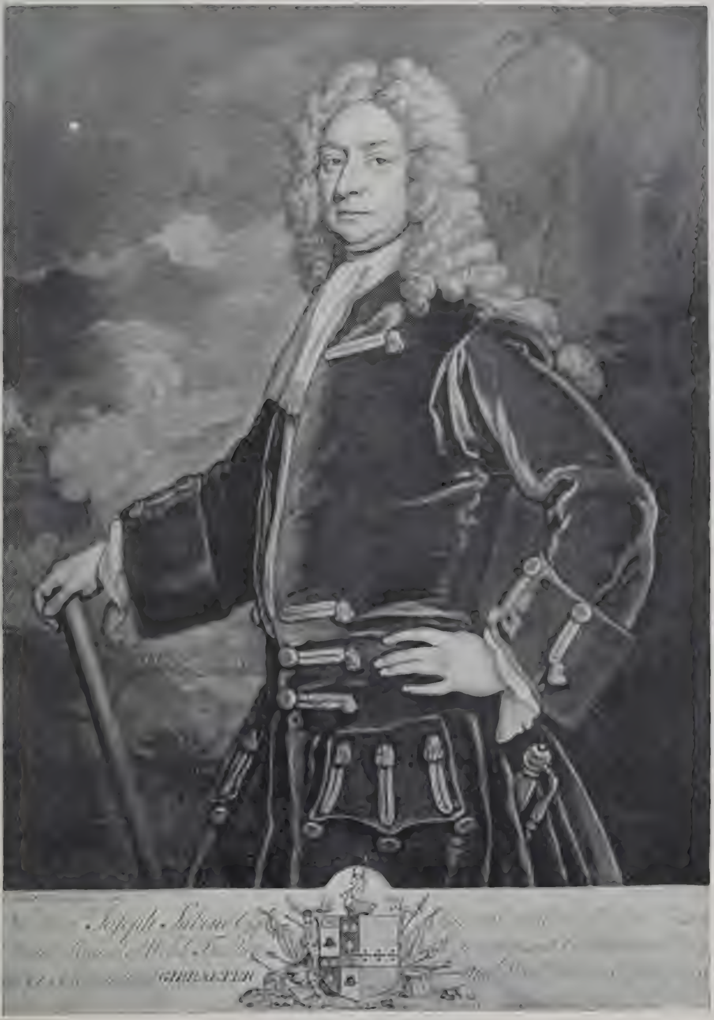
[1] Raised later to £40.


Joseph Sabine

GENERAL JOSEPH SABINE

The New Shoreham Church was a fine Norman structure. The nave had been demolished, and only the choir remained, and that was be-pewed. The college was allowed to use the pews for daily service; there were no stalls. The head master, Braithwait, had a shrill, discordant voice. Moreover, whilst singing he had a trick with his left hand to clutch at his surplice, and in the excitement of psalmody to scratch it up above his waist, let it down, and again proceed to scratch it up. The boys, who were roguish, took to imitating him.

From Shoreham, as I have said, I was moved to Hurstpierpoint.

The squire of Hurstpierpoint was a Mr. Campion of Danny, whose wife had been a Kempe; it was after her father that Kempetown, Brighton, was named, and her mother had been a Baring. Accordingly I was often down at the Park to dine, and there met the Marchioness of Bath, who had presented Mr. Bennett to Frome, after that Bishop Blomfield of London had forced him to resign S. Barnabas. She was a Baring. I also met there Bishop Baring of Durham, one of the narrowest bigots the Church produced at the period, the persecutor of Dr. Dykes of S. Oswald's.

At this period, a certain number of the young clergy embraced Socialistic principles. In a good many cases, simply to make themselves conspicuous, but others were convinced that the order of society was rotten at the core, and suspected, or rather believed, that the cure to the evils that were obvious enough lay in this direction. I knew several of them, some are alive still. A good many modified their views as they became older. Of these latter was Stanton of S. Alban's, Holborn. One whom I knew was elevated to be a bishop—and proved a dismal failure. He is dead now, and I cannot hear of his having achieved anything in his diocese, and as being regretted by anyone.

At the time I was a fairly zealous Radical, and I have toned down, but some had so committed themselves that they could not alter their opinions without becoming ridiculous.

I went into S. Mary Magdalen's, Munster Square, one Sunday afternoon, when the curate was catechizing the children, and his teaching was practically that *la propriété est le vol*. When he retired to the vestry I followed him, and after introducing myself said: "I have been much struck by your catechetical lecture;

but do you not think that an illustration would stamp your teaching ineffaceably on the minds of your pupils ? "

" Undoubtedly it would."

" I have on me," said I, " garments for travelling abroad, recently purchased at Baker's in Holborn. Now, of course, I have no right to them. May not your pupils appropriate them and tear them into shreds, each of which will be sufficiently large to serve for a pen-wiper ? Under the circumstances, would it not be better if *you* were denuded of your garments, and that you distributed them among the dear children ? You are well known, at least to them. I am not. And to see you perambulating Munster Square divested of garments to which you have no right, as they belong to the Community, would furnish such a proof of your sincerity, and present such a striking illustration of your teaching, as would never be forgotten."

He turned red as blood and sent me out of the vestry.

When I have been in Brussels, at first I put up at *Au Progrès*, a little hotel behind the beautiful town hall. It was kept by two sisters, was very reasonable, and the food was uncommonly good. The dinner tables were so crowded that it was not easy to get a place. After some years I went to *Au Progrès* again, and found that the sisters had disposed of the business, which had been purchased by a man who was a strong Socialist. The old *clientèle* had disappeared, and for dinner no more than three or four appeared. I got into conversation with the innkeeper. He was furious at the building that was in progress in the town ; stately streets were lined by handsome houses, and great display was made in the shop windows. " All this is evil ! " said he. " Why should the *bourgeoisie* be rich and live so well, dress so well, and furnish their homes so well, when the artisan class has to toil to scrape together *quelques petits sous* ? All these houses should be given up to them."

" *Tiens*," said I, " Monsieur, I perceive that you wear in your tie about the cravat a very handsome pin and, if I mistake not, there is a costly diamond in it. You have no right to it. Go, and throw it to the gamins in the market place : but so—only one will be the better off for it, the one who picks it up. Better by far that you should break it up with the coal hammer and strew the street with the splinters.

Then a score at least will have sufficient of your diamond to scratch a pane of glass."

He bowed, backed and returned to present me with my bill.

My father was one of the first to organize a Volunteer Rifle Corps. The head-quarters were at Tavistock, and the practice-ground by the side of the Tavy in a level meadow; but the corps occasionally came to Lew, where the target was set up on the opposite side of the valley. On such occasions they were given a lunch of cold boiled beef, tart and beer in the avenue. I joined the corps, and, at Hurstpierpoint, continued my drill in the company there constituted.

On one occasion, when there had been much rain, I drew on a pair of goloshes over my boots. When I reached the grounds where we were at drill, we were drawn up, and put through our evolutions. The soil was clay, and very soon off came one of my goloshes and stuck in the wealden mud. We marched and counter-marched, wheeled, formed hollow squares, and charged over the spot where was my embedded golosh. I met with several reprimands from the sergeant for turning my head and looking after my lost article of foot-cover.

Next day I went to the field, and wandered over it, with bowed head, seeking my lost golosh, much as, on that of Senlac, Swan-white sought the body of Harold. But I was less fortunate; I never saw my golosh again. However, the quest was not profitless, for I found several pieces of Roman pottery and a fragment of Samian ware, which led to the discovery of the site of a manufactory of earthenware of the time of the Roman occupation.

CHAPTER XV

1857–1862

IN 1847 the Rev. Nathaniel Woodard began a boy's school at New Shoreham. He was convinced that no religion worth a rush was taught in our public schools, Eton, Winchester, Westminster and the like, nor in the grammar schools mostly frequented by day boys; whereas the schools for shopkeepers' and tradesmen's children were in a most deplorable condition of inefficiency. He had accordingly entertained the idea of starting a series of schools for the Upper, Middle and Lower Middle Classes on a definitely religious basis. In 1849 he divided his school into three "Grades," and in 1850 the "Middle Grade" came to Hurstpierpoint, moving into the present buildings in 1853.

All the schools were placed under a governing body, the Corporation of S. Nicholas, and this eventually was split up into four divisions. The Southern, or Society of SS. Mary and Nicholas, controls four boys' schools (Lancing, Hurst, Ardingly and Bloxham), and one girls' school at Bognor.

The Middle Division has three boys' schools (Denstone, Ellesmere, Worksop), and four girls' schools; the Western Division has one boys' school at Taunton; the Northern Division has two girls' schools; in all, eight boys' schools and seven girls' schools holding 1960 boys and 750 girls.

But at the time when I joined the society there were but the Upper Grade school at New Shoreham, moved later to the noble collegiate buildings at Lancing, and S. John's College, Hurstpierpoint. The Third Grade school at Ardingly was opened whilst I was at Hurst.

S. John's College, Hurstpierpoint, was a dignified structure of split flints with caen-stone dressings, designed by Carpenter. At the time that I was there it formed a quadrangle and hall, but the chapel had not as yet been begun. The quadrangle was surrounded by cloisters, and there were four dormitories for the boys. The college stands on comparatively high ground, and is on the Sussex weald, commanding a noble prospect of the South Downs; right in front was Danny Beacon, a height crowned by a large prehistoric camp, to which on Ascension Day the choir mounted and therefrom sang a Latin hymn. This was an institution of Dr. Lowe, the first head master, and I believe that he left a bequest so that the ceremony might never be discontinued.

At Hurst I saw and conversed with John Keble, author of *The Christian Year*. Like the rest of the old Oriel Tractarians, he habitually wore a swallow-tailed coat, high gills and a big white tie. He was a singularly plain man, and his somewhat uncouth features seemed to me to find a reflex in his poetry, to which I never could acquire a liking, though it was a favourite book with my mother, and in after times with my dear wife. He had a pleasant voice and an attractive manner; was extremely humble-minded and self-effacing. That appears to me to be a distinctive trait of the High Churchman, whereas self-consciousness is written in every line of the face and curve of the body of the Evangelical, and this occasionally exaggerated to offensiveness in the Dissenting minister.

A man of a very different type who visited Hurst was Mark Pattison of Lincoln College, Oxford, a man with a most discontented, soured look. He struck me as one who never smiled, and whom a hearty laugh would shake to pieces as an earthquake shattered Lisbon. He wandered about the cloisters and paced the terrace, with his head down, as if in search of beetles and earthworms. I did not see him look straight before him, or ever turn his eyes towards the blue sky, not even when there were clouds in it. The boys thought he was a haunted man, and wondered what crime he had committed for which a ghost pursued him. Some of his sermons were published in 1885, and exhibit, except in the concluding address on All Saints, an absence of anything like Christianity as a rule of life, and a source of hope. In his *Memoirs* he mentions how that he preached on the subject of an accidental drowning of one of the students of Lincoln, and, "I endeavoured to enforce the solemn reflections which such an event in a college gives rise to." If we look at the sermon, we find in it an utter absence of the religious tone that sweetens and soothes in Tennyson's *In Memoriam ;* no reference in it is to Him Who is the Resurrection and the Life.

Pattison's mind had turned sour over disappointments, like beer under thunder, and with equal inability to recover. He harboured grievances against every one, even against his father. His saintly sister Dora was an especial object of his dislike and contempt.

Another visitor was Samuel Wilberforce, Bishop, first of Oxford, and then of Winchester. He was there one All Saints' Eve, and in the Procession walked last with his chaplain. As the choir wound singing through the cloister it reached the antechapel, destined to be a beer-cellar eventually, and had to be descended into by two or three steps, and traversed, before the brilliantly illumined chapel was entered. The Bishop saw his occasion, and when he preached he likened the Church to a procession passing on from age to age, singing the praises of God, then all descended into the dark crypt of the grave, but—beyond was the glorious light of Paradise and the song of the Redeemed and the Presence of Christ.

The Bishop was not averse from telling anecdotes against himself. I recall one he related at breakfast. He was walking abroad one day, when an urchin threw a stone that hit him in the back.

The Bishop was sufficiently alert to catch the fellow, and holding him at arm's length administered a reprimand.

" I didn't do it," said the boy sulkily.

" Not do it ? I know that you did."

" You didn't see me fling the stone."

" No, I did not ; but God saw you."

" Hah ! Does God see everything that we do ? "

" Yes, everything," said the Bishop solemnly.

" Did He see what I was about last Saturday afternoon in mother's backyard ? "

" Certainly He did."

" Get along, you bloke," exclaimed the urchin, poking the Bishop in the ribs, " mother ain't got no backyard."

The Bishop went out of his way to be gracious to every one, and to express himself in courteous and sympathetic terms, but next moment forgot with whom he had been in converse. This obtained for him the sobriquet of "Soapy Sam"; but it was due to real kindliness of spirit, and to dislike of the stand-off and humph, ha! manner of most of the bishops in dealing with their clergy; but being obsequious enough to laity in power and to the nobility.

It was a curious misreading of the facts of the case that *The Times* and *Punch* and other papers, besides such as were frankly Low Church, such as the *Record*, regarded Bishop Wilberforce as a High Churchman. *Punch* had a cartoon representing the Bishop as a shepherd coquetting with the Church of Rome as a fair shepherdess; and Mr. Goldwin Smith in the *Bystander*, a Canadian magazine, described him as a High Anglican who floundered about trying to find a logical standing-place for the illogical party, and who would have gone to Rome, like his two brothers, if he had let his real convictions have fair play, and had he not been held back by the ties of position and wealth. But, as a fact, Soapy Sam, as he was vulgarly called, never was a High Churchman, either on account of his early Evangelical training or through subsequent conversion. On the contrary, the secessions in his own family drove him in an opposite direction. Bishop Wilberforce remained to the end of his days what he had been bred, a Church Evangelical of the type of his father and of the younger Venn, a type as distinct from the Church Association variety as it was marked off from that of High Churchism. What he was shrewd enough to see was that the Church of England, given its liturgy and polity, could not be successfully run on the lines of the non-church Evangelicals, and there were not enough left of his father's school to constitute a working factor in the body, as most of that section had shaded off into the Broad Church ranks, and such as remained were imbeciles. He was thus forced to throw himself into the High Church movement, but it was reluctantly, and with the purpose of utilizing it as a force, whilst directing it into narrow channels such as approved themselves to himself. But the strength of the movement was beyond his restraining or directing power. As to the theology of the party, he never accepted it, where it differed from what he had acquired as a child. This it was which constituted the real secret of his seeming inconsistency and insincerity: that he had to work on lines which he accepted only as a less evil than those of the narrow and illiterate school which monopolized that name of Evangelical which he had known associated with a very different stamp of adherents. At Cuddesdon he was a drag on the training of the candidates for Orders, interfering because the teaching and the practices were too "Churchy" in his opinion. I went to Cuddesdon to visit one of the students. In the chancel about the altar were a series of Gothic arcades in woodwork, and one of the young men filled these with paintings of the Apostles, in sepia. Wilberforce had them all obliterated. There was a cross on the altar. He ordered its removal. It was transferred to the Credence, but it was not long before it found its way back to its original position. In this case the order was given with a purpose so as to conciliate a commission of Evangelicals, hounded on by Golightly (Agag was his nickname), who visited the institution.

Dr. Gilbert, Bishop of Chichester, visited the college for confirmations and on S. John's Day (May 6). He was a tall, handsome man, with a face that apparently could not crease with a pleasant smile without cracking, as ice when affected by a swell. His eye was stony and lustreless, not like that of a parrot, expressionless, but with a look of the Medusa, as though being of stone itself it desired to petrify all on whom that chill eye was turned. An unpardonable offence he committed in inhibiting John Mason Neale from performing any clerical functions in the diocese of Chichester, in 1847, and this inhibition was maintained for sixteen years, although Bishop Wilberforce in vain interceded to have it removed. In 1860 Bishop Gilbert virtually, and in 1863 formally, revoked the inhibition.

In 1856 he wrote to the Superior of S. Margaret's Home for Nursing Sisters, withdrawing from his post as Visitor, and published a letter addressed to her in which he stated that he entirely withheld countenance from, and approval of, the Community.

The Mother Superior at once went to Chichester and requested an interview with the Bishop. It was peremptorily refused. She offered to wait his lordship's time, and urged the importance of the communication she had to make. For all reply she was informed by the butler that till she quitted the apartment into which she had been shown his lordship would be unable to interview anyone else.[1]

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[1] Eventually he seemed to take a pleasure in Tractarian ceremonies, in walking in procession with banners waving, in receiving a pastoral staff, in inducting sisters, etc.

The great day at Hurstpierpoint was May 6, S. John ante Portam Latinam, when the Apostle was said to have been cast into a caldron of boiling oil before the Latin gate in the walls of Rome.

There was a great procession with banners, the choir singing, Dr. Lowe in his Doctoral scarlet and black, and a bishop or two.

Now, on one memorable occasion, there were actually three bishops present, and for their accommodation three Glastonbury chairs had been placed in the apse. There were no desks before them, and when, in the service we arrived at the Prayers, round on their heels twirled the three prelates, burying their heads in the seats of their chairs, and presenting to the congregation an aspect the reverse of dignified. And the dear creatures were innocent of the absurd appearance they presented, as viewed by the congregation.

We had a good many visitors at Hurst. One was Dr. Joseph Wolff, the Oriental traveller, whose Journal in a series of letters to Sir Thomas Baring from the East has been printed, and is of fresh and perennial charm. He was a converted Jew.

How it was that he induced Lady Georgiana Mary, sixth daughter of Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford, to marry him, is a marvel. By her he had a son, Sir Henry Drummond Wolff. She died in January, 1859, and then he married Louisa Diana, youngest daughter of James King, rector of S. Peter-le-Poer, London.

He was a man of extraordinary linguistic knowledge and facility, but his English was not always grammatical, nor his pronunciation correct. He was a German Jew by birth, and when quite a little fellow had posed his father, a Rabbi, with the same question as that propounded to Philip by the treasurer of Queen Candace. Said Wolff to his father, "Tell me, of whom does the prophet speak here?" His father stared at him, and made no reply. "And Wolff dared not to ask him a second time, but went into another room, and wept. And there he heard his father say to his mother, who was also weeping, 'God have mercy upon us, our son will not remain a Jew.'" He became convinced that Jesus was the Messiah, but he got no satisfaction from the Evangelical pastors and university professors, who were nearly all Rationalists, and little more than either Deists or Pantheists. So he went to Munich and Vienna, and after that to Rome to the Propaganda to be trained as a missionary. But there was much that he could not stomach in Romanism, as the cock-and-bull stories of miracles that were propounded in religious books and from the pulpit; and he was greatly shaken by the lack of truthfulness he noticed among the really pious and earnest Papists. He instanced the case of a noble lady named Rosalia, whom the Redemptorists smuggled away from her parents and family in order to establish her as head of a religious community in Hungary. The police and the Court made inquiries, and her family instituted a search, but all in vain. Hoffbauer, the Confessor to the Emperor, was questioned, but he swore he did not know where Rosalia was; and the Redemptorists and the clergy in general were equally insistent on their ignorance as to her whereabouts. The fact was that Hoffbauer had made her change her name from Rosalia to Philippina; and thus they were able to elude discovery. This equivocation was, and is, entirely according to the rules of the Moral Theology of Alfonso Liguori, who has been proclaimed a doctor of the Church.

Further, Wolff was unable to accept the doctrine of Papal Infallibility. He had an amusing story of his discussion on this topic with Cardinal della Somaglia, relative to the Hebrew Bible. His Eminence told him that it was the Church which interpreted it. Thus, there was a passage in Isaiah, " A virgin shall conceive and bear a son." There was much dispute as to whether the word should be rendered Virgin or Young Woman. The question was referred to the Pope, who decided that the word meant Virgin.

" But how could he know that, when he was ignorant of Hebrew ? " asked Wolff.

The Cardinal shook his head and said, " I fear that you will become a heresiarch."

Wolff found among the Roman clergy great zeal and enthusiasm, whereas among the Calvinists and Lutherans there was coldness and indifference. He spoke in the highest terms of the morality and piety of the students in the Collegio Romano, and the Propaganda. In all the time he was in both he never heard a foul word spoken. But the ignorance of teachers and pupils of all save what formed the curriculum of study was astounding. The professor of Ecclesiastical History gave lectures down to the period of the appearance of Luther, but never of the Reformation.

Wolff asked why he did not go on with the history. "It is not our custom at Rome," was the reply.

At a much later period, when Wolff was a priest in the English Church, he was urged to sign the protest against the appointment of Hampden to the Bishopric of Hereford. He declined to do so. He had seen much worse things done at Rome. Thus there was a Titular Archbishop of Elvira, von Häffelin, against whom the Pope himself warned Wolff, as an atheist and as immoral, having a number of natural children; yet six weeks later this man was made a Cardinal.

It would be too long a story to tell how Wolff came to England and found in the Anglican Church just what his soul had craved for—sincerity, zeal, piety, freedom from superstition, and a sincere love of truth.

Wolff, when at Cairo, about to start as a missionary to the Bedouins, was advised, as the best way to open their minds to the Gospel, to supply them with castor oil. He accordingly spent ten pounds on over a hundred bottles. That apostolate did not prove a complete success.

Dr. Wolff was a very stout man, with a pronounced double chin. He was short-sighted, and screwed up his eyes. He possessed an unusually tall head, and a profusion of white hair. His pulse beat one hundred throbs to the minute, and his constitution was astoundingly robust. Of his absolute sincerity there could not be entertained a doubt. His conviction that Christ was the promised Messiah was the mainspring of his thoughts and acts. His first expedition to Bokharah was a piece of unrivalled daring. Naturally he was of a timorous disposition, but it was only at the first shock of alarm that he felt fear. A few minutes later he was composed and unflinching, resolved to prosecute what he had taken in hand, cost what it might. And he possessed unbounded faith in God, and a conviction that Divine Providence would shield him in all dangers. That he was irascible need surprise no one who saw the power and individuality of the man, and his determination to carry out his will *coûte que coûte*. But he was easily placated, and had a most tender heart. His voice was like the bellowing of a bull, and yet, unlike a bull's voice, it was capable of delicate modulation.

He preached in the chapel on the text "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me ?" but as he pronounced Saul—Shahoul, Shahoul ! and gave it out with a "howl," he set all the boys tittering. When he left Hurst in a cab, he placed his portmanteau in the bottom, put the cushions on the top, lit his pipe, sat on the erection and dangling his legs out of the window, spat forth between his knees.

The Rev. E. C. Lowe was the head master of Hurst, a very able man, and I got on very well with him. He had been curate of Ottery S. Mary, in Devon, where he married one of the Coleridges, but had no children.

A son of the Rev. G. C. Gorham, vicar of Bampford Speke, was one of the masters, but in no way shared in his father's heterodoxy, and was a good sound Churchman, very kindly and much beloved by all who knew him. Another master was one of the Philpotts'. He was a most absent-minded man. Having been invited one day to a garden-party at a distant country house, as the day was hot he soaped his head before starting, but forgot to wash the soap out. When he arrived, having walked fast, and having often passed his hand over his head, he presented a spectacle as if he wore a white wig—it was one froth of lather.

When at Hurst one day the head master, Dr. Lowe, sent to me his German class. I was staggered. I had not spoken a word of German or read a German book since 1844 and fifteen years had elapsed ; after leaving Deutschland I had been so much in France that I had come to talk and to think in French. To my surprise I found that the language came back to me with a rush, and as, at the time, I was learning Icelandic and had only an Icelandic grammar in German, I again read that language. Later, at Cologne when I attended the Alt-Catholik Congress, I found that I could follow the speeches with great facility. Going into a bookseller's shop, the seller said to me, "Pardon, sir, but you puzzle me. You have the German *Aussprache* such as few Englishmen possess, but you make blunders in the gender of some of the nouns."

"That is easily explained," said I. "I left Germany as a child of ten, and have not spoken a word of it since."

"Now I understand," said he.

My eldest son was a pupil in Freiburg in 1881 when aged ten years, but only for six months. Then he returned to England,

and at the age of seventeen went to the United States, where he remained and married. In 1914 when the Great War broke out he went at once to France and found his German, which he had not spoken for thirty-three years, return to him.

A curious story is told of Ephraem Syrus who had lived many years in the desert as a hermit. There came over him a great desire to see and converse with S. Basil. So he went to Cæsarea and entered the church, arriving on the Feast of the Epiphany. He was highly offended with the pomp of the service and the splendour of the vestments of the Bishop, and retreated into a nook. When S. Basil preached, he could see that the prelate was full of zeal and fire, but he could not understand what he said. Basil had marked Ephraem and his companion, another ragged hermit, and he sent a deacon to bid him speak with the Bishop in the presbytery when the liturgy was ended. Ephraem obeyed, but he could speak only Syriac, and Basil only Greek, so Ephraem through an interpreter besought the Bishop to kneel and pray with him that they might be able to understand one another. Basil obeyed. Presently, with a shout, the hermit saint sprang to his feet, exclaiming: "Save and have mercy on me, O God! revive and protect me, through Thy Grace!" Thenceforth he was able, no doubt in very broken Greek, to converse with S. Basil.

So convinced was S. Ephraem that his acquisition of Greek was a miracle, that he wrote a book on the Gift of Tongues.

It is, however, quite possible to explain the incident naturally. Ephraem, as a boy, had undoubtedly heard Greek spoken at Nisibis, where he had worked as a sail-maker; but since he was seventeen years of age he had gone into the desert and had forgotten the Macedonian Greek there spoken. When at Cæsarea it returned to him. There was nothing miraculous in this.

One thing is absolutely needful if the pronunciation of a foreign tongue is to be acquired, and that is to learn it before that in puberty the vocal organs are set. I have known those who have lived for over thirty years in France, and, although they can speak the language fluently, never pronounce their words as would a native.

The chaplain at Hurst, the Rev. Edmund Field, was a most excellent man, kind, good, very much in earnest, but, oh, such a talker ! He had a stock of anecdotes that were often repeated. Twenty years after I left Hurst he visited me at Lew, when, at table, out came the whole string of anecdotes that I so well remembered, and not one additional.

Arthur Wagner invariably requested him to preach at S. Paul's, Brighton, on the annual festival of the Conversion of S. Paul. This occurred for six years in succession, and Field complained that he was completely run out of themes for such an occasion ; and when a seventh demand came, he protested and declined.

A trying circumstance occurred one Sunday when he occupied the pulpit at S. Paul's. There was at that time a crazy lady in middle life whose mind had become unhinged through a disappointment in love.

When Edmund Field appeared in the pulpit, she started up in her seat crying out : " That is he ! my betrayer, who has deserted me ! Come back to me, my precious, my darling ! " She had to be carried out by the two churchwardens, and Field had to get through with his sermon as best he could, interrupted only by suppressed titters, erupting at intervals from the more frivolous and least constrained in the congregation. Field was compelled to take a sedative that night.

An under master named Nevins came to Hurst. He also was a talker. Field invited him to accompany him on a long afternoon walk. Off they started, but returned in less than half an hour. Field explained : " Really, I could not stand it any longer. Nevins talked and talked, and did not allow me to get in a word sideways. So I said I must return to my correspondence." Nevins confided to me : " Blessed if I was able to endure it any longer. The chaplain would talk a horse's hind-leg off. I could not slip in one word. So I complained of my corns, pretended to limp, and so got home."

One of the dearest and most saintly of men I ever knew was Richard Lewin Pennell. He was a Devonshire man, the son of a small squire at Cheriton Bishop. He was very short-sighted. Eventually he felt that he had a call to go as a missionary to Zanzibar, with Bishop Tozer, also a Devonshire man. Of Pennell more in the sequel.

There was a dear old fellow, I forget his name, who was sacristan at S. Paul's, Brighton, and who almost lived in the church, mooning about it in his cassock.

One day a strong Evangelical minister came into S. Paul's and walked round it, grunting and growling at the Stations of the Cross, and when he reached the chancel gates his grunts and growls became very vociferous. The sacristan stole up behind him, and laying his hand on the cleric's shoulder, said: "If you want to unburden your soul, sir, there is a priest in the vestry who will hear your confession." The parson bolted.

At this period the youth of England had gone Ruskin-mad; and I was bitten as much as anyone. We had then staying in the college as boarder a young fellow of some private means, and he and I were crazed alike. We did up his room in true Ruskinesque taste, and we both dressed æsthetically, in knee-breeches and stockings and brown or claret-coloured velvet coats frogged with braid. Also we wore ties according to the colour of the season.

Now it so fell out that one day old Squire Blencowe of The Hooke drove over to call, and insisted on carrying me off to dine, sleep and spend a day with him. I had to pack my valise in great haste, and I put in my dress suit, but—forgot a white tie.

On getting ready for dinner, to my dismay I discovered that I was thus unprovided, so I had to go to dinner with a green tie, it being Trinity Season, and green the ecclesiastical colour. That finished my Ruskinism as far as dress was concerned.

Mr. Blencowe was a strong old-fashioned Tory, and he took in daily *St. James's Gazette;* but this did not reach him by post —a day late—but by the mail-coach that passed within half a mile of his house, and the paper was flung out where a lane from The Hooke debouched on the high road. Thither every morning ran a trusty dog of Mr. Blencowe's, picked up the newspaper and brought it to his master at the breakfast table.

One day—this is Mr. Blencowe's own story—the dog returned without the *St. James's Gazette.* The old gentleman, distressed at not getting his newspaper, having done his breakfast, put on his hat, took his stick, and accompanied by Nero toddled down the lane.

"Why, Nero, there is the paper, go fetch it, good dog!" exclaimed the old man, pointing to the spot where daily—except

Sunday—the journal lay, and where at that moment was visible a folded newspaper.

The dog ran forward, snuffed at the journal, turned up its nose and returned without it to his master.

The old gentleman strode on, picked up the paper, and found it was the *Star*, John Bright's Radical sheet, thrown there by mistake.

I heard the following epigram at Mr. Blencowe's table :

"Upsetting of all things, the bottom at top,
Leave out all the gentry, and up with the shop.
Let us banish the Nobles. The Church, too, must go.
That's the Creed of John Bright, sirs, to which I say, No.
But apply to the bottom of John Bright, Esquire
A stout cat-o'-nine-tails of whipcord and wire,
Apply it unsparingly, whacking, why then,
At the top of my voice I will halloo Amen."

When I returned to Hurst, I put my coloured ties in a heap on the fire and made a final end to them.

All the time that I was at Hurstpierpoint there occurred rumours and alarms relative to the Rev. Arthur Wagner, vicar of S. Paul's, Brighton. He was a very wealthy man and had built S. Paul's and after I left built two other churches, one underground for the fishermen. He had designed a very lofty church, but the town authorities demurred as overshadowing and cutting off the light from a number of houses. "Well!" said Wagner, "I'll sink my church in the ground, but have it the height I proposed, that I will."

He was a peculiar man, with a peculiar voice, grossly fat, and the voice did not comport with the body.

It was greatly feared lest he would go over to Rome. He never did—he died in full communion with the English Church ; but the period was one in which minds were unsettled ; the World, the Flesh, the Devil and the Law were all against the Catholic party, and hearts failed owing to the opposition and what seemed to many the hopelessness of the attempt to undo three hundred years of evil. They despaired of the English Church ; and the bishops were enough to cause despair. Nevertheless there were those who, even if alone, like Eleazar the son of Dodo, fought the Philistines when "the men of Israel had gone away." He "arose and smote the Philistines until his hand was weary, and his hand clave unto the sword" (2 Sam. xxiii. 9 *et seq.*). He was alone, and doubtless wished for some one "to guard his back," but he held on and fought his fight, "and the Lord wrought a great victory that day"; and this was through Eleazar.

There were many Eleazars in the English Church at the time, often parted from those who felt with them, often with much to discourage them; nevertheless they fought on till their hand clave to the sword.

At the college in the winter we invariably had a performance of one or other of Shakespeare's plays, and I was wont to paint the scenes. Occasionally I took a small part, but only a very small one, on account of my inability to remember a speech of two or three lines.

On one occasion we performed "Macbeth," with Locke's delightful witch music. A caldron was improvised of black glazed calico, with a metal tray going half round the interior, on which were placed sundry fireworks, and I in my dress-suit was seated cross-legged in the midst of the caldron. My function was to ignite the fireworks as the witches and their imps danced round the vessel. "Bubble, bubble, toil and trouble" was my catchword for a big display. And a big display was effected by setting fire to a "flower-pot," as a certain explosive and showery firework is called by pyrotechnists.

When the first witch sang:

> "Round about the caldron go;
> In the poison'd entrails throw,"

I sent up a flame of strontian that spread a crimson glow over everything.

> "Toad, that under the cold stone
> Days and nights hast thirty-one
> Swelter'd venom sleeping got,
> Boil thou first i' the charmèd pot."

Up started a shoot of green flame.

But then came the revolution about the caldron, and my cue for the flower-pot. Now this flower-pot consisted in a saucer of earthenware piled up with combustibles that broke into a column and then a shower of many-coloured sparks, when the fuse at the top had been ignited. The flower-pot was on a ledge of the caldron-ring. All I had to do was to apply a match. This I did, and away went witches and demons dancing round the vessel. But the vibration of the stage caused by their feet upset the flower-pot outside the caldron. Thereupon one of the witches caught it up and, without thinking that I was in the vessel, threw the roaring, hissing, spluttering and blazing firework upon me. Down went the curtain, and Mrs. Lowe, with admirable presence of mind, rushed on to the stage and enveloped me in the warm woollen mantle she had happily brought with her.

I was not hurt, but my dress-suit was riddled, and my small-clothes especially exhibited a point-lace consistency.

Dr. Lowe asked me next morning whether I had suffered from serious burns.

" Oh, dear me, no," I replied. " My situation last night was very much like that of the Church party. All the devils from hell are showering flower-pots upon us. All we have to do *is to stick to our working clothes*."

I was at Hurst when the Third Grade boys' school at Ardingly was begun. The head master was the Rev. Dirs de Mertens, of German origin, but English born, and a Baron. He had married the sister of R. Lewin Pennell.

On the day of stone-laying, a very large concourse of friends attended. The Provost said : " Why, this is just like heaven. One meets here so many that we never expected to see, and misses the presence of so many whom we had calculated on meeting."

In 1854, during the Long Vacation, I rode about in the country making sketches in the churches of the screens and bench-ends. I was one morning at Cheriton Bishop and entered the church. I found that a south chapel had been fitted up with scraps of the ruined rood-screen, and with stained glass in the windows. As the panels of the screen were painted with representations of saints, I set to work to copy them. Presently two nice boys came in, and, finding out what I was engaged upon, fetched me water from S. Antony's Holy Well, that I might use my colour-box, and then they invited me in to lunch at their father's house. The old man, a Mr. Richard Lewin Pennell, was typical of " the fine old English gentleman, all of the olden time." He was better than that ; he was typical of the English Churchman of the

Caroline period, well read in Hooker, Andrewes, Thorndike and Bull; and loved dearly his George Herbert. A man of a remarkable reverent and devout mind, and a source of good in the parish, not only by his blameless and beautiful life, but also by his abundant charities. I did not know him for long, as he died ripe in years and rich in good works in 1873.

> "But time, though swift, is strong in flight,
> And years roll swiftly by;
> And autumn's fading leaf proclaim'd
> This fine old man must die.
>
> He laid him down right tranquilly,
> Gave up his latest sigh,
> While mournful friends stood round his bed,
> And a tear bedimm'd each eye,
> For the fine old English gentleman
> All of the olden time."

He had several sons and daughters.

Of his sons the eldest was Richard Lewin, priest and master at Hurstpierpoint, where I knew him intimately. I doubt whether, in all my life, I have known a man so translucent with the Divine ray as was he; simple as a child, trusting, loving, and serving God. Bishop Tozer induced him to go out as a missionary to Central Africa. For this work he was unsuited, as he was so extremely short-sighted, that without his spectacles from Negretti and Zambra he was all but blind. Moreover, he had not a nimble mind for the acquisition of strange languages. Very soon after reaching Zanzibar he died. The head master of Hurst had vainly implored him to reconsider his determination; but he thought he had received a call from God, and that he must obey. I have already spoken of him in this chapter, and I only repeat my words concerning him here, because of my wish to give a continuous story of a notable family, not perhaps notable in a worldly sense, but one whose pedigree of holy names is written in the Book of Life.

The second son was George Pennell, who died in 1912. He left two daughters, both Wantage sisters, one at the head of the diocesan school at Pretoria.

The third son was Edward Hyde Pennell. He was crippled in both legs, and walked on crutches. He had, or as Devonshire folk would say—he *enjoyed* very poor health. He never married. After his father's death and the sale of the house in which the family had lived, he removed to Medland, in the same parish, that belonged to the Pennells. It was a stately mansion of the Queen Anne period, in the midst of a noble park. It had belonged to the Davey family, and their arms were emblazoned over the principal entrance. The fittings, ceilings, panellings and chimney-pieces were good of the period, but the whole mansion was sadly out of repair, and Edward Pennell had not the means to enable him to restore it. He lived in a couple of the front rooms, and was attended by the wife and daughters of the farmer who occupied the back premises. I have stayed at Medland with him, and he has visited me at Lew. When I was writing *John Herring*, he greatly assisted me with the dialect, as I was then liable to mix up with the Devon folk-speech scraps of Yorkshire lingo. Moreover, he knew much about the wild men or the "North Devon Savages" whom I have named Cobbledick in that novel, and I was able to utilize his knowledge of them.

Edward Pennell's great efforts, after his father's death, were directed to counteract the evil done in the parish, mediately through curates appointed by the rector, a Froude, who drew from it £365 per annum, never visited the place, and put in curates cheap and nasty, who were a scandal in the parish and neighbourhood. Edward Pennell had repeatedly to write to the Bishop (Temple), and complain. His letters were acknowledged, but not acted upon, and, more than once he had to go to Exeter, and hobble to the palace, there to offer personal remonstrance. He was most ungraciously received, not that Dr. Temple was purposely rude, but that he found it difficult to deal with the rector of Cheriton, who had the legal right to appoint his own curates, and the Bishop could not refuse unless some gross charge were brought against them, nor could he very well force Froude to accept a man of his (the Bishop's) recommendation. However, by persistence and by determination not to be put off, Mr. Pennell did at last succeed in obtaining a resident curate who led a respectable life, did his duty in a perfunctory way both in church or out of it, and who, if no spiritual pastor tone. Edward died, May 14, 1884, when on a visit to his sister to the parish, refrained from lowering its moral and religious at Ardingly, and at his special request was buried at Cheriton Bishop in a solitary grave, and not laid in the family vault.

One day whilst I was sitting before my fire, down the chimney came tumbling a bat. It fell on the hearth-mat. I picked it up and put it in a worsted stocking, which I nailed up beside the fire-place, and there it lived quite happily. Every day at one o'clock it descended and took its place under my chair, where it waited till I came from dinner in the hall, whereupon it would crook itself on to my trouser, crawl up on to my knee, and sit there, whilst I fed it with milk. It became tame, and loved to be caressed and talked to. Sometimes it would mount to my shoulder and sit there ; and when I went to my class, would remain there immovable, to the great amusement of the boys and distraction from their lesson. On my return I put the little creature back into the stocking, where it slept, till hungry. The boys called it my Familiar ; and thought that it whispered strange secrets into my ear. Alas, like all pets, it came to a bad end. On a nefast day at one o'clock my little imp had left its nest, had come down and taken up its position under my chair, when the maid-servant came in to put coals on my fire, and not noticing it put her broad foot on it. When I arrived there was remaining only the flattened body of my dear little flitter-mouse. That bat understood me, and I understood it. I feel sure that a familiarity exists between man and the lower creatures, if only a sympathy and association exists between them. How certain that is between the dog and man, and in a less degree between man and the horse, even the cat. It exists also between man and the birds. I mourned my bat, as I did for a friend.

A sympathetic link certainly does exist between the domestic animals and man. What bounding joy does the dog exhibit when its nursery friends return from school ! How it gambols and frisks about them in their walks, and how it mopes and refuses its food at the end of the vacation, when they depart, as Dr. Blimber would say " to resume their studies." The cat furls its claws when dragged about in rough and tumble fashion by the babe. It escapes, if it can, but does not resent the rough treatment to which it has been subjected.

I have read of prisoners forming friendships with mice, even with spiders. But a line must be drawn somewhere.

There came to Brighton an eminent London dentist, who put up at the Grand Hotel. He had been overworked, and desired a fortnight's relaxation by the sea. Whilst at breakfast next morning, a gentleman was shown in, who approached bowing and smirking, and held out his card. " Sir," said he, addressing the dentist, " I am the proprietor of a menagerie, now visiting Brighton. Would you, *would you* do me a kindness ? My ourang-outang has been out of sorts for some time. Suffering from toothache, I presume, and he mopes and moans, and does no justice to the show. Would you, *would you* most kindly look at the ape's tooth ? I will most cheerfully give you a ticket to our performance this evening." " Oh, bother your performance," replied the dentist, " I don't want to see that, but I will visit your ourang-outang and extract his bad tooth." He did so and the proprietor of the menagerie thanked him cordially.

Next morning the showman appeared again. " You were so good and obliging yesterday, sir," said he to the dentist, " that I venture to approach you once more. My poor wife could not sleep a wink last night. Raving with pain from her teeth : and we do not know which is the bad tooth. The poor dear woman has to jump through a fiery hoop to-night from her saddle ; for we combine a little horsemanship with our wild-beast show." The dentist grumbled, and objected, but at length was induced to accede to the wishes of the man. So he attended, and operated on the fellow's wife, with great success.

Next morning the same visitor appeared, with a further request.

" Now, 'pon my word ! " blurted out the dentist. " This is too bad ; I cannot be further bothered by you."

" Only this once more, on my word of honour I will not ask for more than this. Our Bengal tiger has a back tooth, a molar, that is causing much trouble. I would rather have it stopped than extracted. Will you, *will you* put your head into his mouth, and examine the tooth ? "

" Good heavens ! " shouted the dentist. " First an ourang-outang, then a wife, and now a tiger ! *One must draw a line somewhere*, and I draw it at Bengal tigers."

And so say I with regard to the friendships between man and the members of animal life below him. One must draw the line somewhere. And I draw it at parasites. In this case the solicited intimacy is all on one side. No reciprocation is possible on the other.

I suppose that most young fellows pass through the stage of observing and loving animals. When at Hurst I traversed that experience, but it was brought to an end by the failure in acuteness of my sight. Owing to the injury to my eyes during the voyage from Iceland I had to abandon the study of Nature. But I took to reptiles, and collected newts, efts, frogs and slow-worms. I was on my way from Hurst to town, thence to proceed to Lew, and I took with me in a sort of carpet-bag a collection of these creatures. *En route*, I fell asleep, and by some means or other the bag gaped and the whole collection got out and swarmed over the carriage. It was not possible for me to collect and replace them all before the next station was reached. Happily I was alone in my compartment. So, when next the train stopped, I whipped out with my bag, and jumped into another carriage. The porter opened the door of my late tenancy to an elderly gentleman and his equally elderly wife. When, seeing live reptiles on the seats and crawling and wriggling on the floor, some up the sides, apparently studying the advertisements, they uttered exclamations of dismay, and the porter, calling to the station-master, said: "What have we here? a Noah's ark for creepy crawleys and wriggleti-wiggleties? How on earth has this come about?" The lady and gentleman entered another carriage. After a discussion, the porters—there were now two on the platform—got mops and brooms and swept the compartment out before the train was permitted to proceed.

Acclimatization of plants I tried, but met with little success. I brought with me the *gentiana bavarica* and *verna* from Switzerland, and planted them out on Galaford Down about a dew-pond that is there, a very ancient dew-pond by the way. The plants flowered in spring and summer, flowered in autumn and winter, and died of exhaustion. They needed a winter sleep beneath the snow, and that they could not obtain in Devon.

If there be one wild flower above another that appeals to my heart, it is the harebell. It does not grow in Devon. It is found on the Yorkshire wolds. Nowhere have I seen it in such luxuriance as at Fountains Abbey, breaking out of the joints in the ruined walls of the church. The plant should be really called the hairbell from the hair-like stalk that sustains the flower. It is a mistake to call it a bluebell. The *campanula rotundiflora* belongs to the heaths and braes, and the true bluebell to the woods.

Twenty-four years ago I met my loved flower again in Wales, and welcomed it as a dear lost friend. I carried away a basket load of roots, and planted them where I thought they would flourish, on the lime-quarry " ramps." They have not flowered, they are all dead.

I wonder whether, if planted on my grave, they would flourish there ? I should joy to have the little bells dancing in the wind, and lulling me in my last sleep. I shall never see a harebell again in this life. But, just as we look to meet friends and relatives hereafter, so do we look to happy meetings in the same Land of Light, with our beloved flowers. And how, to many of us, our gardens, our meadows, our hedgerows, our woodlands and moors teem with these loved friends. *Eh bien ! mes amis, au revoir ! Et toi, ma chère Clochette !*

I enjoyed at Hurstpierpoint, from the terrace in front of the college, a wide expanse of horizon. To the south indeed rose the Downs, but there was no bar to the east or west. Later I had a grand prospect at Mersea to the south over the German Ocean, but nowhere else, as at Hurst, so unbounded a view of the rising and the setting sun. At Lew, the house, lying in a valley and facing south, has before it a wooded range of hill some 600 ft. above the sea. Shafts of golden light shoot from the setting sun and kindle the boles of the Scotch pines, grouped in the middle distance, but from the terrace at Lew the decease of the orb of day is veiled by trees. What my mother felt at Bratton I have felt at Lew, that a bounded horizon is oppressive. At Hurst, and later at Mersea, the day smote straight in at the windows, whereas in a town and in a valley, it comes down on one from above. And sky landscape is stimulating to thought, and wide prospects draw the soul out of immediateness, if I may coin the word. Those who have been to the Siberian Steppes, the *Campo* of the Argentines, or the sandy deserts of Africa and Syria, speak of the delight derived from the prospect of vast space, and of the home-sickness that befalls the inhabitants of a plain when away from these level tracts. I can well understand it. The imagination is checked by the houses on the opposite side of the street with their windows all precisely alike; by the rounded shapes of the trees in a valley, varied somewhat in form, in tint, and, though beautiful in themselves, limiting the range. The prisoner in his cell would go mad or die of despair unless he could see a space of sky through his barred window, and watch a cloud drift by, or contemplate a star looking in. And an artist painting a portrait or an interior, to escape a sense of suffocation, to give breath, must afford a glimpse of space through an open door or window.

The vision of limitless space inspires the notion of Infinity, and the thought of Infinity conduces to aspiration after God, whose attribute it is. What glorious sights did the Irish anchorites have of boundless stretch, looking from their rocks over the Atlantic! How can the imagination play when the prospect before the eyes consists of a street front, in which the sole changes are the pulling up or pulling down of the blind in the lodgings *vis-à-vis*, and the sight of a servant maid cleaning the window panes is a phenomenon. How limited is its range, when the shiftings of form and colour of the trees is slow and progressive from leafless December to full-foliaged June. But when the prospect is over sea reaching to the horizon and far, far beyond, what play is afforded to the fancy! I can well understand how it was that the early inhabitants of Europe conceived of an existence in the Isles of the Blessed, where the sun dipped, and that they should crave to lay their bones in boat-like dolmens on the rugged coasts of Brittany, Cornwall, Ireland and North Britain, in hopes of their spirits travelling into the Unknown West! How we can feel with Madoc of Wales, shipping to discover the far-away Atlantis, and Brendan in his coracle launching forth from the coast of Donegal on the same quest!

Aspiration after space, I take it, like the sense of beauty, is innate in man; and, when man was made in the image of God, the Creator implanted in him something of what is in Himself, Beauty and Infinity; and as he craves after Beauty, so does he also crave after the Unlimited. What is it that impels a man to ascend a hill, to climb a mountain, other than the desire to extend his view, widen the space over which his eye can range? What but this passion of the soul carried the old Irish saints to cluster like a swarm of bees about the rocks of Aran, the hermits of Italy to occupy the topmost peak of Soracte, those also of Spain to make their nests, as doves, in the rocky heights of Montserrat, and the Syrian stylites to perch themselves like storks on the summit of pillars ?

The craving to reach above and beyond the petty, the temporal, the sordid, implanted in man, has had its consecration in the instances of Moses on Sinai, Elijah in the cave on Horeb, in the preparation of Jephthah's daughter among the mountains of Judæa for her death, in the example of Christ Himself, Who went up on a mountain to pray, and on another to be Transfigured.

As I have intimated above, never have I seen such sunrises and sunsets as I did at Hurstpierpoint from the terrace. Many and many a time have I stood there and watched the glory of departing day—more often than I have the radiance of Dawn.

I looked on these visions as a sort of deep-sea fishing. Beyond the streaks of cloud, some fringed with gold, others blood-stained, others lowering and purple, beyond even the remotest opalescent vapours just perceptible, but formless, there were depths of emerald sky, and beyond that was light unfathomable. I looked and wondered and learned a great deal. I knew well that the stooping sun was kindling the windows of New York, whether of the sky-scrapers I wot not, perhaps these had not then been erected. From that immeasurable abyss of light, yet of mystery, I drew thoughts of the infinity, of the perfection of God, of His love, of His promises, of His assurance of perpetual protection.

At that very time the condition of Christ's Church in England was precarious, and the failing heart and relaxed courage needed cheering and bracing. I found it in the evening sky. The men like Slope in Anthony Trollope's *Barchester Towers* were in the ascendant, riding picky-back on the shoulders of Prime Ministers, Chancellors and Archbishops, crowing as cocks, and with their shoes clasped to the breasts of their bearers. " It is well known," said Trollope, " that the family of the Slopes never starve ; they always fall on their feet like cats, and let them fall where they will, they live on the fat of the land." At that time the Slopes had been lodged by their bearers in episcopal thrones, in decanal and prebendal stalls, and in all the fattest rectories of the land. But I did not despair. God was above all, even above the Slopes. That is what the evening skies taught me.

CHAPTER XVI

1863

MY mother and my father had been strongly opposed to my entering Holy Orders, as I desired, because they had settled in their minds that the Rectory was to be the portion of one of the two younger sons, and that for the junior son who did not take it a charge in the shape of an annuity was to be laid on the estate for his support. But, shortly before her death, my mother withdrew her opposition; and so did my father, when he discovered how impracticable was his scheme, for my brother William emphatically protested that he would not "go into the Church," as it was then termed, and my youngest brother, Edward Drake, had been given a purely mathematical and mechanical education, and possessed no knowledge of Latin or Greek, in fact of the latter he did not even know the letters. Moreover, he expressed a decided repugnance towards the Ecclesiastical profession. My father had learned from Mr. Williams what a fatal mistake it was for a parent to force his son into Holy Orders, when he was without inward call to the same.

He was put in great difficulties how to settle matters rightly; he was, however, very reserved as to his purpose, but once or twice he threw out the warning to me that as my grandfather had cut off the entail he could do with the estate what he liked. Finally, he told me that all I must look to would be the Rectory on my uncle's death.

I was aware of the weakness of the English Church, the ineptitude of the bishops, the hostility of the man-in-the-street, and the resolution of the Whig party to devitalize the Church as much as possible. A certain naturalist extracted the brain from a frog, and the amphibian hopped about and ate unconcernedly. The Whig politicians purposed operating on the Church in much the same way, by depriving her of her spiritual element, so as to reduce her to a hopping and an eating condition only, without a will of her own. They did not desire to kill her, for they purposed to retain the plump benefices for their sons and nephews, and as rewards for such as had done them political service; but she must have no independence whatever, no other object in life than to serve the Whig party. Apart from that she was welcome to hop about and catch flies.

Lord John Russell followed in the footsteps of Sir Robert Walpole; but since the days of Sir Robert a new spirit had arisen in the Church, that was too strong for him to master completely, though he might, for the time, materially depress it.

The English Church had met with wounding blows, and she bore the discoloration on her. The Jerusalem Bishopric had been a scheme of Chevalier Bunsen, warmly seconded by Dr. Arnold, and meeting with the approbation of Prince Albert. It was a scheme for associating the Church of England with the mongrel State-Church set up in Prussia by Frederick William III in 1817, by a fusion of Calvinism and Lutheranism on a non-dogmatic basis.

The new King of Prussia, Frederick William IV, in 1841 sent Bunsen over to arrange with the English Government for a joint Anglo-Prussian protectorate over the Protestants in Syria and Palestine. It was supposed to be possible that the English Church and the Prussian Establishment might agree to combine for this purpose under an Ecclesiastical head; and the King of Prussia had a vague purpose thereby of introducing Episcopacy into his realm as the head of the bastard Establishment that had been settled there a little over twenty years previously, and which was not working as harmoniously as had been hoped. He was willing to share in the expense of the maintenance of a Bishop in Jerusalem, who should ordain German Protestant ministers on their signing the Augsberg Confession, and who would undertake to use the colourless service book put forth for use in the *evangelische Kirche*.

Howley, Archbishop of Canterbury, was too old and timorous to oppose an intrigue which in his heart he disliked. But the Queen, influenced by Prince Albert, favoured the project, and her will was law to a subservient Primate. The High Churchmen saw plainly enough what were the ultimate objects aimed at by the favourers of the plot: these were to compromise the character of the English Church by union with an undogmatic Protestantism, and also to carry on a system of proselytism against the Oriental Church.

Vigorous protests were made by large numbers of the clergy, that were unnoticed, and Dr. Arnold and the Latitudinarians united with the Evangelicals were, to use a vulgarism, "cock-a-hoop."

Michael Alexander, a Jew, was consecrated English Bishop of Jerusalem in 1841. This scandal shook the faith of many Churchmen, and a run of secessions to Rome began, and in 1845 Newman, Oakeley, Ward, Faber and many others, lay and clerical, despairing of the Church of England, seceded to Rome.

Happily Alexander, as a thorough Jew, pocketed the money provided as his stipend, and did nothing. He was succeeded in 1846 by an equally worthless, but more mischievous Jew from Switzerland, Samuel Gobat.

The exultation of the Broad and Low Churchmen was at its height. By this stroke of the Jerusalem Bishopric, they had dealt such a blow to the credit of the Church that it had led to the thinning out of the party they alike hated.

The Evangelicals who had been feeding Dissent with Church folk, whom they dismissed into schism, were rubbing their hands and chuckling at the number of secessions from the party of the High Churchmen.

As to the Jerusalem Bishopric, it served, as did the drunken helot exposed before the young of Lacedæmon, to dissuade from intoxication. So did this reeling and spluttering exhibition of the Anglican Church serve to shock the Eastern Church, and make it recoil from having any dealings with a Communion reeking with the fumes of Geneva, or savouring of the stale beer of Wittenberg.

The scandalous story of the Jerusalem Bishopric under Gobat is now forgotten, but this is hardly the place in which to record it. The bishopric was supported by a grant of £600 per annum from the London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews, and a like sum was contributed by the King of Prussia, in addition to what was furnished by the English Government. During the four years of Alexander's residence in Jerusalem, he boasted of having baptized from thirty-six to thirty-seven converts from Judaism, including in the number the children of converts. But his successor, Dr. Gobat, declared that Alexander had grossly exaggerated the number, which was actually three or four.[1]

Gobat earned for himself—and unfortunately for the English Church in Palestine—the detestation alike of the converted and the unconverted Jews, likewise the disgust of English residents, and furnished a theme to the infidel for taunt. He succeeded in making the subject of the Jerusalem Bishopric stink in the nostrils of all Christian people save the bigots of Exeter Hall. The moral and religious scandals resulting from Gobat's misrule became notorious. Mr. Holman Hunt, the artist, felt called upon to expose them.[2]

When Gobat died in 1879 it was hoped that this unsatisfactory compromise would be dropped. But this would have been such a confession of blunders, that an Irishman named Barclay was consecrated to the discredited throne. He died in 1881, and all concerned felt that the experiment must be abandoned.

In 1886 the agreement with Prussia was finally dissolved. Germany withdrew from the compact, on receiving back the £15,000 given by Frederick William IV, so that this venture had cost the British Government a pretty penny. In 1887 the bishopric was reconstructed on a totally different basis.

John Henry Newman wrote of the Jerusalem bishopric in his *Apologia pro vita sua:* "As to the project, I never heard of any good or harm it has ever done except what it has done for me." He was mistaken. It did a vast amount of harm in England and in the East, and never did one particle of good.

This was the first disturbing blow dealt the Anglican Church. Another and more serious blow followed.

In 1847 George Cornelius Gorham was nominated by the Lord Chancellor to Bramford Speke Vicarage in the diocese of Exeter. The Bishop, having examined him, refused institution on the ground that he denied Baptismal Regeneration, in defiance of the very words of the Baptismal Service, and of the Nicene Creed. Thereupon Gorham brought an action against the Bishop in the Archbishop's Court of Arches. There the Dean, Sir Henry Jenner Fust, decided that his tenets were opposed to the doctrine of the Church. Gorham thereupon appealed from the judgment of the Ecclesiastical Court to the secular court of the Privy Council, which reversed the decision, and allowed that a man who after baptizing a child and saying, "Seeing now that this child is regenerate," might hold a living though disbelieving the words he was compelled to utter, was nevertheless qualified to obtain the benefits of a living.

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[1] Graham (Jas.), *Jerusalem: its Missions*, etc., 1858, p. 62.

[2] For an account of Gobat and his misconduct see *Jerusalem: its Missions*, etc., by James Graham, late Secretary of the London Jews' Society in Palestine, 1858; *Proceedings in re Hanna Hadoub*, by Holman Hunt, R.A., 1858; *The Jerusalem Bishopric*, by W. H. Heckler, 1883; *The Christian Remembrancer* for 1858.

Now the Church of England being established, had guaranteed to her tithe and glebe, by the State. What the Privy Council adjudicated was, that Mr. Gorham was qualified to receive £215 per annum in tithe and glebe, and to occupy the Vicarage, whether he believed one of the Articles of the Christian Faith, or disbelieved in it. The Privy Council was quite competent to say to Mr. Gorham or anyone else: "You may receive the profits of the Vicarage of Bramford Speke whether you believe in Christ Jesus or in Mumbo Jumbo." But the Church herself was not compromised, unless she formally accepted this judgment. Actually half the livings in England have their rectorial tithes drawn by laymen of any religion; but they are not qualified to minister in spiritual matters, although lay-rectors.

As the Bishop of Exeter refused still to institute Mr. Gorham, Archbishop Sumner of Canterbury himself did so, overriding the judgment of his own Court, and the jurisdiction of the diocesan.

That the two Archbishops and the Bishop of London had acted as assessors to the Privy Council, and that the Archbishop of Canterbury and Primate of all England should acquiesce in this monstrous judgment, in the eyes of many seemed to be an acceptance of the principle that the Crown was supreme over the Church, to order what was to be believed or disbelieved.

John Bird Sumner, the Archbishop, was as servile as a flunkey; he had acted officially, and that was taken to compromise the whole English Church.

The Bishop of Exeter at once summoned a diocesan synod, which repudiated the Judgment. The Archdeacon of Chichester called together the clergy of his archdeaconry, and all, with a solitary exception, repudiated the Judgment.

Had the Episcopate of England followed the lead, all might have been well ; but they were too timorous to make the smallest stand against the Law, and they accordingly did nothing.

As to the English Church being compromised by the action of John Bird Sumner, it was no more compromised than was the Gallican Church when, at the Revolution, the Constitutional Archbishop of Paris denied the Faith, and Talleyrand, Bishop of Autun, threw aside his Orders and became an atheist.

But a shoal of Churchmen did not see the Judgment, and the conduct of the Archbishop, in this light, and there was a landslide into the Roman Communion, which with all its faults and errors did hold fast the Apostolic Faith.

At this juncture a remarkable man stood forward with words of comfort and encouragement, and this man was John Mason Neale, Warden of Sackville College, Sussex. Neale was perhaps the most widely learned ecclesiastic in the Anglican Communion. He was more than learned, he was a poet, an historian, an organizer, and a Christian novelist.[1] He was unflinchingly loyal to the English Church, which treated him cruelly. He owed his Wardenship to lay appointment ; at Lewes, he was all but killed by a Protestant mob ; he was suspended from his sacred functions for sixteen years by Bishop Gilbert of Chichester. He never received other promotion than the Wardenship of Sackville College, worth £28 per annum ; his very title of Doctor he owed not to any English University, but to one in America.

Who now has heard of Bishop Gilbert, of any good that he either said or did ? whereas there is not a congregation in the English Church that does not sing the hymns composed by Neale, and he it was along with Mr. Carter, of Clewer, and Mr. Butler, of Wantage, who founded the Sisterhoods in the English Church ; that of East Grinstead by Neale is one for nursing the sick poor in their own homes.

I myself owe more that I can express to J. M. Neale. I received my first Church principles, *mentally*, from Christopher Wordsworth's *Theophilus Anglicanus*, but *spiritually* I owe everything to the Warden of Sackville College, whose learning, ecclesiology, poetry, historical knowledge, and profound spirituality have made of me a very humble and unworthy disciple.

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[1] *Theodora Phranza*, and *Duchenier*.

Neale was not a man of striking exterior, or of an ascetic cast of countenance. He was eloquent with his pen rather than with his tongue. Being short-sighted he read his sermons from a little book held close to his eyes. He preached without action, and his voice had a nasal twang like that of an American. He wore black whiskers and his hair rather long.

When men's hearts were failing them for fear, and everything in the Church seemed gloomy, then John Mason Neale came forward with words of encouragement.

He began thus: "I remember going with a friend to an eminent physician; every symptom showed that he was labouring under a serious, usually fatal illness. The physician told him that the organic injury was very great, very dangerous. But this was not the only inquiry. He proceeded by examination to elicit the facts that the general health was good, the appetite good, the constitution vigorous. Then he changed his tone, and spoke of disease being lived out, of organic injury being repaired, of the efforts of Nature proving successful: he hoped that it might be so in the present case. And the event proved that his hopes were well founded." Taking this as his theme, Neale proceeded to show that from the time of Edward VI onward, although the Anglican Church had suffered from many a blow, and had fallen into fits of religious dyspepsia, and had been brought very low, her organic functions had never been impaired, nor had her constitution been altered. The proper attitude for a Churchman to assume should be one of trust, and confidence in the future. "Heaviness may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." "In your patience possess ye your souls."

The Gorham Judgment produced a result of serious moment to the Established Church in England.

It used to be said that any incumbent of dubious orthodoxy might hold a benefice if he were capable of holding his tongue. But the Gorham Judgment showed that a beneficed incumbent in England might contradict an article of the Creed, deny any doctrine in the offices of the Church which he professed with his mouth, and yet maintain his benefice with impunity.

Although the decision affected only a country vicar, it was seen that it offered immunity to every Bishop, Dean, Prebendary, Head of a College or Hall, and Theological Professor, should he deny any doctrine traditionally held by the Church, or so dilute it as to deprive it of colour, taste and strength; and that, moreover, notwithstanding that he had sworn to hold and to teach the Faith of undivided Christendom.

It is reasonable and justifiable that Jews, German Evangelicals, Dutch Calvinists and American Nondescripts should question and discredit doctrines held by the Catholic Church in all ages, because they are not bound by oath, nor required in honour to uphold them; but it is another matter when those occupying positions of authority as teachers within the Church, and who occupy these positions in virtue of their having subscribed to the creeds and doctrines of the Church Universal, misuse their situations in order to disseminate doubt.

Indubitably questions have arisen in recent years that demand close examination and a correction of convictions previously entertained. At the time concerning which I am now writing, questions were broached relative to the Infallibility of Scripture. It had been popularly taught and believed that the text was absolutely inerrant in its statements relative to history and the cosmogony of the Universe. This, which was a superstition bred mainly at the Reformation, was attacked. The Broad Church School consisted of Dean Stanley, Chevalier Bunsen, Baden-Powell, Professor Jowett and the writers of *Essays and Reviews*. The Christology of most of these men was of the vaguest, and was little other than a veiled Socinianism.

The Old Testament was the principal object of assault.[1]

That which perplexed men brought up in the view of Holy Scripture as the infallible Oracle of God, inspired in all its statements, historical, geographical, ethnological, chronological, physical, was the knowledge that the facts of the motions of the heavenly bodies as established by the modern science of astronomy, and which are the most certain and undeniable, and, perhaps we may add, the most intelligible in the physical world, were definitely contradicted by the letter of Scripture. It was the same in regard to Geology, which refutes altogether the assertions of Moses or whoever was the author or compiler of the first chapter of Genesis. The facts now known relative to the antiquity of the human race cannot be brought into agreement with the origin of mankind as recorded in the early chapters of that book.

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[1] The assault was initiated by S. T. Coleridge's *Letters on Inspiration.*

What has been suggested is that the first chapters of Genesis are a record, not of actual facts, but of the surmises, consolidated into legend, that were accepted by the Hebrews as explaining phenomena, stories held by them at the period when the book of Genesis was compiled.

Whether this solution of a difficulty be true or false, it assuredly serves the purpose of conciliating conflicting views by mutual concessions.

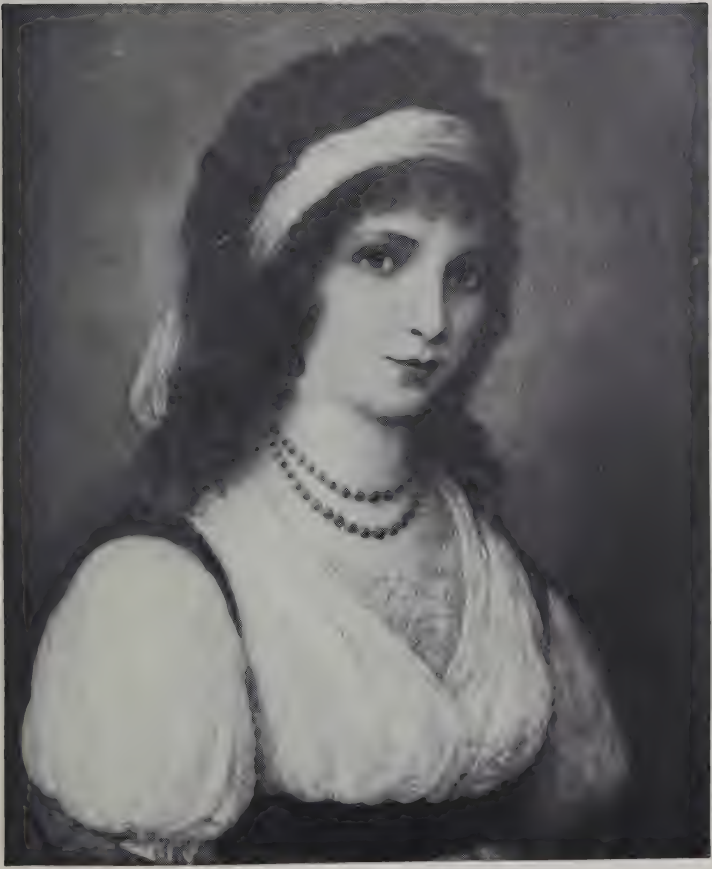
CHAPTER XVII

1863

IN 1858 my grandmother, Diana Amelia Baring-Gould, died at Teignmouth, at the advanced age of ninety-three years. She was the daughter of Joseph Sabine of Tewin in Herts, and must have been very pretty when young. She and her sister, afterwards Mrs. Browne, as girls were at Naples when Nelson was there, and they wrote home to their brother, Edward Sabine, full accounts of the balls they had attended, and how they had danced with Nelson, what he had said and what he was doing ; also much relative to Lady Hamilton. On their way home they halted in Geneva, which was beseiged by the French. To escape from it they hired a boat to take them to Lausanne, and were fired at by the French from the shore, and the two girls, for safety, lay in the bottom of the boat. From Lausanne they made their way to England. My cousin, Harriet Browne, in sorting out the old letters of Sir Edward Sabine, came on a packet of these epistles, and thinking they might interest my father sent them to him. But he did not care even to look at them, and passed them on to his brother Charles, the rector, who skimmed through them and then flung them into the fire, so that all I know of their contents is what he told me and his children.

My grandmother was a very managing woman, systematic in all her proceedings, and possessed a store-room well furnished with drugs and plasters, wherewith she doctored the villagers. She also took in *The Light of the West*, a religious periodical conducted by the Rev. H. A. Simcoe of Penhele, and disseminated it in the parish, together with tracts by the S.P.C.K.—thus dosing both the bodies and the souls of the people.

There was one article in her cabinet of which I had frequent experience, and against which I harboured a lively hatred. This was a leaden spoon with a hinged cover, and a tubular handle. The spoon was filled with castor oil, the thumb of my grandmother



DIANA AMELIA SABINE

was applied to the open end of the handle, thus retaining the oil in suspense, till the spoon itself had been rammed between my teeth on to my tongue and back into the depths of my throat. Then the thumb was withdrawn, and the contents of the spoon shot down my throat. Resistance was rendered impossible.

The S.P.C.K. and R.T. Society tracts were administered by moral compulsion. I do not know that they did any good; they certainly did no harm; they were not, however, relished.

My father's medical remedial predilections turned in the direction of blue pill to be followed up next day with salts and senna. I think that the contents of the leaden spoon were the least mischievous of the drenchings we received as children. How our constitution stood these administrations is a wonder to me.

Whilst at Hurst I got leave of absence, and paid a visit to Iceland, by way of the Faröe Islands.

I started June 7th, 1861, and returned August 10th. It cost me a few shillings over a hundred pounds.

There are no trees whatever on the Faröe Islands, only tracts of heather and bog. A brief walk from Thorshafn across a dip in the hills brings one to an astonishing prospect of a finger of rock rising out of the sea many hundreds of feet and quite inaccessible. But I had not time to make much of an excursion through Stromsoe, on account of the short sojourn of the steamer at the port. We started in the afternoon and passed between the barred red and black cliffs of Stromsoe and Sandoe, and then headed away due North.

I have said in my preface that, like Tristram Shandy, I claim the right occasionally to make digression from personal narrative. I venture to do so now, so as to record the history of a most remarkable man, Sverrir, a native of one of these Faröe Islands, who became King of Norway, and ancestor of many a royal family. But it is specially on another account that his biography is so interesting. Moreover, it is practically unknown to most European historians, though none can be more engaging; it was dictated by himself.

In Stromsoe, the largest of the Faröe Isles, was born Sverrir, the great hero of the close of the twelfth century who alone among the sovereigns of Europe acknowledging the papal claims defied, and defied successfully, that imperious Pontiff, Innocent III.

On Stromsoe, near the southern point, is a terrace little raised above the high-tide level, frowned down upon by belted crags, red and black striped; here are the ruins of a cathedral, that was never more than a shabby little parish church in size and structure, and beside it is a small farm. The low walls and roof never enclosed any crowd, for there were no neighbours—there could be none, as the little platform would accommodate but a single family; the only song of white-robed choristers ever heard there was the scream of the gulls, and the only organ-note the piping of the wind and the boom of the sea. In this little farm lived the Bishop. Hither came, about the year 1154, a young woman named Gunnhild, with her husband, Uni, the brother of the Bishop's chaplain, and a young son, aged five, named Sverrir.

Gunnhild was taken into service by the Bishop as dairymaid, and Uni, by profession a horner, picked up a little money by the making of spoons and tooth-combs out of cow-horn. It was not then, any more than now, that every individual possessed his own comb, but one served the general purpose of an entire household, and was passed from one head to another.

The Bishop, by name Matthias, died in 1158, and his chaplain, the uncle of Sverrir, was elected in his room. He was a married man, as were most of the Scandinavian clergy, and had a family.

Bishop Hroi took a kindly interest in his nephew, taught him to read and write, and instructed him in the rudiments of Latin. He must have well grounded Sverrir, and have given him a love of literature, for this characterized him to the end of his days.

Sverrir was not alone, for the Bishop was the schoolmaster of the diocese, and the bonders sent their sons to Kirkjuboe to be instructed. The scholars delighted to boat in summer from isle to isle, and to fish, and particularly to partake in the whale slaughter, when a shoal of these monsters was driven by boatloads of shouting men into a haven and there harpooned. The boys also climbed the crags after birds' eggs. On the red ledges of burnt sand are tens of thousands of sea-birds. They have burrowed in the friable soil, forming caves, into which they can retire and lay their eggs, but they delight in standing at the edge of the cliff, watching the tumbling waves, and screaming and laughing as the boats shoot by; curiously resembling an array of white-breasted soldiers drawn up in line to resist invasion. The birds are of many kinds—puffins or sea-parrots, with particoloured beaks like masks ; skuas, the thieves of the ocean, that gain their meal by robbing gulls of theirs ; guillemots, tern with scarlet feet, divers dressed in black lace thrown over white satin, glaucous and other gulls. It is a veritable paradise of sea-fowl, for almost everywhere their breeding places are inaccessible to man.

Bishop Hroi had two children, Peter, and a daughter, Astrid, who grew up along with Sverrir, and the cousins were warmly attached to each other.

Gunnhild had been cook to King Sigurd Mouth, travelling about with him everywhere, for Sigurd liked to have his food well-dressed and toothsome.

Bishop Hroi had set his heart on training his nephew to be an ecclesiastic. But it must be admitted—indeed, in after days, Sverrir himself allowed it—that he was unfitted to be a cleric. And yet he never forgot his scholarship, remembered and sang, even in the midst of battles, the old Church hymns, and, best of all, displayed towards his deadliest enemies a kindness and forgiveness unusual, one may almost say, unknown in that age of barbarity. He led a somewhat turbulent youth ; nevertheless, his uncle trusted that he would sober with age, and with this hope ordained him deacon, and gave him his daughter Astrid to wife.

It is a disputed point whether Sverrir were ever ordained priest. He certainly, in his Memoirs, says that he was so, and his enemies in after life delighted in designating him as a renegade priest. But he may merely have meant that he had become a cleric, and certain it is that Pope Innocent III, who at a later time hurled anathemas against him, after raking up every true, exaggerated, and false charge he could find to blacken his character, only accused him of having quitted the ecclesiastical profession without papal dispensation.

For some years the crown of Norway had been usurped by a pretender, Harald Gille, and after the death of this adventurer his sons divided the kingdom between them, then fought and killed each other ; and when the last of these kings had been slaughtered, Magnus, great-grandson of Magnus Bare-feet, was proclaimed. His father, Erling, was a wealthy yeoman who had married a granddaughter of Bare-footed Magnus. It was against all precedent that the Norwegians should accept as their King a man who descended from the royal line by the distaff; and, to secure the throne to his son, Erling set to work to hunt up and exterminate every grandson of Harald Gille that he could hear of.

Sverrir had had a quarrel with the son of the Governor of the Faröe Isles, and a sojourn in them was no longer secure for him.

Now only did Gunnhild reveal to Sverrir that he was not the son of Uni the Horner, but of Sigurd Mouth, and grandson of Harald Gille, who had reigned from 1137 to 1155; but this had been kept a profound secret, lest he should share the fate of all Harald's grandsons. No sooner did Sverrir hear this than he resolved on abandoning his clerical profession, and on trying his chance to obtain possession of the Norwegian throne.

A more mad and desperate undertaking could hardly have been conceived. He—the reputed son of a man who fashioned and sold combs cut out of cow-horn, and of a dairymaid in one of the lone islands of Faröe, out of the current of political life, without friends, without money, without evidence to show that his pretensions were other than bombast—what could he expect save disaster, mockery and death at the hands of Erling, the King's father, should he fall into his power? He was constrained to abandon his wife and his two sons and two daughters; he could not take his mother with him to confirm her story. He had to depend on his own wits and luck, and to the restlessness that existed in portions of Norway, where many were impatient of the domination of Erling, being offended at his cruelty, and more by his pride.

Sverrir left the Faröes in the year 1174, when he was aged twenty-two, so that he must have married very young, and if a priest, must have been ordained before the canonical age.

The story of Sverrir's life, his achievements, his defeat of Magnus, Erling's son, his capture of the throne of Norway, of his contest with Innocent III to maintain the independence of the Norwegian Church, is one of the most marvellous and romantic records in history, and yet it is hardly known out of Scandinavia. Innocent did all in his power to humble Sverrir, by excommunication, by stirring up the disloyal and anti-national elements in the land, by urging the native clergy to combine against him, by suborning false witnesses, encouraging perjured clerics, and by placing Norway under an Interdict—and was beaten.

King Sverrir died on March 8, 1202.

As he lay on his death-bed in the castle at Bergen he said: "I would desire to be raised up and placed on my throne and there await whatever may befall me. Bishop Nicolas (the agent of Innocent) will see, if I die in my high seat, encircled by my friends, that my end is very different from what he predicted—that I should be hacked to pieces and cast to the dogs and ravens. God be praised that in so many perils I have been preserved from the weapons of my foes."

Then he was anointed, seated on his throne, and, finding his strength rapidly ebbing, he gave orders that after his death he should be laid with exposed face, so that friend and foe alike might see that the ban under which he had been placed by Innocent III had had no effect on his body. "I have," said he, "undergone more labour, opposition and dangers, than peace and contentment, since I became King. I am convinced that many of my enemies were provoked to hostility by pure envy, and I pray God to judge between me and them. For my part, I frankly forgive them."

He died on Saturday, 9th March, 1202. His body was exposed with bared face, as he had desired, and all who saw it remarked how fair and noble was its appearance. Afterwards it was conveyed with pomp to the cathedral and laid beside the choir. Above his tomb were suspended his helmet, shield and banner, and a copper plate was let into the wall bearing an inscription commemorative of his many virtues.

Well will it be for the murderous Innocent at the Resurrection of the Just, if he finds a place under the foot-stool of the good and noble King Sverrir.

The blood of King Sverrir was carried down till it entered into the Royal Danish, Royal Russian and ancient Swedish Royal families. Moreover, through Margaret, daughter of Christian of Holstein, married to James III of Scotland, it was conveyed to James VI of Scotland and I of England. Oh, what a falling off was there!

It is not my intention to re-describe my travels in Iceland. I gave a full account of them in *Iceland: its Scenes and Sagas*.

But I will record one little incident not given in that book.

At Thingvalla I saw a man in shabby garments, rather lame who came up to me and conversed in English with a foreign accent. I congratulated him on speaking English so correctly. He smiled but said nothing. Not till after I left did I hear that he called himself Milbanke, and had been travelling in Iceland the foregoing year when, on reaching Grimstunga, he tripped on a lava-field, fell and dislocated his thigh. He was nursed at the pastor's manse by the pastor's daughter, and he fell desperately in love with her, and remained at Grimstunga through the winter to prosecute his suit. But it proved unavailing ; she had set her fancy on a dirty, shock-headed fellow, who, some days later, took charge of my horse when I reached Grimstunga, and who from the energetic manner in which he scratched himself all over his person I concluded was greatly populated.

Milbanke, disconsolate as a rejected lover, was on his way back to England when I encountered him. He was actually Ralph Gordon Noel, second son of the Earl of Lovelace. His eldest brother, Lord Ockham, was peculiar, and lived at Chatham, where he worked as a dock-labourer. Ockham died unmarried, and then Ralph Gordon Noel Milbanke became Viscount Ockham, and finally Earl of Lovelace. The girl was pleasing, but not pretty. Had she known what prospect opened before her of being a Countess, and been able to appreciate what that meant, possibly she might have discarded the Grimstunga ostler. But would she have been happier as a transplanted flower ?

There had not been much written on the natives of Iceland before I visited it, and when I started to explore the island, I took with me a box full of trinkets as presents. Soon after my arrival, and in journeying on horseback through the centre of the island, I was at one place very hospitably received, and, wishing to make some acknowledgment beyond the usual piece of gold, I opened my box and produced a ring with a sparkling artificial diamond in it, intending to present it to the daughter of the house. Just in time my guide arrested me. " To present a ring," said he, " is to make an offer of marriage ; and—she is sure to accept you, for she has the sheep-disease." " The sheep-disease," echoed I, hastily replacing the ring in the box, " what is that ? " " Oh, sores and that sort of thing. The Danish doctors don't understand it, and she will take you so as to go to England and be cured there." "No, she shan't," said I, and put the box at the bottom of my travelling bag.

The sheep-disease, as they call it, is really produced by the drinking of water into which the egg of the tape-worm has been dropped by dogs, not actually by sheep. The egg when taken into the human system develops into an animalcule with a boring instrument, and it works its way into the joints and produces hideous, disfiguring sores, that are constantly discharging.

I returned to England in the little creaking *Arcturus*. Instead of making for Grangemouth she was laden with a cargo of Icelandic ponies for the coal mines of Lancashire, and I brought back with me a little favourite on which I had ridden. I am a very bad sailor, and during the eight days of the voyage I lay the whole time in my berth. Now my berth was in the lower story, and the light illumined the upper. I had a copy of *Rob Roy* to read. The print was very small, and the consequent strain on my eyesight so great that I have been ever since extremely shortsighted. Previously I never needed glasses, but now I am obliged to use them to see any distant object, be that distance only that between myself and the person on the other side of the table. The boat went to Liverpool instead of Grangemouth. I arrived in a very ragged condition. My first visit was to a Turkish bath, where, whilst I was bathing, I had my threadbare garments baked, to destroy the animal life in them. Then I travelled to town in the pen with my horse, and arrived in London on Saturday. On the Sunday I was in too shabby a condition to go to any church save one of the very poor, so I found my way in the morning to S. Mary's, Crown St., then a building like a Dissenting chapel, that had served as a Greek church. I did not suppose that it was possible for anyone I knew to be there, as it was quite in the slums of Seven Dials; however, to my dismay, behind me sat the family of the Rev. Alexander Watson, who had been rector of Bridestowe. He had got deeply into debt, the living had been sequestrated, and he and his were in lodgings in London. When service was over, they pounced on me, and insisted on my going back with them and sharing their midday meal.

On reaching Hurstpierpoint I rode "Bottlethrush" from the station to the college, but on reaching the first tree he stood still, stared, and positively refused to proceed. A tree was something so strange that it frightened him. I had to drag him past the tree by main force.

In 1863 my mother died of cancer in the jaw, brought on, I have little doubt, by wearing false back teeth made of rhinoceros horn, that pressed unduly on the gums.

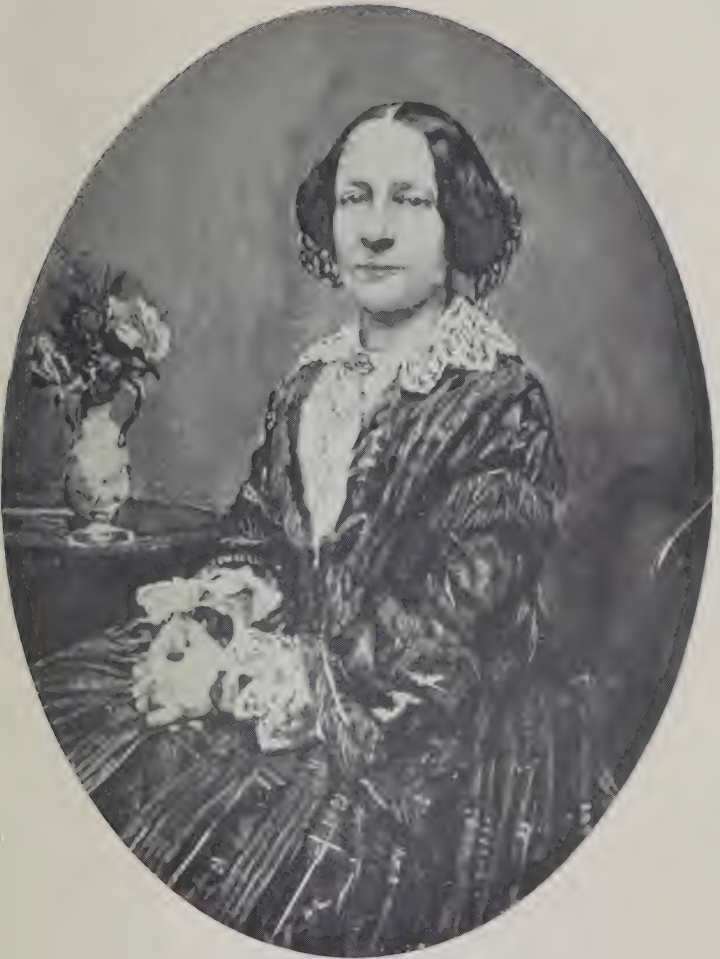
For some time she came down and sat in the hall, but a death-watch ticked there, and my Aunt Kate, who was constantly with her through that terrible illness, had her chair moved into the drawing-room, and there, at once, the death-watch began to tick.

"My dear Kate," said my mother, "do not trouble about that. I know very well for whom and for what purpose the watch ticks."

I do not recall having heard the death-watch in the house since.

My mother was a peculiarly sweet and saintly person. She must have been beautiful; her features were finely cut. She possessed an exquisite voice, singing deliciously; and in speaking, she possessed that wave-like tone which belonged to ladies of high culture in the Early Victorian period, but which is so seldom heard now: soft, flexible, and without a harsh note in it.

My mother had been brought up in the old traditional Church principles. She would never communicate other than fasting, although in those days there were no early Celebrations in Lew Church. She also used Cosin's "Cosening devotions," as Prynne called them, and said her short "hour" offices seven times a day. She read to us on Sundays and Festivals the appropriate compositions in *The Christian Year*. In the afternoon, when we came away from church service, she had been wont to give us children a long talk on religious matters, and doubtless did much to form a moral tone in us, and in me to give my mind a Church direction. At the same time I am obliged to admit that I never could recall what my mother had said to us. She certainly taught us nothing definite, but give us pious moralizing, and these lectures left me not merely unsatisfied, as did the expurgated sermons my father read out to us every Sunday evening, but they even irritated me; and that solely because so many words were employed about nothing substantial. What I had always craved for was *definite* teaching. The indefinite was my aversion. I noticed afterwards that the most voluminous preachers, with



SOPHIA C. BARING-GOULD
1862

the readiest flow of verbiage, were those who had nothing to say. Talkers are not necessarily teachers.

My mother was attended during her long and most distressing illness by her sister Kate. No words of mine can express the gratitude I have ever entertained at the bottom of my heart for this tender devotion under most trying circumstances. She will receive her reward hereafter from the hands of Him who repays even a cup of cold water given to one of His children here on earth.

The following letter from Miss M. K. Bond to her mother was written on December 6, 1863, the day on which her sister, my dear mother, died.

"My Dearest Mother,

"My letter of yesterday will have prepared you all for the news which is to follow, and you will all rather rejoice than mourn that our darling Sophy's sorrows are over. This morning at twenty minutes past seven o'clock the gentle spirit fled peacefully and entered into its Sabbath of Rest. She was sinking all yesterday and the day before and hardly spoke all that time. In fact I do not think she uttered a word during Saturday, except 'No' when food was offered, and 'Amen' to the prayers that Edward read in the morning. I sat up with the nurse till after five o'clock, and during the night she only took in a few spoonfuls of liquids, which seemed to give her great pain. The breathing had become shorter, but the alteration was then not so great as to make me remain, and Mary was called to take my place, and I went to bed thinking she might last on some hours if not through the next day. Very soon after I went away the servants began to perceive a change in the breathing, and at seven o'clock Mary called us all. She was then breathing very shortly but peacefully, and at twenty minutes past seven she gave a little cry and all was over, but so gently did the spirit depart that we watched for some ten minutes ere we could be quite convinced that all breathing had ceased. The last observation that we can remember her making was on Friday evening, after Edward had read prayers, and she turned to Maggie and said, 'Ask him if it is wrong to think of a ferny home, ferns and flowers?' It seemed appropriate to put her loved plants near her even in death; so we placed fern leaves round her head this morning and a bunch of Christmas roses and ferns on her chest. It was a sweet placid face when we left it, and we neither of us mean to disturb the recollection of that expression by looking at it again. Edward B.-G. is very calm and quiet, and Maggie is struggling to keep up, but the trial is great to her. Though I do not like leaving her, we have decided it is best for me to go to Exeter by the express to-morrow to get necessary things, and after consulting with my sisters, and orders are given, I am to return the next day. Edward does not quite like me to go at all, but I believe it will be best, and Mrs. Charles will take care of Maggie in the meantime. God bless you, my dear mother, and comfort you in this sorrow, which we know is a deep one to you.

" Ever your loving daughter,
KATE."

I never once heard my mother speak an unkind word of anyone. She was wont to say when a disparaging remark was made of another : " Put it through three sieves. Is it true ? Is it necessary to say it ? Is it kind ? " At the same time my mother was strong and emphatic in her likes and dislikes, but these were of principles, or modes of conduct, not of persons. She might express her repugnance to certain groups of individuals, of parties, but never of individuals making up such groups.

My father thought that Charles I was rightly treated when executed. It was a favourite topic with him. Any expression of this opinion made the colour rise in her cheeks, but she did not speak in opposition. She retired to her room and read over the Service for the Martyrdom of the King. To this day I think that his execution was a political necessity, lest he should remain a nucleus for rebellion. Yet it proved to be a mistake. Relegation to Sark or Lundy would have been a better course.

She had her trials. One of these was the yearning to live quietly and peaceably at Lew, and the horror she had of the sea, where she almost died of sea-sickness each time she crossed.[1] Yet my father's passion was for travel. Only after 1852 did my father settle finally at Lew, giving her just over ten years of rest before death, against fifteen of unsettlement. My father was a very reserved man, and of a cold nature, and my mother felt greatly this reticence. His was a firm character and he had no patience with weakness of any sort, and shrank from every exhibition of tenderness, regarding it as a token of feebleness. This, I think, my mother felt. We did so, as children.

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[1] This took a peculiar form. There was no vomiting, but a gasping for breath, so that she had to be kept night and day on deck, and her throat moistened with vinegar.

Spiritual sensitiveness was strongly marked in my mother. It was like a delicate nervous network enveloping her mind and soul, that shrank as with real pain from all that was evil, unlovely, and immodest. I am convinced that she never looked on a flower, or mused on a glowing sunset, or drew a hasty breath at the vision of a fair landscape, without a lifting of her heart to God in recognition. Just as from the mignonette a delicate odour is exhaled, though the plant itself is lowly and insignificant, so did the fragrance of her pure and loving spirit rise ever to the Creator. In many young people the spiritual eye is present and sees, but gradually it is as though cataract comes over and darkens it, till they perceive the things of God no more. Some are like puppies born blind, but never open their eyes and acquire sight.

It is possible for one to live several years in a house, in daily association with those dear to us, through their mental powers and acquirements, their social qualities, their kindliness, yet with no intimate accord with them, more than general regard, because they lack the spiritual faculty that really ties one to another, like mortar in a wall, distinguishing it from a hedge.

We are bound to believe that all human beings have souls, or have had the rudiments of souls, but it exacts an effort to believe it, so large a number of individuals afford us no indication that they possess any. The things of the spirit in no wise appeal to them, possess to them no interest whatsoever, not so much by a long way as the composition of a cheese-cake and the frilling of a bodice. If they were given souls, these souls have bocome inarticulate.

I said one day to a Brightlingsea oyster-grower: " Are you aware that these bivalves were born with eyes ? " " Impossible, I have not seen them." " Because through non-use they have been absorbed," I replied. " Whither then have they gone ? ' " Into their stomachs," was my answer.

And now I will turn to an entirely different subject.

That which is so apparent in England and in France is the existence of the bourgeois spirit that may be plainly described as vulgarity. I do not mean that this vulgarity is perceptible in manner or in exterior deportment, but that it exists in the soul, in inability to appreciate what is beautiful. On the borders of Dartmoor is a fine mass of rock rising above the Taw river, a delightful subject for artists, and an object attracting picnickers to the spot. It was seriously proposed, to the County Council which owned this rock, to have it quarried away to furnish material for road-mending. The Council met. Calculations were made and passed round as to the amount of tons of granite that might be taken therefrom. One timid voice was raised in opposition to the destruction of so romantic and beautiful an object. None listened to this plea. Then another man stood up and said: " Is it not possible that the destruction of this tor may stand in the way of summer visitors coming here, lodging in the farmhouses, and even in the cottages, may reduce the price of eggs and butter, and seriously affect the butchers?" That was another matter. That was an argument which appealed to a commonplace intellect.

Mr. Hammerton has said: " The state of mind in which our middle classes and the French bourgeois live, is unfavourable to art in many ways. Competence and comfort and cleanliness are very good and pleasant and desirable, and it is wonderful with how little money a managing couple in the middle classes will procure those blessings; but when they are made the *only* aims of life, they bring on an incredible pettiness of soul."

If the tradesman desires to have a villa residence—and tradesmen do not often now reside above their shops—it never for a moment occurs to his mind to have a comely and lovable house. All he looks to is that there shall be so many cubic feet of air in each room, that the drains shall be in order and have a ventilating pipe, and that the staircase shall be neither too steep nor too angular for the convenient conveyance upstairs of a wardrobe or chest of drawers.

I cannot conceive the possibility of men, noble, gentle, and middle-class, having been born without any sense of the beautiful; that they should not possess what is given to the basest savage.

Their forefathers in mediæval England and France possessed a passionate love of the beautiful. How is it that the sense is extinct in their descendants?

There is a Yorkshire proverb: "What t'Almighty's left aght, there's nobody can put in." But has He left out this exquisite faculty? I doubt it greatly; merely it has not been allowed to grow. It does indeed seem hopeless to inspire vulgar souls with the breath of life, the desire for the comely. But it is at present a missing faculty, or else one that is unregulated.

It has been well said that every man who is not a nonentity leaves his trace behind him. Look at Ely lantern and choir, and who can fail to think of Alan de Walsingham. Look at Winchester College, and at once up leaps the memory of William of Wykeham; look at S. Paul's, London and forget Sir Christopher Wren if you can. But putting aside the great men, how many an one who is humble and little known has left his trace behind him—I am speaking of artistic and structural traces only.

I had a young blacksmith who shod horses and did little more, nothing artistic. I took him about the country to show him old fine hammered ironwork, and then I drew a design for my principal gates, and bade him execute it. He was fired with artistic zeal; and now, a middle-aged man, he does no other ironwork but what is ornamental and artistic; and for three hundred years hence William Roberts', gates will recall him.

There are, however, tens of thousands of men who simply vegetate, do no good, do no harm, and who, when they die, leave no more trace behind them whereby they may be remembered and regretted than does a cabbage stump, when plucked up and thrown over the hedge.

A man's house should have character as well as he has himself. And, without individuality in a dwelling as in the indweller, there can be no command of love. The usual London house, the suburban villa, the red brick cottage in a row has no more individuality than has a cab or an omnibus. You can engage and occupy either, but love neither.

How indefatigable our great-grandmothers and their ancestresses were in preparing the traces that they desired to leave behind them, in needlework, in embroidery, in tapestry, in books of receipts. In what way do our ladies of to-day draw their traces? With interminable games of bridge! What traces do many of our new rich leave as they tear about the country in their cars, ripping up our roads at the same time? They are in search of nothing. They riot along our highways only for the lust of being on the move. They leave no other traces, save some dribble of petrol. The Germans have a proverb, "Wenn der Dreck Mist wird, so will er gefahren sein"; which may be translated, "Should muck turn to manure, it will want to go on wheels."

I am not speaking of good and charitable and intellectual works. I am alluding only to such as are artistic and structural. Thousands and tens of thousands leave their traces—a family of well-conducted children, a volume of poems, a study of character in a novel, a search into dark corners of history, visits to the sick, instruction of the ignorant, ministering comfort to the broken-hearted; none of these make any artistic or structural show, but they are all drawing of furrows, making of traces that will never be effaced.

Nature is always beautiful; there is beauty in every flower, in the curvature of every leaf, in the contortion of every branch, in the plumage of every bird, the scales of every fish, the hair of every beast; in the shapes of the mountains, in the level plains, in the blue sky of summer, even in the lowering clouds of winter ready to flush at the touch of the setting sun.

And how pathetic it is to know that Whitaker Wyse, the architect, and Joseph Dullard, the builder, are engaged together in disfiguring the fairest scenes in our land, and that Squire Acres is finding the money for the purpose, or that the County Council is employing them in perpetrating monstrosities because that same Council wants to put a job into the hands of Mr. Wyse or Joe Dullard as being one or other a cousin or a client of a Councillor. The pity of it! Oh, the pity of it!

I think that possibly if a man were suffered to build his own house after his own fancy, he would turn out something picturesque, something with his individuality in it. It is so with the backwoodsman's shanty, with the Swiss chalet; why should it not be so with the Englishman's home? But no man is suffered to do this. He must have an architect, a quantity-surveyor with his estimates, the plans must be submitted to the County

Council, and suffer all sorts of restrictions, and have imposed on him any number of wanton obligations.

I remember hearing, when I was a boy, of a living skeleton, whether it were Claude Ambrose Seurat, born in 1797, and who was exhibited in London in 1825, or some one else, I cannot recall. I was informed that he had a perforation in the membrane of his stomach, but whether a natural defect, or one made by French surgeons in the pursuit of knowledge, so as to be able to observe the process of digestion, I am unable to say. My father often animadverted on the results attained by the study of man's interior by the medical profession peering through the natural or artificial window into the abdominal sack, and of the pleasant observations made by the employment of small reflectors casting a ray of sunlight into a cavernous recess into which light had hitherto never penetrated. It was noted, said my father, that in the process of the conversion of the crude food that entered the stomach, into *chyle*, a creamy fluid, some substances were more amenable to digestion than were others. The *chyle* was at once directed to nourish the lungs, the liver, the heart, the kidneys, to build up the bones, and to mould the muscles. It was instructive and edifying at meal times to be informed that tripe was most easily digested, as were oysters, so long as they were not taken along with spirits, when they developed teetotal proclivities, and sulked into a leathery condition, resisting the action of the gastric fluid. Cabbage was slow in yielding to maceration ; and the mid-rib of a leaf most oppugnant to assault. It leaped about in the receptacle of the stomach, like a pancake on Shrove Tuesday over the fire, or an acrobat on the tight-rope.

Stomach No. 1. This organ, the stomach, we possess along with every animal, the beast of the field, the fowl of the air and the fish in the waters, down to the slug, the earthworm and the flea.

And the function of this stomach is to build up the physical frame, and the dinner-bell that calls us to a meal is *Appetite*.

It has occurred to me, ever since I heard my father dilate upon the functions of that paunch we have below the ribs, that this is by no means the sole digestive organ with which we are provided. That sack we entertain below the ribs is capable of inflation or compression, at pleasure. But I considered that we were furnished with another stomach in the brain, inelastic and inexpansive, yet capable of containing a prodigious amount of nutriment, packed small and neatly, like a sailor's chest. As we enjoy an intellectual life as well as one that is animal, the brain is the organ for acquisition of nutriment. We feed this stomach in the upper story with verbal instruction, reading, observation and conversation ; and the digestive act is *Thought* over our crude acquisitions. This is *Stomach No. 2*.

There is not much risk of our hunger-striking with regard to this superior stomach, but there does exist a liability of our consuming material without discrimination as to its nutritive qualities. A percentage of human beings is disposed to nibble promiscuously, and lose appetite for wholesome food, as Americans chew gum, English girls crunch chocolates, and Germans are given to *Marzipan naschen*. A good many men in the country never read anything save the daily paper, and some only the sporting intelligence in that. A certain number of both sexes read nothing at all, and observe nothing deserving of consideration.

What can be the result in such cases, in the ladies' boudoir, in the smoking-room of the gentlemen's club, or that of the surburban villa, of the Vicarage in Sleepyhollow, of that in the manor-house of Bob Acres, Esquire ?

We are told that a man who is starving, whether unintentionally or as a hunger-striker, being unfurnished from outside with nutriment *eats himself ;* that is to say, the gastric juice attacks whatever it can reach, the coats of the stomach, the flesh, the fat, and wastes the man to an anatomy. During the period when I was a boy, this was much the case with residents in the country, lay and clerical. It is true that we had a book club, of which my uncle was secretary ; but, although the volumes circulated, and I presume were read, they passed through the brains undigested—as far as I could judge by after-dinner and occasional conversation—as some sorts of food travel through the alimentary canal, having contributed no nourishment to the system, undigested, without having furnished thoughts to the brain.

It was this that drove my father first from Bratton and then from Lew ; parsons and squires alike were voluntary hunger-strikers as far as intellect went, and were feeding upon their own tallow, and poor tallow he considered it to be.

I feel convinced that we possess a *third stomach*, for the feeding and sustension of our spiritual life, and that is the soul.

Consequently, just as the dinner-bell announces that *déjeuner est servi* to stomach No. 1, so does the church bell call stomach No. 3 to the heavenly feast of worship, prayer and praise.

I notice, however, that directly the dinner-bell clangs, every one flocks with nimble foot and watering mouth to the burdened table, to lay hold of soup-spoon, knife and fork, with hands agitated by hungry expectation, whereas, when the spiritual call sounds from the old church-tower, there ensues little or no response; and that for a very good reason—there exists no appetite for the things of the spirit.

At Freiburg in Switzerland, the Capuchins are famous for their skill in cooking a great delicacy—edible snails. When a feast off *Helix pomatia* is ready, the convent bell is rung, whereupon from every door in the High Street issues a gastronom, and the street is crowded with students, professors, officers, merchants, lawyers, County Councillors, Aldermen, State officials, pressing forward to secure a place and a plate in the refectory, each with a franc in his hand as payment, and all dreading lest they should be too late, and see a board set up at the gate announcing that "No more snails are available."

Two hours later, one day when I was at Freiburg, the church bell rang for Evensong. The ears that had been cocked to catch the first note of the snail bell were drooping at the chime of the church bell. I saw only two old men, one on crutches, three women and some children responsive to the call to prayer and praise.

Those men who had feasted on snails were clever, intelligent, cultivated, most of them good classical scholars or well fed on history, geography, mathematics, physics, and military tactics. Having had their one franc's worth of snails, they would return home, occupy a lounging-chair, light a pipe, and compose themselves for either a snooze or a look into the newspaper. But had a summons come from the cook to a leg of roast pork, or to steaming German sausages, they would leap from their chairs and go whither called with the utmost alacrity. But as for the things of God, for such they had no partiality, no appetite whatsoever.

One of my grand-aunts in her last sickness was found to have on her bed a Spanish dictionary and a Cervantes. A younger sister said to her :

" What are you doing with these books ? They can be of no service to you."

" I am learning Spanish," was the reply. " I must occupy my mind."

" But surely, it were better if you read your Bible and used the Prayer-book."

" I do both. I feed my soul and I feed my mind as well. God gave both," was the sharp reply.

There exists, I suppose, a tendency among such as, in the country, are surrounded by one-stomach men, to under-value them. My father recognized their worth in the position in which they were placed ; he was aware of their sense of honour, their love of justice, their kindliness. But they were one-stomach men, and pertained to a different class from those of two stomachs. As to stomach No. 3, it was mainly among the Evangelical clergy and the Methodists that it was developed. Among the orthodox country clergy it was not more capacious than a tobacco pouch. But it held its proper position and expansion among the women. And I think, nay, I am sure that, if it exists in me, I owe it mainly to my mother, my grandmother and my great-great-grandmother —the dear old Madam Gould.

Among the Evangelical clergy, the existence of their narrow creed seriously affected the growth among them of stomach No. 2. Intellectual they were not ; spiritually they were furnished with No. 3, but of these men there were few in our neighbourhood. It was due to the Tractarian movement that there was a simultaneous development of the two stomachs No. 2 and No. 3, and the shrinking of No. 1. Among the Broad Churchmen of the past, and the Modernists of the present day, I fear there is an extension of stomach No. 2, with no neglect whatever of No. 1, but no notable expansion of No. 3.

Cows have got four stomachs, but three of these are mere repetitions of the first, continuing the maceration of the same food, whereas our three stomachs are engaged in the digestion of distinct nutritive material. The pity is that so many of us keep the secondary and tertiary stomachs inactive, or, like cows, chew over the same cud.

CHAPTER XVIII

1864

WHEN, as at present, in my old age, long over eighty years, verging on my ninetieth, I look back upon the tract of time I have traversed, I see a world that has passed away never to return, and it occurs to me that some account of it, its mode of life, its passions and prejudices, its religious and social changes, may interest some who were yellow-beaks when the twentieth century began. With respect to the political changes I say nothing. I leave them to be dealt with by others.

I witnessed the Evangelical party passing into another phase.

The Evangelical revival of Wesley and Whitefield was altering its character. Among the ignorant it had substituted emotionalism for conscientious conduct. It had practically dissociated morality from religion. Among the middle classes it had conduced to smugness, which proved an invincible barrier to spiritual progress. The lowly and meek character was to be found solely in the Church, and not widespread even there.

In the nineteenth century came the Tractarian movement, which insisted on religion being not only individual but also social; on conduct against feeling. It brought into prominence the doctrine of the Church, of which the Evangelicals had no conception; as also of the continuity of the Faith and the necessity of Apostolic mission, which were negligible for the sectarians. What line will be taken by Churchmen in the midst of the twentieth century it is hard to prognosticate; but it seems to me that there will be two movements, one retrogressive to Tillotsonian Latitudinarianism, and the other progressive towards the enforcement of the duty of worship. Hitherto, English people have entertained little notion of any duty owing to God, the primary duty being worship, whereas they have been fully alive to the duties they owe to their pigs and their poultry.

The whole conception of worship was killed by Puritanism. That, and so-called Evangelicalism, insisted on the duty of listening to pious orations as essential to salvation. But this is not worship. In place of the sermon calling to worship God, it was made a substitute for it, much as during the great European War, the Germans had to consume an *Ersatzbrot*, composed of sawdust.

At no time in the history of England have manners and modes of life, and moulding of ideas, changed so rapidly as in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. It is conceivable that a century hence a collection of pictures of life as it was, and religious thought as it shaped itself in this period of transition, may be of interest.

We seem to be looking at an exhibition of dissolving views, and entertain a desire to register the impressions left on the mind by each scene before it is replaced by another.

When I was a boy, it took one a day to travel in the mail-coach from home to Exeter, and now in the same time, nay, in less, one can reach London by rail, and possibly soon, in half that time, by aeroplane.

When I was a boy, a waggon was sent up annually to Exeter, thirty-three miles distant, to bring down the groceries needed for the year; and now the grocer's motor-bus brings supplies weekly to one's door.

When I was a boy, as I have already told, one could not ride or drive a few miles without being pulled up at a turnpike, and now not a toll-gate remains in England.

When I was a boy, one frequently wore, especially when riding, white trousers and straps; now no one ever appears in "ducks," and no one ever strains his nether garments with straps under the boots. I can recall when thus habited, and with a short jacket, I gallantly offered to take the village surgeon's daughter *en croupe* across the river, as there was no bridge. Her fright when half-way over so alarmed the steed that he dashed forward, and she foolishly caught my arms above the elbows to steady herself, in place of clinging to my waist. The result was, in the first place, that I lost hold of the reins; in the second place, that she and I on reaching the bank rolled off the horse's back and were lodged in a gorse-bush; in the third place I returned home with my "ducks," especially in the rear, speckled with blood drops, where the spines had pricked me, and the trousers seemed to be of rose-bud figured cretonne.

When I was a boy, the labourers came to church in clean white smocks, beautifully goffered at the collar. Now they attend divine worship in broad-cloth, whereas I can afford only serge.

When I was a boy, a squire drove about in his carriage and pair, with silver-mounted armorial bearings on the harness, and a coat of arms on the panels of the vehicle, and he had coachman and footman in livery on the box. Then, a farmer was regarded as a warm man if he possessed a tax-cart in which to drive to market. Now, not a carriage and pair is to be seen, and squires and farmers alike travel the roads in motor-cars, unadorned.

When I was a boy, the pretty milkmaids with their glittering cans went into the field or to the stable to drain the cows, and sang ballads as they pulled with two hands as though ringing a pair of bells. Now, not a milkmaid exists. The men have to do the milking whilst the maids are strumming on pianos.

When I was a boy, every village goody and maiden dropped a curtsy to squire and squiress and to the parson, ay, and kissed his or her hand. Now a nod and jerk of the chin to one side suffices to show recognition.

When I was a boy, a bishop was regarded with profound awe, and, in fact, he himself considered pomposity to be an essential and distinguishing mark between him and the inferior clergy from the prebendaries down to the base and crawling curate.

I entertained the idea, as a boy that, for clergy about to be promoted to thrones and stalls, a preliminary drill in the chapter-house was *de rigueur*. In a word, I thought that this structure was to the cathedral what a riding school was to the cavalry barrack. Who the drill-sergeant was, whether the Chancellor or the Archdeacon, I could not ascertain.

I had strange fancies at that time. I believed that the brass eagle from which the lessons were read, at the stroke of midnight flew three times round the interior of the cathedral. I know better now. So also I know now that I was in error as to the preliminary drill imposed on all candidates for high preferment.

When I was at Clare I knew a pious and conscientious undergraduate, named X, who never missed his chapels. After leaving Cambridge I saw no more of him, but learned eventually that he had been promoted to a Colonial Bishopric. One day I was walking up Regent Street, when I encountered Y.Z., an old college friend, with a bishop prancing at his side. Y.Z. exclaimed :

"Why, Gould !" Then with a face composed to awe, he said to his lordship, who had been arrested in his walk by Y.Z. but was practising the goose-step : "My lord ! Surely your lordship remembers Gould of Clare. He is now rector of East Mersea in Essex, my lord."

My eyes kindled, as my heart bounded within my breast. I stretched out my hand to clutch that of Bishop X, at that time a returned empty, though no older than myself, and about to retire on a living near Liverpool with a population of 1500. We had been intimate friends.

In response, he extended two gloved fingers to me, and still pawing the ground, like an impatient horse, said with great solemnity :

"Ha ! hum ! To be sure. Mr. Gould ! A very great pleasure indeed, hum, ha !"

"My lord," said I, nettled, "I have business elsewhere. I suppose I shall not have the honour to see you again, as you *will be shortly returning to your diocese.* I want to buy a pair of india-rubber goloshes. I am extremely sensitive to a chill." And I turned away.

He did not like that little shaft of mine relative to his diocese which he had occupied under a dozen years. His cheek became mottled, and his lips began to move—but I was round a corner and down a side street before he could articulate a reply.

When I was a boy, ay, and later still, these prelates adopted the air and manner of Mr. Dorrit when he emerged from the Marshalsea, and entered on the possession of a fortune. And now ! Not a bishop prances when he walks, nor practises the goose-step when he halts to converse with you. Not one who will not take off his glove and extend an open hand to the meanest curate in his diocese.

To my mind this transformation of the dignitaries of the

Church is one of the most remarkable differences between the times when I was a boy and when, as now, I am an octogenarian.

My father had originally intended me for the army, and proposed sending me to Woolwich, to be trained for the Engineers; but, owing to my delicacy of lungs, or supposed delicacy, the time passed in which I could be admitted to Woolwich, and the plan of sending me into the army was abandoned.

I quite allow that my father was in perplexity as to what to do with his three sons. I had upset his well-laid schemes; he rubbed his chin, and puzzled over the matter, and could not see any alternative. Meanwhile I remained at Hurstpierpoint for eight years. I am sure that my father worried all through those years at the problem before him—and could find no solution to it.

To complicate matters, he had married again, and become the father of two more children, a son and a daughter. So now there were four youths who were to be provided for. But by this time my father had come to the conclusion that children's minds were not blank sheets which a parent might twist into a cornet, or fold into half a dozen shapes as pleased his fancy. So, very sensibly, he let my half-brother choose his own course, and as to my own two brothers and myself he waited to see how matters would eventually turn out, and let chance rule.

When both my brothers refused to read for Orders in order that one or other might take the Rectory of Lew, and when my mother, having seen the bent of my mind, finally, before she died, gave her consent, then my father reluctantly withdrew his opposition.

Sir Thomas Fairfax said to the Archbishop of York: "One son I sent to the Netherlands to train him as a soldier, and he makes a tolerable County Justice, but is a mere coward at fighting; my next I sent to Cambridge, and he proves a good lawyer, but a mere dunce at divinity; my youngest I sent to the Inns of Court, and he is a good divine, but nobody at the law."

My father put it down to perversity on my part that I did not take up with mechanics. He saw what a great opening there was for one who was not only a skilled mechanic, but had imagination, and could invent. But I had not the faculty. Like Tristram Shandy I could say: "Of all things in the world, I understand the least of mechanism. I have neither genius, nor taste, nor fancy; and have a brain so entirely inept for everything of the kind, that I solemnly declare I was never yet able to comprehend the principles of motion of a squirrel cage or a common knife-grinder's wheel; though I have many an hour of my life looked up with great devotion at the one, and stood by with as much patience as any Christian ever could do at the other."

At length, parents have become wiser, and study the bent of their sons' minds. This was never considered in former days.

On entering Holy Orders there is one consideration that is often overlooked—the prospect of a life, and best efforts, being, as far as man can see, wholly thrown away. Many an earnest and devout clergyman is planted in some most unsuitable living, among intractable people, without token of his labours producing any effect. A thousand such hearts have been broken, a thousand such lives wasted, long cherished and fervent hopes killed.

A Dissenting preacher has not this experience before him; he is moved after a few years from one station to another. If he be an Evangelist, a Revivalist, he obtains numerous apparent successes, that are not worth a rush, but of their worthlessness he is unaware. A priest hopes for some spiritual response to stir him to renewed efforts. But to work day after day, year after year, without recognition, or appreciation, takes all the life out of him. It should not be so, but so it is. Many and many a parson tramps on the treadmill and perceptibly grinds no corn.

I will quote from a letter, recently received, a passage that shows how differently situated is the Dissenting minister.

" I was just eleven when an announcement was made by the Pastor of the Baptist Chapel which I attended which was very mysterious to me. There seemed to ensue a wave of suppressed excitement among the congregation. It was this: 'There was going to be a Revival, and two Evangelists were coming.' At length the great day arrived, and the two Evangelists made their appearance. The chapel was packed, and my sister and myself were squeezed in the very front row.

" Of the two Evangelists one was old and quiet, and the other was quite young. This latter was to hypnotize the people, while the former was to keep a check upon him, should he become too overwrought. The first announcement was that the younger Evangelist would sing the Gospel on his auto-harp. I wondered how on earth such a thing could be done. He tuned up his harp. He wrought up the people to a very high pitch on a wave of excitement caused by a stiff breeze of dramatic effect: Like this—' Come, I say, come in your thousands, come in your tens of thousands!' Then the harp would be brought into use, and he would get the people to sing over and over again:

" There's not a Friend like the lowly Jesus
No, not one! no, not one!
Jesu knows all about our troubles,
He will guide till the day is done.
There's not a Friend like the lowly Jesus!
No, not one! no, not one!"

Then, when every one was strung up to ' high strike ' point:

" All to Jesus I surrender,
All to Him I freely give!
I will ever love and trust Him,
In His presence daily live."

Then a burst:

" I surrender, I surrender all,
All to Jesus I surrender,
I surrender all."

" The Evangelist was a fairly young man with long, lank hair, sallow complexion, rather cadaverous, and wore a black frock-coat. He had formerly been a thriving drawing-room entertainer in America, but was converted—so was stated in the bills. We two listened to all this, all ears and eyes. I wondered whither the people were to ' Come ' in answer to the invitation, addressed with wildly waving arms.

" Facing me were three small doors, over which was a placard with the words, *Enquiry Rooms*. I then became aware that the people all round me were weeping, even girls about three years older than myself. I too wept, without knowing in the least why. And then, as a dramatic effect, a man fell down in a fit.

" Suddenly the pastor and the two Evangelists disappeared behind the three doors. People crowded after them, and I went with the crowd. Behind the three little doors were three little rooms, and from the door of each issued the pastor or an Evangelist. The crowd separated somehow into three sections.

I found myself with a lot more young people in a room, perched on chairs, with all eyes fixed on the junior Evangelist.

"I remember seeing among the crowd a girl about six years older than myself, whom I had always idealized and thoroughly adored. I thought she was already converted. As a matter of fact this girl had been commissioned to pilot *me* in. The next proceeding was very short. Each child had to walk to the table, shake hands with the Evangelist, repeat a specified text, and thereupon he or she was converted.

"It occupied my thoughts for days and months afterwards, and I really wondered what had happened to me, and if I looked different after being converted. The people at the chapel seemed to consider me rather a prize convert.

"At the outside four weeks after the 'Revival,' when all the effervescence had cooled down, and the congregation became not a little sparse, the resident pastor, a Scotchman, spoke most sadly to the people. He said it was all very well to come with the attractions of a special preacher and swinging hymn tunes, but it did not say much for the reality of their resolution subsequently to stay away when these attractions were not there.

"I think that the main cause of the hysterical quality of these Dissenting missions is the fact that they have not the backbone of our Sacramental system, the everlasting presence of Christ, the never-failing Grace of Repentance leading to a conversion of the life to one in God, it affords merely a transient spasmodic start of emotionalism.

"For my own part I cannot see that these so-called conversions do lead to newness of life, that is to say of spiritual life, at all. I have known them to produce inordinate spiritual pride, and cruel uncharitableness, never, never to lowliness of spirit, and to charity in judgment."

Now here were *results* obvious to the Evangelists, and encouraging them to prosecute their labours in the same course. They saw nothing of the after-deadness that set in. They were not informed of the lapses into sins of the flesh which, at all events, in country places, result from a revival. They were proud of the cocksuredness of such as had been converted, and were unaware of the numbing effect on the conscience of these emotional convulsions.

The Revival of the Baptist Chapel was comparatively innocuous and decorous to what they were in Primitive Methodist Meeting Houses. I used to hear a good many scandalous accounts of these proceedings from the lads and young men at home, when I was a youth. On my going into Yorkshire among the mill-hands I did not find that they were much more conducive to religion and morality than were those in country places in Devon and Cornwall.

Probably the most valuable work to be achieved by the *resident* minister would be the undoing of the mischief wrought by the Evangelist. I believe that the genuine Methodists, and the Congregationalists at the present day have freed themselves from this perilous emotionalism, and insist on a growth in Grace. But the Baptists, the Primitive Methodists, and the Bible Christians still adhere to the substitution of feelings for spiritual and moral growth.

The film between religious ecstasy and sensuality is as fine as gold-beaters' skin and as easily rent, and suffers the one passion to merge into the other. Thus it is that morals are so bad in Wales, Cornwall and the Yorkshire dales, where religious profession is loudest. Mr. Hawker of Morwenstow wrote :

" When the voice of God is thrilling,
    Breathe not a sound ;
When the tearful eye is filling,
    Breathe not a sound :
When the memory is pleading,
And the better mind succeeding,
And the stricken heart is bleeding,
    Breathe not a sound.

When the broad road is forsaken,
    Breathe not a sound,
And the narrow path is taken,
    Breathe not a sound :
When the angels are descending,
And the days of sin are ending,
When that Heaven and Earth are blending,
    Breathe not a sound."

A Primitive Methodist preacher at Bude, when he read this, exclaimed, " Bah ! the writer was not even a Christian." For with such as him, Assurance takes the place of Humble Trust.

So far from the converted retiring like a wounded beast to shelter, to hide the sores and wait for recovery to soundness, he blows a trumpet in the market-place, sets up his scaffold and booth, and proclaims his wares "Free Justification without the Works of the Law, and Assurance." The Evangelical Fathers in the English Church repeatedly deplored the results of their teaching being too often a deadening of conscience and a recklessness in sin.

And, now, the great work that lies before the Church is to recover conscience to soundness from the paralysis to which it has been subjceted by the substitution of emotionalism for conduct. Where this false teaching has not demoralized, it has filled with self-assurance which is very hard to be broken down, but till broken down there can be no spiritual advance.

Another great advantage that the Dissenting minister possesses over the parson of the Church is, that he is not suffered to become flat; so soon as the ebullition of his zeal and fervour begins to subside, he is moved to another field of work.

The Wesleyan minister, for instance, was not permitted to remain longer than three years with a congregation. He was neither suffered to get stale nor to discover the evanescence and shallowness of the results of his preaching. Consequently he never knew the unprofitableness spiritually of his utmost efforts. He lived in a fool's paradise, a paradise of Wesley's own creation and planting.

The priest in the English Church is placed and continues for ten, twenty, thirty years in one parish, till his powers are exhausted and he has been disillusioned if he looked for conspicuous results. Moreover, owing to patronage, the proper man is not always placed in the most suitable cure, whereas the Dissenting minister is carefully selected, and sent to that sphere where his zeal and his abilities may best tell.

Another point that the ordinant does not consider is the vast number of times that he will be required to preach when he has a parish and sole cure. What with two sermons on every Sunday, and addresses in Lent, on Christmas Day, Ascension Day, Harvest Thanksgivings, he is well off if he has to preach less than one hundred and twenty sermons in the year. And in three years he will have addressed his parishioners three hundred and sixty times. This is not doing justice to his subjects, to himself, to his hearers. However well stocked his mind may be when he starts on his ministry, the matter must be exhausted before long, and the only possible chance of being able to hold the interest of his people will be that he is a reader, and a diffuse reader, so that he is continually taking in stock of various kinds to fill up the vacant lockers in his brain. A Dissenting minister is not thus strained.

Whilst I was a youth, the Rev. Robert Aitken was attempting in West Cornwall to infuse revivalist principles into, and adopt revivalist methods in, the English Church. He was ordained in 1823, but withdrew from the Church and became a Wesleyan preacher. However, he returned to the Church in 1840, and was beneficed in Cornwall. He not only conducted sensational services in his own parish, but in any others into which he was invited, and he saw *results*; but discovered in the end that they were unsubstantial. If he dared to look below the surface, he would have found that they flattered self-complacency.

"A(itken) drew crowded congregations to his church, and made a great stir for about three years. At the end of that time his influence began visibly to diminish, and his congregations had dwindled down to their pristine paucity; and, still a prophet in every man's parish but his own, his own had ceased to receive him. Self-respect compelled A(itken) to seek another sphere."[1]

Of what value are the results that encourage the itinerant and revivalist preacher? He never stays his hand to weigh them. That they should be evanescent, or mischievous, or spiritually hardening does not occur to him. He never stops to inquire. The superficial result satisfies him. The parish priest of the Church dare not use such methods. Being resident in his fold, he sees the *results* that ensue from these spiritual frictions. They give the scab to the sheep, and he cannot, he dare not adopt a course which he sees is antinomian or conscience-deadening.

A dose of strychnine produces convulsions and contortions: so does a dose of spiritual poison. He has to plod on without seeing results, trusting but not perceiving. He has to weed out and strive against the paralysing effect of the deadly night-shade that has overrun the Church during four hundred years. He starts on his work with hope that springs ever in the human breast, and meets with *few* results. With such he has to remain content, for they are solid and not ephemeral.

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[1] *Clerical Papers*, by One of the Club, 1861.

Another trial the candidate will have to encounter is the neutralization of his teaching among the children by home indifference and example.

This applies to the young of the slums in a town, of the cottages in the country, to those of the mansions, and of "Society." They are all on a level. The mothers of the former have no objection to their children attending a place of worship, but do not trouble to go themselves. The mother in "Society" fills her house with guests, plays bridge, or motors about the country, whilst the children are perhaps taken by the governess to church. The mothers in the slums and lanes gossip at their doors with their neighbours, and scratch their heads. So soon as the children come home, parental example undoes all the teaching received in the Sunday School and the Church. Of course there are exceptions in all cases.

I did not look out for a curacy, but remained a master at Hurstpierpoint. We had lost our chaplain, moved to Lancing College, and I was particularly desirous to have a friend, the Rev. J. T. Fowler, eventually Honorary Canon of Durham, as a suitable successor. He was, however, engaged to go to the Rev. John Sharp, Vicar of Horbury, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, to start a mission in an outlying part of the parish. Accordingly I volunteered to go in his room, if Sharp would give me a nomination, and accept a deacon, waiving his claim on Fowler.

Sharp raised no objection, so I wrote to the Bishop of Ripon, Robert Bickersteth, enclosing my nomination, and was ordered to come up to town on an appointed day at a quarter to ten o'clock in the morning.

Accordingly, I took an early train, and called on the Bishop at the hour appointed, when he had just finished his breakfast; and he came in to see me, wiping some yellow egg from his lips, and a drop off his black-silk apron, on which it had been spilled. To eat an egg cleanlily is a difficult operation.

He received me stiffly, being more interested in getting the drop of egg off his apron than in inquiring into my qualifications. I told him frankly that I was no Greek scholar; his mouth twitched, and a little flush came into his cheek. It was a matter of common knowlege that he knew little more of it than the alphabet.

That achieved, he bade me go to Ripon for examination ; he further informed me that the Ordination would take place on Whit-Sunday. The candidates would be required to lodge in the city of Ripon. His examining chaplain would furnish a list of respectable lodging-houses. Every morning they (the candidates, not the lodging-houses) would walk out to the palace, where the examination would begin at 11 a.m.

Accordingly to Ripon I went, and at the appointed hour on the appointed day made my appearance at the Cockney-Gothic palace a mile and a half or two miles from the town.

Of Bishop Bickersteth I say as little as possible. One thing is certain, that the family was profoundly pious, and wholly sincere. It has turned out such good and valuable men since the days of the Bishop of Ripon that I would not say anything to hurt their feelings.

Our examining chaplain, Canon Fawcett, interested me greatly. His face and the shape of his head would have qualified him for the Chamber of Horrors at Mme Tussaud's Waxworks. One of the greatest trials in life is to have anything to do with a stupid man, whom nothing could induce to conceive the possibility that he was stupid, or with a good man to whom it never has occurred that he was other than good.

The type of Evangelicals who surrounded Bishop Bickersteth could not fail to make me recall the words of Touchstone :

" When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child, Understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room."

At this period the Evangelical leaders were not men of more than mediocre intelligence, and were neither well-read nor broad-minded. They had sopped up Lutheran Justification by Faith only, and nothing else, and entertained a veneration for the Reformers little short of that due to the Apostles.

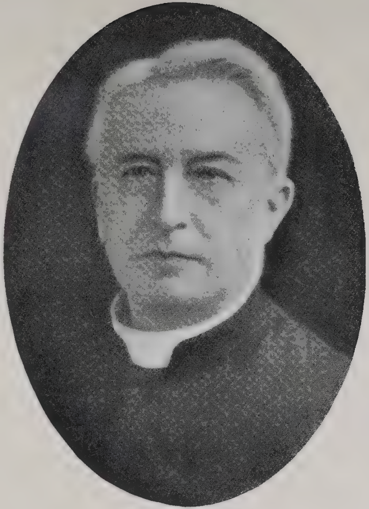
The study of the human face has ever had for me a special interest. Certain avocations stamp their character on the countenance. There is no mistaking the face of an ostler, groom and huntsman : the exercise of control over the horse gives a firmness to the jaws. The type of the Roman Catholic priest in France and Italy has its own stamp. So also has that of the Evangelical pastor in Germany. And these faces are tell-tales of the inner man. Take, for instance, the portraits of two incumbemts in a single living in the North Countrie. Could any greater contrast be found? Where the spiritual nature prevails, it reveals itself to all who have eyes to see. And, where it does not exist at all, is quite as obvious. To what broken and troubled spirit would it occur to open his grief to the Rev. A. B. C—— ? He might as well pour out his soul to, and ask guidance from, a leg of mutton. Mr. C—— may have been, and surely was, a most worthy man, and one well calculated to advise as to the employment of a fern-web as a fly for fishing in the river, and to recommend a pepsine lozenge in case of heart-burn, but, as to matters spiritual, he would as little understand them as I understand logarithms. Is not self-satisfaction written broad over that face?

Now look at the portrait of Canon D—— who succeeded C——. It speaks of diffidence and sympathy. Would not the troubled spirit feel instinctively that in him might be found a feeling heart, a comforter and a prudent adviser?

C—— is the type of man who will spend his week-days at his carpenter's bench making a tea-caddy, and say on Saturday: "Confound it, I suppose I must write a sermon for to-morrow—and the tea-caddy not finished!"

As a boy at Pau, a certain Miss Smith sat at church near us. As the French said, *elle est plus belle que la beauté même*. And so she was in the modelling of her features, in the gloss of her abundant auburn hair, in the pearly delicacy of her complexion; and instead of listening to old Hedges, the chaplain, sawing away at his sermon, I studied Miss Smith's countenance, usually in profile, as she sat on the bench before me. I was puzzled for some time as to what was lacking in her face to content me, and at last I discovered; it was want of expression. Down in the depths of those blue eyes resided no soul, like a water-nymph in a pool giving it animation; no kindly dimple showed in the cheek pink as a wild rose; no smile flickered over those beautiful lips, no lines indicative of annoyance creased that ivory brow. In a word, she was as inanimate as a wax head in a barber's window, and consequently as uninteresting.

PROFESSION



VOCATION

TWO TYPES

Ruskin, in his *Modern Painters*, condemns the Venetian school of artists for neglecting expression and concentrating their efforts on colour and detail. "They very nearly ignore expression altogether, directing their aim exclusively to the rendering of external truths of colour and form. Paul Veronese will make the Magdalene wash the feet of Christ with a countenance as absolutely unmoved as that of any ordinary servant bringing a ewer to her master." If Miss Smith had been called to the same task as the Magdalen, she would have put on her best frock, hung her ears with pendants, arranged her skirts in graceful folds, and have presented to the Saviour of the World the same wooden face. Miss Smith would be "the fair, the chaste, the inexpressive she," though not quite in the sense in which Orlando employed the last epithet.

However lovely may be a mountain landscape with its serrated peaks, under a sapphire sky, yet its beauty is incomparably enhanced when clouds drift across the blue vault, and spill soft shadows; and transient lights make the mountain tops flame, revealing ridges of gold, and gulfs of gentian-blue.

And how often a quiet English scene, where are no prominent features, only swaths of pasture, and tufted woods, where naught stands high save the church tower, and nothing glitters save the cottage windows—how often does this homely beauty, so commonplace to the eye in general, become transformed by passing shafts of sunshine, and sliding shadows, till the heart is melted by its surpassing and appealing loveliness.

And it is just the same with the human face. The most perfect Grecian contour, the most lustrous eyes, the most delicate complexion, how can they speak to the heart if unkindled, unshadowed by expression?

How a thousand times, nay, tens of thousand times, have we seen homely faces, destitute of extraordinary beauty, yet full of surpassing charm, due solely to the gleams of gentle love, and the shadows of tender sympathy, gliding over those in themselves characterless features, all the beauty consisting in expression, expression, not due, as in the landscape, to any extraneous gleams and glooms, but to the flashes and darklings of the soul within. And how marvellously does this beauty speak to, conquer and captivate the heart!

We were ordained in the chapel of the palace, robed in black gowns, no cassocks, on Whit-Sunday, 1864, and the Bishop prosed to us on the text, "Thy word is Truth." He assured us that all Scripture, including, of course, the sensuous Song of Solomon, was absolutely true, and every word inspired by the Spirit of God, and that every statement in Scripture was sure, whatever Science might say to the contrary.

With my Ordination I closed the first chapter of my life; and therefore for a while I will leave the tale. In that period described before I was ordained, I had formed my opinions, and I have never since altered them to the right hand or to the left.

In writing the reminiscences of one's youth, I describe the shaping of opinions and character, much as might a barn-door fowl write concerning the way in which it had pecked a hole in its egg-shell when hatching, and had then come out a fluffy chicken, very cold, and had sheltered under its mother's wing, almost killed by a shower; how it had grown feathers, had moulted, had the pip, had run about the farm-yard and cowered before the hawk swaying overhead.

Every one has gone through the stages of growth; and every one looks back on the past, with very various feelings. I was struck and shocked with what Mr. Walter Besant says of Richard Jefferies when dying: "The writer—he was a dying man—sings his song of lament because the past is past—and dead. All *that* is past, and *that* we shall never see again, it is dead. The brook that used to leap and run and chatter—it is dead. The trees that used to put on new leaves every spring—they are dead. All is dead and swept away, hamlet and cottage, hillside and coppice, field and hedge."

This is a feeling to me incomprehensible. How different was that of Frank Buckland, another ardent naturalist, when on his death-bed he said: "God has so loved and provided for the little fishes, that I am sure He will love and provide for me who have lived and laboured for their preservation?"

It appears to me that the retrospect affords encouragement for the prospect. One can see the unfolding of powers, the acquisition of experience, the formation and the modification of many opinions, the strengthening of others, the shaping of character, without any desire to go to school again. When I was a boy I read with rapture Captain Marryat's *Percival Keene*, *Snarleyyow*, *Mr. Midshipman Easy*, but they afford me no raptures now. I love better and finer work. When I was a boy, I heard the cuckoo with joy and thrill of heart, not for its own sake, but for the promise of multiplication of threepenny bits. Now I love it for its note alone. When I was a young man I picked the bugloss and regretted that it was not borage, wherewith to flavour cider-cup. Now I stand by the hedge and drink in the loveliness of the blue, profound as an Italian sky, without any aspiration after cider-cup, and disappointment because bugloss is not borage.

The contemplation of past joys affords, at least to me, no regrets at all, only hope, and more than hope, confidence.

In my advanced old age I really entertain more delight in the beauties of Nature and of Art than I did in my youth. Appreciation of what is good and true and comely grows with years, and this growth, I feel sure, is no more to be quenched by death than is the life of the caddis-worm when it breaks forth as the may-fly. Perhaps the sense of the beautiful in the child is mingled with wonder as to what it all means, in the adult it is appreciated for what it is worth. To the old its great charm is in that it is expectant.

Consequently, I do not look back, like Jefferies, upon the past and say, " All is dead ! " What I repeat in my heart, as I watch the buds unfold, and the cuckoo-flowers quivering in the meadow, and I inhale the scent of the pines in the forest, and hear the spiral song of the lark, is " All is Promise."

L'ENVOI

I ENTERTAIN small doubts that the pages of my Early Reminiscences will rouse reprobation in many; but it must be considered that it is a frank record, *inter alia*, of the formation of my mind and character.

As Tranto says in *Mostellaria :* " Simul flare sorbereque haud facile." In childhood and early youth prejudices are strong and are vigorously expressed. It is only after they have been exhaled that ensues the period of inhalation of truths and the formation of convictions.

As we grow older prejudices get softened down, *émoussés* as the French would say. Be it remembered that in these chapters is given the record of no more than the first thirty years of my life, the period of *ex*halation of antipathies, and the beginning of *in*halation of that which settled into convictions. These chapters contain a jumble of unconnected incidents, reflections, and observations that occurred or which were made in a transition period. I make no pretence to be a metaphysician, a philosopher, a scholar, a scientist, to be regarded in any way as a teacher.

The nurse in the *Medæa* of Euripides remarks on the advantage that an individual possesses in the occupation of a mediocre position in society; the same advantage pertains to the man of mediocre acquirements. He cannot impose upon any of his fellows, but on a level with them he may observe and learn from them. The mediocre man may be Jack of all trades and master of none, and yet be of use to his generation. In the Landes of South-Western France all the inhabitants walk upon stilts. Happily with us it is only the few who stalk on intellectual stilts, and tower above the heads of their fellows, and can with conscious superiority pat the crowns of their inferiors.

Some of my readers, if I have any, may complain of my egoism, but one who writes his reminiscences must talk of himself;

more will object to my strong prejudices. In youthful days prejudices are unreasonably strong, but become softened in later years; others will remonstrate at my digressions, yet, if I digress, it is precisely for the sake of avoiding to talk of self. Others, again, will demur at my metaphysical and religious reflections, but it is precisely these which go to build up character and to fashion convictions. They act on the man as the engine does in the steam-packet; it must be mentioned, if the voyage taken is to be described.

It is not possible to please all men. Remember the story of the artist who set up his painting in the market-place, with a pot of lampblack by it and a brush, with the request that every passer-by who noticed in it a defect in perspective, a crudeness in colour, a failure in grouping, should daub it out. At the end of the day he found that the entire canvas was blackened.

An author has to go through some such an ordeal as this. *Tot homines tot sententiæ*, and every one, however ignorant, considers himself entitled to criticize and discover faults.

I met a gentleman at Cannes one winter in a hotel, who was a charming companion, and an interesting conversationalist; but he could never utter an approbation without qualifying it with a "but," brought out with an explosion like that of a pop-gun.

The hotel was all that could be desired, *but* it was at too great a distance from the shore. The sea was of the most superb depth of blue, *but* it was so, monotonously; the Maritime Alps were undoubtedly fine, *but* they lacked forests of pines to clothe them; the olive was a vastly valuable tree, *but* it had to be dressed with the foul rags of Neapolitan lazaroni.

Every man insists on the exercise of his privilege to find fault. It is not possible to please all: every one who expresses an opinion lays himself open to contradiction.

There was an ancient ordeal that criminals, or supposed criminals, had to undergo, called Running the Gauntlet, in Germany *Spiessruterschlägerei*. Two lines of soldiers or servants of justice were drawn up facing one another, each man armed with a rod, a flail or cudgel. At a given signal, the accused was started, and had to run down this lane of excutioners, from each of whom he received a blow. If he emerged from the lane bruised and bleeding, but yet with life in him, he was suffered to go free; often enough, however, under the heavy blows he succumbed, and then his body was cast forth on a dung-hill.

Every author, especially one who is autobiographical, has to run the gauntlet.

There are about seventy-six newspapers and reviews published in London, which would be likely to criticize such a book as this, and the author must anticipate obtaining a whack from each. But if an author be wise he accepts a piece of salutary criticism and rejects the rest, which is usually ignorant, and abusive when most ignorant.

As for any running the gauntlet of his Second Series, that will not cause a bruise or gain him a brand or a broken bone, for he will probably then be in his grave.

I write this *Envoi* on the day upon which I have buried the last, save myself, of Old Lew Trenchard, the widow of the ancient clerk. None now left save the few children and many grandchildren of the antique race. So I feel like the last leaf spoken of in *Christabel*:

> "There is not wind enough to twirl
> The one red leaf, the last of its clan,
> That dances as often as dance it can,
> Hanging so light, and hanging so high,
> On the topmost twig that looks up at the sky."

3 *March*, 1921.

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